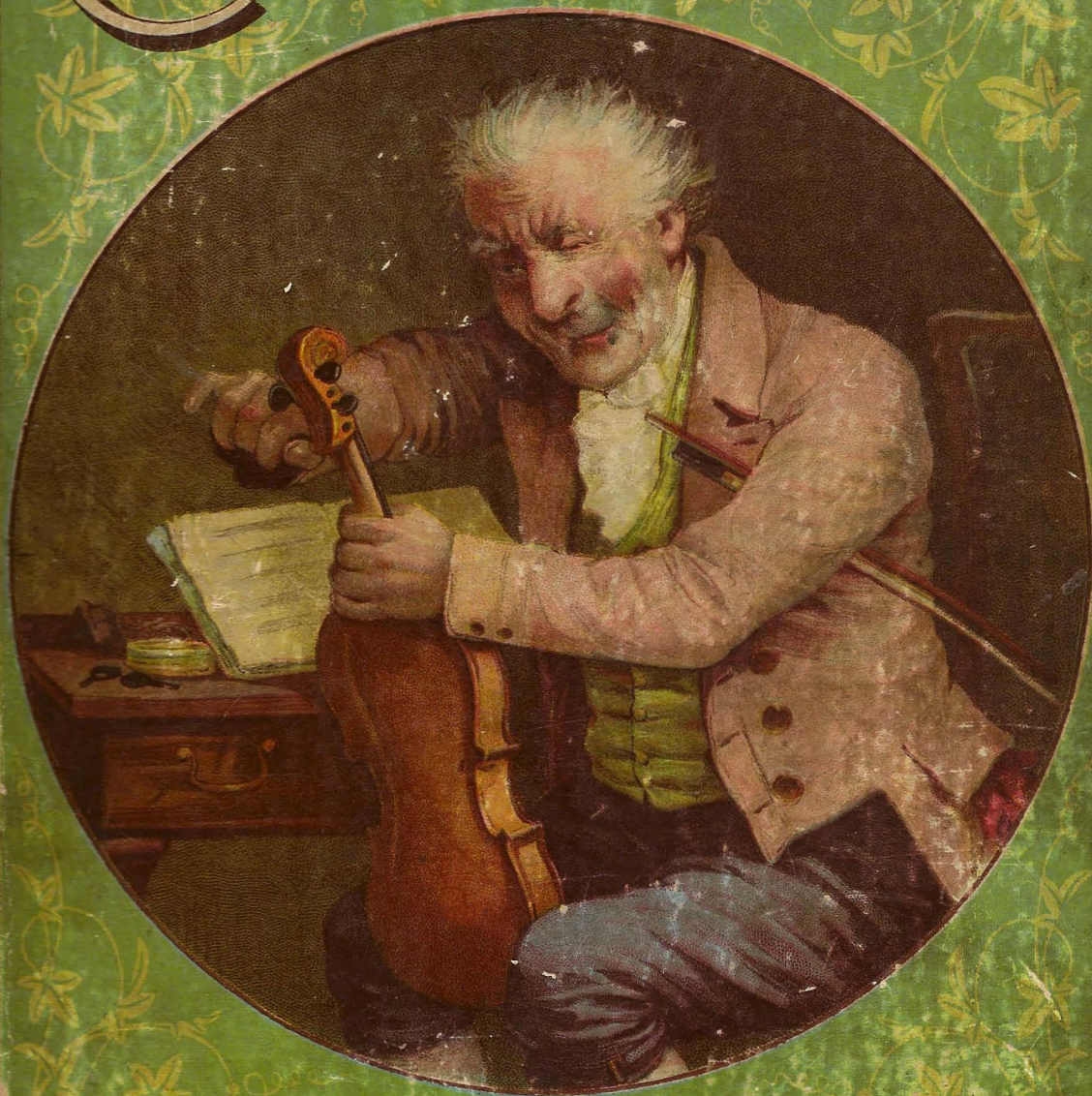


CHATTERBOX.



1895

BOSTON: ESTES & LAURIAT, 301 WASHINGTON STREET

THE FERRIS CHARMING HAM. HOW TO COOK IT.

For frying or broiling never use a ham of less than 14 lbs. and if it weighs more than that so much the better. Cut off at least three or four inches from the large end of the ham in one piece. This can be boiled and chopped for Sandwiches, Omelet, Croquettes, Muffins, etc. With this end disposed of, you are ready for the broiler or fryingpan.

With a very sharp knife cut from each side of the Ham clean to the bone, dividing the slices in the centre, and so avoid sawing. Let the cuts be just as thin as possible; not thicker than one-eighth of an inch if you can handle the knife skilfully enough to do that. Trim the skin from the upper side of each slice, and also the outer rim of the lower side of both muscle and fat which has been somewhat hardened by smoking.

Have the broiler or fryingpan already warm, but do not put the meat on until the family sit at the table. Then cook briskly turning the pieces every half minute. Dish at once as soon as the fat begins to brown. Never let the meat crisp. When it ceases to be perfectly elastic, it is overdone. Send at once to the table on a warm dish so that it may be served on the individual plates while it is still smoking.

FLEISCHMANN'S VEGETABLE COMPRESSED YEAST HAS NO EQUAL

LIFE IS SHORT!

Why not prolong it by enjoying good health? Your system (from infancy to old age) requires a Tonic. Do not hesitate, but try



Quina-Laroche

*It is French,
you know,*

and the only Tonic that has caused its authors to be rewarded with the French National Prize of 16,600 Francs.

All Druggists, or if not please write for particulars (giving name and address) to
E. FOUGERA & CO., 26-28 N. William St., N.Y.

The First Step in easy washing is to get *Pearline*. When you have got it, each step becomes easier. The hard work of washing coarse things becomes light; the delicate work of washing fine things becomes safe. *Pearline* costs no more than soap, but it saves more. It saves the clothes for the mistress, and saves the work for the maid.



Beware

of imitations which are being peddled from door to door. First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. PEARLINE sells on its merits, and is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

A Tonic

For Brain-Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For sale by all Druggists.



ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes.

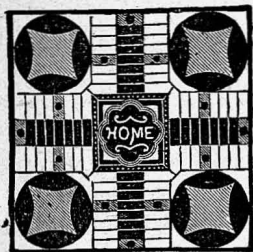
Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
in every part of the world.

THE BEST HOME GAME.

Adapted for either children or adults.



PRICES:

Paper Bound, \$1.00 each.
Cloth Bound, 2.00 each.

Mailed, postpaid on receipt
of price.

The Royal Game of India.

No Household complete,

No Home happy without it.

No Parlor Table Game has ever been published which has had so great a sale. For 20 years the best families have had it in their homes, and so enjoyed it that now it is always called for when the question arises, "What shall we play?"

THE BEST GAME EVER PUBLISHED.

Sold by leading Book, Stationery, Toy and Department stores in the United States, or mailed, postpaid, by

SELCHOW & RIGHTER, 390 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Cures Croup,
Whooping
Cough
Colds,
Asthma,
Bronchitis,
Catarrh, etc.

Vapo-Cresolene

Established
14 Years.



Vapo-Cresolene being administered by inhalation, gives the safest and most effectual means of treating the throat and bronchial tubes. Its efficiency in Whooping-Cough is wonderful, often effecting a cure in from three to five days. Its antiseptic virtues render it invaluable in contagious diseases, such as Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc.

Descriptive pamphlet, with doctor's testimonials, sent on application.

Sold by Druggists generally.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall St., New York.

SCHIEFFELIN & CO., New York, Sole Agents for U.S.

Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada

HOLIDAY JUVENILES.

Schoolboys in Japan.

By Andrié Laurié. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. Illustrated with numerous full-page plates from original designs by Félix Régamey. Small 8vo, cloth, with an original and very handsome cover design. **\$1.50** Uniform with "Schoolboys in Russia" and "Schoolboys in Italy."

This new volume in a popular series of tales typical of school life in different portions of the globe, comes at a very opportune time, as the attention of the entire civilized world is centered upon the vast Empire of Japan and the problems which its future presents. A picture is here truthfully drawn of some aspects of social customs, manners, etc., which are seldom touched upon by more serious writers, and a good idea of which is best conveyed in the form of fiction.

A New Volume of the Famous Zigzag Series.

Zigzag Journeys Around the World.

A trip across the continent, visiting Niagara Falls, Chicago, Salt Lake City and San Francisco, across the Pacific to Japan, China and India, through Europe, visiting many of its principal points of interest, across the ocean to South America, thence home. Over 100 original illustrations. Small 4to, handsome cloth cover. **\$2.00**

In this last volume of this most popular series, Mr. Butterworth takes his readers on a flying trip across both continents stopping at many points of interest and describing with graphic pen and pencil the wonders of the world.

Jerry's Family.

The story of a street waif of New York. By James Otis. Illustrated with sixteen original drawings by George Foster Barnes. Square 12mo, cloth, uniform with "Boys' Revolt" and "Jenny Wren's Boarding House," etc. **\$1.25**

A new story in Otis' best vein, the scene being one in which he has won many brilliant successes in the past, viz: picturing life among the great army of street Arabs of the City of New York.

Stories of American History.

By James Otis, author of "Toby Tyler," "Jenny Wren's Boarding House," etc. Each story complete in one volume, with 16 original illustrations by L. J. Bridgman. Small 12mo, neatly bound in extra cloth. **Each 75c.**

1. The Boys of 1745. 2. An Island Refuge. 3. Neal the Miller. 4. Ezra Jordan's Escape.

In this new series Mr. Otis endeavors to interest his young readers in the story of our Colonial and Revolutionary history by taking some leading incident and bringing it before them in the garb of fiction — the characters being mostly taken direct from history. The result is a series both instructive and entertaining. Each book is complete in itself and no American boy should fail to read them all. The introductions point out the historical sources from which the incidents are drawn and are suggestive of reading for those whose interest is aroused.

Hildegarde's Neighbors.

By Laura E. Richards. A companion to "Queen Hildegarde," etc. Illustrated from original designs. Square 16mo, cloth. **\$1.25**

In this new volume in the "Hildegarde" series, some of the best and most deservedly popular books for girls issued in recent years. This new volume is fully equal to its predecessors in point of interest and is sure to renew the popularity of the entire series.

Previous volumes: Queen Hildegarde. Hildegarde's Holiday. Hildegarde's Home.

Ruby's Vacation.

By Minnie E. Paull. Illustrated by Jessie McDermott Walcott. 16mo, cloth, with an original and attractive cover design. **\$1.00**

A new volume in a popular series of stories, whose little heroines have ensconced themselves in a high place in the favor of their constantly increasing circle of readers.

Previous volumes: Ruby and Ruthy. Ruby's Ups and Downs. Ruby at School.

ESTES & LAURIAT, Publishers, Boston.



A FRIENDLY CHAT. By W. C. KEENE.

Chatterbox

EDITED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



BOSTON: ESTES AND LAURIAT, 301 WASHINGTON STREET.

Copyright, 1878, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1879, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1880, by ESTES & LAURIAT.
Copyright, 1881, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1882, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1883, by ESTES & LAURIAT.
Copyright, 1884, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1885, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1886, by ESTES & LAURIAT.
Copyright, 1887, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1888, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1889, by ESTES & LAURIAT.
Copyright, 1890, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1891, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1892, by ESTES & LAURIAT.
Copyright, 1893, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1894, by ESTES & LAURIAT. Copyright, 1895, by ESTES & LAURIAT.



1895.

| | Page |
|--|----------------------------|
| A Boy Ivoschik | 213 |
| A Brave Lad | 221 |
| A Brave Swan | 202 |
| A Child's Gratitude | 269 |
| A Clever Charade | 246 |
| A Oute Astrologer | 182 |
| A Dog on the Floating Ice | 242 |
| A Dog's Humanity | 71 |
| A Fortunate Youth | 379 |
| Alexander the Great | 170 |
| A Lucky Joke | 235 |
| A Monkey with some Sense | 405 |
| A Moonlight Battle | 279 |
| An Ant Story | 382 |
| Anecdotes of Animal Life, | 43, 87, 147, 206, 318, 407 |
| An Elephant's Memory | 247 |
| Animal-worship in India | 157, 163 |
| An Indian Fable | 286 |
| An Interrupted Picnic | 100 |
| Ant-Thrushes | 258 |
| An Unjust Will | 165, 173, 179, 189 |
| A Prairie Fire | 387 |
| A Scene in a Military Hospital | 290 |
| A Sharp Englishman | 315 |
| A Sorcerer of the Eighteenth Century | 250 |
| A White Black-beetle | 110 |
| A Wise Dog | 179 |
| A Word about Parrots | 295 |
| Bees and their Culture | 301 |
| Black-jacks and Warming-pans | 291 |
| Bridewell | 339, 347 |
| 'Capacity' | 339 |
| Carnarvon Castle | 282 |
| Charles Dickens' Advice | 282 |
| Children in Dickens' Novels, 14, 22, 42, 50, 76, 85, 110, 118, 150, 158, 178, 186, 226, 234, 266, 274, 308, 314, 374, 378, 402, 410 | 323 |
| Cicero | 282 |
| 'Dnice Domum' | 187 |
| Encounter between Eagle and Stag | 142, 347, 395 |
| Fables | 315 |
| Falling Leaves | 315 |

| | Page |
|---|---|
| Fight with an Anaconda | 199 |
| Fred Malcolm and his Friends, 194, 206, 211, 218, 237, 238, 243, 252, 262, 270, 276, 284, 292, 298, 310, 318, 326, 330, 338, 346, 358, 362, 370, 382, 386, 394 | 227 |
| Friends and Companions | 227 |
| Games and Sports of Old London, 10, 39, 79, 107, 131, 191, 223, 259, 290, 364, 411 | 191 |
| Gentlemen! | 170 |
| Hare-hunting in Bengal | 55 |
| Herring Boats | 251 |
| How Dogs go to Sleep | 318 |
| 'I forbid the banns' | 51, 60, 66, 74, 82, 91, 98, 106, 114, 123, 133, 138, 146, 154, 162 |
| Kempfenfeldt and the Sailor | 22 |
| Little Willy and his Dog Lotus | 14 |
| Losing Five Years of Life... .. | 167 |
| Lynnmonth | 210 |
| Macaronies of Letters | 235 |
| Michael the Upright | 125 |
| Mithridates, King of Pontus | 6 |
| More Poll-Parrots | 402 |
| More Practical than Patriotic... .. | 275 |
| Old Patch | 267 |
| Old Stories Living in Words | 295 |
| On Her Majesty's Service | 195 |
| Parliament Hill Fields | 59, 70, 142, 149, 193, 202, 246, 275, 283, 306, 331, 355, 406 |
| Peeps into Busy Places, 59, 70, 142, 149, 193, 202, 246, 275, 283, 306, 331, 355, 406 | 90 |
| Polly Putoff | 124, 127, 143, 158, 174, 187, 203, 219, 237, 238, 255, 270, 286, 302, 315, 334, 350, 357, 363, 379, 395 |
| Puzzlers for Wise Heads, 6, 38, 78, 102, 124, 127, 143, 158, 174, 187, 203, 219, 237, 238, 255, 270, 286, 302, 315, 334, 350, 357, 363, 379, 395 | 322 |
| Red Deer in the Snow | 266 |
| Seeing the Lions | 210 |
| Seth Baldu's Yarn, 58, 90, 130, 183, 210, 231, 258, 303, 343, 354, 396 | 351 |
| Shooting Birds of Paradise | 2 |
| Shuttlecock in China | 213 |
| Sir Powell Buxton's Letter to his Son | 213 |

| | Page |
|--|--------------------|
| Snowdrops and Willow Palm | 104 |
| Sparrows and the Sparrow-Hawk | 38 |
| Squire Pembury's Poacher | 399 |
| Taking Observations | 250 |
| The Banyan-tree | 149 |
| The Captain's Pudding | 102 |
| The Colonel's Boys | 366, 371, 380, 388 |
| The Ornel Donkey-driver | 116 |
| The Currant | 252 |
| The Eagle | 30 |
| The Evil of Procrastination | 332 |
| The Harvest Moon | 259 |
| The Horn of Upluns | 70 |
| The Iron Duke at Home | 403 |
| The Italian Image Boy | 306 |
| The Italian Shopkeeper | 14 |
| The Jaguar and her Young | 115 |
| The Journey of a Cat... .. | 55 |
| The Lion and the Spaniel... .. | 242 |
| The Lost Penknife | 7 |
| The Lost Ring | 199 |
| The Michaelmas Daisy | 267 |
| The Ostrich | 371 |
| The Prudent Father | 175 |
| The Rose Hill Parakeet | 196 |
| The Sloe, or Wild Plum | 43 |
| The Sorcerer Acquitted | 76 |
| The Story of Jack | 38 |
| The Tow-path | 334 |
| The Trapolum | 220 |
| The Wild Boar | 155 |
| The Wilt Cat... .. | 43 |
| The Wild Rose | 384 |
| Umbrellas | 391 |
| Warwick Castle | 342 |
| Wasn't Wanted there... .. | 179 |
| What Happened in the Storm... .. | 102 |
| Wheat | 262 |
| Why the Quaker Bought a Horse | 131 |
| Winchelsea | 6 |
| Winter Feathers | 10 |
| Wonders of Insect Life, 31, 63, 95, 127, 143, 175, 215, 255, 287, 332, 367, 391 | 322 |
| Writing | 391 |

POETRY.

| | Page |
|----------------------------------|------|
| A Boat-builder's Thoughts | 208 |
| A Favourite | 279 |
| A Juvenile Picnic | 141 |
| A Quarrel | 185 |
| Asleep! | 403 |
| Bear and Forbear | 307 |
| By-and-by | 227 |
| 'Hand to Take' | 410 |
| Happy Childhood | 276 |
| Hare and Hounds | 343 |

| | Page |
|------------------------------|------|
| His New Coat | 335 |
| Kindness and Sympathy | 68 |
| Miss Mouse at Court | 299 |
| Mother and Son | 187 |
| My Mate, Joe | 30 |
| Never say Fail! | 206 |
| Old John's Apples | 87 |
| Pretty Pass | 34 |
| Speak no Ill... .. | 127 |
| Story of a Knife... .. | 251 |

| | Page |
|--|------|
| The Boasting Trout | 103 |
| The Cook and the Fox | 21 |
| The Golden Cat; or, Dick's Enterprise | 302 |
| The Homestead | 395 |
| The Legend of Sir Richard Gresham and the Grass-hoppers | 170 |
| The Mother's Boy | 359 |
| The Neglected Canary | 215 |

| | Page |
|---------------------------------|------|
| The Ruined Church | 203 |
| The Ruling Passion | 34 |
| The Swallows | 91 |
| The Thrush in Spring | 291 |
| The Village Schoolmaster | 245 |
| The Young Donkey | 51 |
| Turned Out to Die | 194 |
| Waiting | 133 |
| Waiting for the Train | 235 |

ILLUSTRATIONS.

| | | | | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|------|--|------|--|
| Page | | Page | | Page | | Page | |
| | 'He grasped the monster's neck with both his hands' ... 200 | | Nellie and her Grandfather ... 16 | | The Ostrich and its Nest... 372 | | |
| | 'Here is a most extraordinary thing!' ... 285 | | 'Now, my dear boy, farewell!' ... 338 | | The Pet Donkey... 117 | | |
| 285 | 'Here, you fellows, pitch him overboard' ... 229 | | 'Now you and Willie sit down and I shall read the letter' ... 337 | | 'The poor mate was dragged overboard' ... 361 | | |
| 241 | 'Herrick and Bakson were pushed into another small compartment together' ... 36 | | 'Oh, leave them alone; what harm can they do?' ... 240 | | 'The Port Admiral does not receive common sailors' ... 81 | | |
| 72 | Herrick and Lanyon in the hands of the Executioners ... 131 | | Old Fleet Bridge ... 341 | | The Quintain ... 224 | | |
| | Herrick awaits a summons from the King ... 121 | | Oliver adopted by Mr. Brownlow as his son ... 49 | | 'There's some one a-stealing up the companion-ladder' ... 217 | | |
| 105 | Herrick discovers there is a drop of ten feet ... 52 | | Oliver and the 'Artful Dodger' ... 41 | | The Rose Hill Parakeet ... 197 | | |
| 141 | Herrick rescues Sylvia from her perilous position ... 73 | | On Her Majesty's Service ... 296 | | The Ruined Church ... 204 | | |
| 472 | Herrick saves his Commander ... 17 | | Pall Mall ... 109 | | The Ruling Passion ... 33 | | |
| 405 | Herrick's ... 56 | | Parliament Hill Fields ... 196 | | The Scaramean Hercules... 144 | | |
| 101 | 'He was so surprised that he could make no show of resistance' ... 184 | | Phil and Jack on the Desert Island ... 331 | | The Signalmen ... 29 | | |
| 109 | 'His New Coat' ... 356 | | Pretty Puss ... 84 | | The Silkworm Moth of India ... 216 | | |
| 277 | 'Hold your noise!' cried a terrible voice ... 225 | | Prisoners of War ... 25 | | The Sloe, or Wild Plum ... 44 | | |
| 338 | Homeward Bound ... 161 | | Pursued by Indians ... 353 | | 'The small servant stood humbly in the presence of Miss Sally' ... 401 | | |
| 113 | 'I called to the police agent driving, "Hands up!" covering him with my revolver' ... 257 | | Quaint Companions ... 8 | | 'The snow lies thickly' ... 396 | | |
| 365 | 'If you are afraid, you may go back' ... 249 | | Red Deer crowding round an Engine for Warmth ... 321 | | The Thrush in Spring ... 92 | | |
| 404 | 'I galloped my horse at them, and knocked them down like ninepins' ... 129 | | River Front of Bridewell ... 348 | | The Tow-path ... 336 | | |
| 364 | 'I have taken a passage in this ship for two little boys' ... 193 | | 'See, see! he's waving—answer him!' ... 221 | | The Treachery of Gemohtah brings its own Punishment ... 145 | | |
| 261 | 'I kicked out my right foot and caught him fair on the stomach' ... 304 | | Seth Baldr encounters two Braves ... 89 | | The Tropaeolum ... 220 | | |
| 48 | 'I'm glad you have brought the dog, too; he will be company for us' ... 173 | | Seth Baldr on the Trail ... 57 | | 'The vessel fired a gun as a signal that she had seen them' ... 359 | | |
| 308 | 'I shall call you the Marchioness—do you hear?' ... 409 | | Seth Baldr succeeds in saving the Mail-bag ... 209 | | The Village Schoolmaster ... 245 | | |
| 153 | 'It did not seem to me long till the masts were all shrouded in fire' ... 264 | | 'She hemmed some handkerchiefs for his use' ... 312 | | The Water Beetle ... 61 | | |
| 340 | 'It's a great cake—a bride cake. Mine!' ... 233 | | Shooting Birds of Paradise from an Ambush ... 352 | | The Water Spider ... 32 | | |
| 269 | 'I want to know what they have done with my mamma' ... 77 | | Shuttlecock in China ... 1 | | 'The whale lay motionless and dead' ... 369 | | |
| 281 | 'Jack took Cecil in his arms, and desired Fred to follow' ... 244 | | Squire Pembrey's Poacher Snowdrops and Willow Falm ... 140 | | The Wild Boar ... 156 | | |
| 238 | Jen watching from the Cliffs ... 93 | | Stone-throwing ... 192 | | The Wild Rose ... 364 | | |
| 376 | 'Just after the day broke a sloop was sighted' ... 65 | | The Ant-Lion ... 96 | | 'They could see that the strange ship was shortening sail and preparing to take them on board' ... 272 | | |
| 320 | Kindness and Sympathy ... 68 | | The Arrival at Kingston ... 293 | | The Young Donkey ... 53 | | |
| 325 | 'Little Lanra went with her to the door, clinging close to her and sobbing' ... 313 | | The Arrival of Nicholas at Dotheboys Hall ... 152 | | 'They rode at full gallop till they met' ... 9 | | |
| 256 | Little Nell ... 24 | | The Banyan-tree ... 149 | | '"Thinking of the fields, are you?" said the Turnkey' ... 177 | | |
| 160 | 'Lotus dashed into the water' ... 21 | | The Boasting Trout ... 104 | | Three Favourite Elephants ... 205 | | |
| 120 | 'Luckily for me his hands were still tied' ... 39 | | The Boys finding their Sealegs ... 212 | | 'Three or four shots were fired at random from the ship' ... 253 | | |
| 112 | Lynnmouth ... 163 | | 'The boy, stunned by what he hears, falls to smearing his dirty forehead with his dirty fat' ... 273 | | Tilting on the Top ... 412 | | |
| 188 | Mabel's Repentance ... 324 | | 'The buck fell dead' ... 344 | | 'Tip returns at the end of a month, in rags, without shoes' ... 185 | | |
| 316 | 'Many a weary, anxious night she spent with the tiny form in her arms' ... 309 | | The Cock and the Fox ... 20 | | Trap-ball ... 80 | | |
| 349 | 'Master Willie, come upstairs' ... 329 | | The Cottager's Garden ... 301 | | Trap-door Spider, Garden Spider, and Hawk Moth ... 392 | | |
| 345 | 'Men, I'm going to be firm in this affair' ... 373 | | The Currant ... 252 | | Tssetse Fly, Cockroaches, and Centipede... 368 | | |
| 228 | Miss Mouse at Court ... 300 | | 'The cutter's crew swarmed into the place' ... 4 | | Vaulting amongst the Eggs ... 40 | | |
| | Mithridates, King of Pontus ... 125 | | The Doll's Dressmaker ... 377 | | Waiting ... 137 | | |
| | | | The Eagle ... 28 | | Waiting for the Train ... 236 | | |
| | | | The Elephant's Memory and Manners ... 248 | | Walking Stick Insect, Walking Leaf Insect, Lantern Fly ... 128 | | |
| | | | 'The fight was sharp while it lasted' ... 13 | | Warrior Termites ... 176 | | |
| | | | The Flight of the Swallows ... 292 | | 'Welcome, cousin Fred! you don't know how happy I am to see you' ... 385 | | |
| | | | 'The fugitive boat's crew were immediately thrown into confusion' ... 97 | | 'Well, sir, how do you think you shall like me?' ... 85 | | |
| | | | 'The fugitives quickly launched the cutter' ... 61 | | Winchelsea ... 5 | | |
| | | | 'The half-breed dashed on him, knife in hand' ... 232 | | 'With a lusty cheer from the crew, the ship sailed gallantly away' ... 208 | | |
| | | | The Harvest Moon ... 260 | | Worshipping the Cow ... 164 | | |
| | | | The Horn of Uplhus ... 69 | | | | |
| | | | The Italian Image Boy ... 305 | | | | |
| | | | The Jaguar burying her dead cub ... 116 | | | | |
| | | | The Libellula or Dragon-fly ... 333 | | | | |
| | | | The Michelmas Daisy ... 263 | </ | | | |

Chatterbox.



Shuttlecock in China.

SHUTTLECOCK IN CHINA.



IN a country where everything is contrary to our Western ways, where horses are mounted on the off side, white is the colour of mourning, and the needle of the mariner's compass is believed to point to the south, it may well be supposed that so simple a game as shuttlecock would not be played as it is in Europe.

The Chinese, both men and boys, are very fond of the game, which they play in this manner. The players, whether few or many, stand round in a ring, and kick the shuttlecock from one to another, using their feet as battledores; and for this purpose the shoes they wear are admirably adapted, being made with very thick, straight, flat soles, without any hollow in them, and with turned-up toes. The best shoes are made of silk, or velvet, ornamented with embroidery, and the thick white sole is made of pith. The ordinary shoes are of cloth, or plaited straw, but never of leather. The Chinese shuttlecocks are like ours, but have only four feathers.

In Japan, where the game of shuttlecock is a common amusement, and is played by grown-up people, the players use bats, or battledores, as children do in Western countries.

A. R.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

By FOX RUSSELL.



GATHERED round the fire of blazing logs, in the chill October evening, sat a party of three men. They were Peter Herrick, the elder; his son, John; and his son's friend, Pascal Taine, a young doctor of medicine, who had but lately come into the neighbourhood of Reforne, a comfortable old

farmhouse near the Dorset coast. They were talking about the troublous times, caused mainly by the French war, and the hardships inflicted on the peaceful folk by the press-gang, then busily engaged in securing, at any cost, or at any hazard, men to serve on the war-ships of His Majesty the King. The good farmer's wife and daughter sat at the table, sewing, whilst the men talked and smoked their pipes.

'I wish that son Peter would come in,' said the old man at last. 'It blows hard, and he has a long tramp to make to-night across the fields. True, I minded that same walk little at his age, but now my nerves are not what they were, and I am never quite happy till I see all my boys and girls around me of an evening. Ah, that must be his step! Yes; and here he is.' And as the speaker concluded his sentence, a stalwart young fellow pushed open the door and came into the room.

Young Peter Herrick helped his father in the management of the farm, and of late years he had

taken the whole burden of it himself. In the course of nature he would succeed the old man as its owner. John Herrick, his younger brother, then about twenty years of age, was destined for the charge of a smaller farm, some ten miles farther inland, when he should be old enough.

These brothers were very much attached to one another, and they loved and revered their parents. There was no happier home-circle in the land than the family of Herrick of Reforne.

Although no word had yet been spoken, it was almost understood that the young doctor, fresh from his studies in London, was more than half in love with pretty Beatrix Herrick, the farmer's youngest daughter; but the young man hardly thought his position safe enough as yet to warrant him in asking her to be his wife.

'Ah, Peter, lad!' said the old farmer, 'come to the fire and get you warm. I am right glad to see you in, out of this rough, stormy night. What news is there at the port—anything fresh as to this war?'

'Only that the *Hecate*, frigate, has put in here to-night to land some wounded men, father. They have had sharp work with a French line-of-battle ship out beyond there—somewhere near Cherbourg, I think they said—and another of the enemy's ships coming up, the *Hecate* was obliged to sheer off, and with the loss of many a valuable life, too! They also wanted stores, and that right quickly. I sold them some of our beeves, at true war prices!'

'Ah, that's the only benefit we farmers get of this plaguy fighting. I would most gladly give that up, though, if we could but hear that all the trouble were ended, and our King—God bless him!—were triumphant in his righteous cause.'

'Amen to that,' joined in Pascal Taine. 'My nerves are not yet hardened to the sight of poor fellows with mangled limbs—such as we see landed here constantly—though, I suppose, they ought to be; a surgeon should have no feeling, they say.'

'Does the *Hecate* stay any time here, lad, do you know?' inquired old Peter of his son.

'Only long enough to land her wounded and to take in what is needed for supplies. Then they are all keen to go and help their brethren on the seas again; but they are terribly short-handed, so one of the petty officers told me to-night.'

'A chance for me to volunteer,' chimed in John Herrick, with a merry laugh. 'I wonder what kind of a seaman I should make? It would suit me very well to be an officer, and walk the quarter-deck!'

'Well, even so, my son, I could not spare you,' cried his father, laying a hand on his younger son's knee. 'I want both my boys with me in my declining years. Not,' continued the old man, with a flash of the eye and a bold uprising of the venerable grey head, 'that I would refuse either of my stalwart lads to fight for King and country, if they were needed. But there are plenty of men, surely, in the land without you two—plenty of scally-wags.'

'Aye, father, but they don't want scally-wags; they want decent men: though I have heard that, just now, so hardly pressed are they for hands to man their ships, that the press-gang takes all alike, the bad with the good—getting, as is only natural,

far more of the wrong sort than the right. Pascal, my boy, mind you don't get caught and carried off to serve as a ship's surgeon.'

'Well,' replied the newly-made doctor, 'I will try to keep clear of them, anyhow. And now, farewell. John, don't fail me to-morrow night. I sup at seven, and you had far better stay the night with me. You will? That's hearty! Good night, ladies. Good night to you, farmer; and now I will go round to the stables—'

'Nay, nay; I'll get your good little nag, and bring him round for you,' exclaimed young John Herrick, and in less than five minutes Pascal Taine had his foot in the stirrup, and in a few seconds more his figure disappeared in the darkness of the late autumn night, as the farmhouse door closed and shut off the ray of brilliant light which had illuminated the pathway to the gate.

With angry, snarling sound, the long rollers came surging in, ragged and brown, to Portland Roads. The night was a dark one, and the flying clouds aloft were just spitting with rain. His Majesty's ship *Hecate* lay straining at her anchors, her timbers now and again creaking and groaning, as she slowly rose and fell to the motion of the waves. Lanterns, borne by men hurrying hither and thither upon her decks, might be plainly seen from the shore; but Portland town itself—what there was of it—lay buried for the most part in slumber, and only an ale-house by the Hard seemed still awake with its noisy brawlers.

Within the *Hecate's* cabin sat her commander, Captain Dunwich, in close confab with his first lieutenant, Mr. Redmayne, and two finer seamen it would be hard to find in the whole British fleet. The subject of their conference may be learned by the following remarks:—

'We must, at least, have another twenty men before going to sea again. The means by which we may secure them I leave to you,' said the captain.

'Very well, sir, I will do my best. We must take a large boat's crew, and see if we can pick up a few likely men in the ale-house yonder. I doubt if we are likely to find any one in these deserted roads.'

The captain consulted the watch which he drew slowly from his fob.

'Better wait an hour, Mr. Redmayne; there may be more of a chance by then. Some of these big Dorset farm-labourers might be made into useful seamen.'

'Yes, sir. In these troublous times I fear we are not in a position to pick and choose; we must take every man we can seize;' and saluting his superior officer, Mr. Redmayne left the captain's cabin.

One hour later the ship's cutter, containing the first officer and an armed crew, accompanied by four marines, shoved off from the side, and was pulled swiftly in-shore. The lieutenant was rather anxious as to the result of their projected foray upon the peace-loving inhabitants of Portland. The methods of the press-gang had never commended themselves to his mind, and he would willingly have had nought to do with dragging unhappy men from their homes to serve the King upon his war-ships. But what was to be done? The whole navy was terribly short-

handed; their numbers were lessened at every engagement with the enemy, and, come what might, the first line of defence must be kept up. Once let the French pass the old wooden walls, and a descent upon our shores would have become certain. It was under these circumstances that the press-gang was brought into play, and now the *Hecate's* cutter was speeding shorewards to get, if possible, men to replace those who had been killed and wounded in their last engagement.

Leaving a couple of men in the boat, the lieutenant marshalled the rest of the blue-jackets and the four marines at the steps, and then went along the Hard towards the now closed ale-house. Here, having duly posted a few of his men around the premises, he himself, with the rest of them, knocked loudly upon the little door. For some time there was no response; then, in answer to repeated knockings, an upper window was slowly opened, and a night-capped head cautiously put out.

'What do you want? We've been closed this two hours or more.'

The lieutenant promptly answered, 'Yes, I know that. What you have got to do is to come down at once and open your door. I demand it in the King's name!'

'And what if I refuse?'

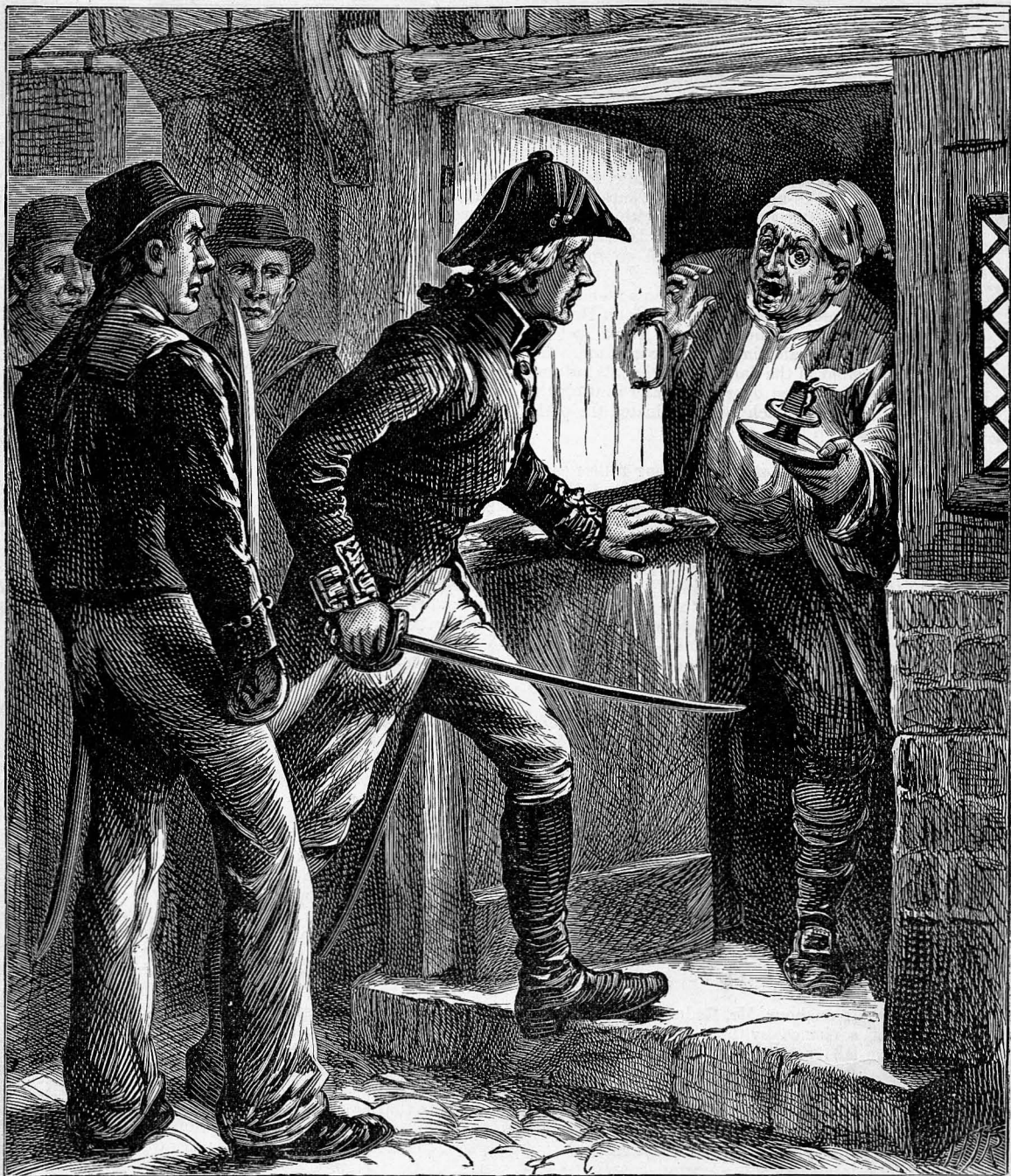
'You know perfectly well what will happen then. I shall break open the door and enter. Come, come, my good man! You know my errand well enough, I dare say. It is quite useless for you to delay in hopes of letting the men you have got hidden escape. They cannot, as the house is surrounded.'

The landlord from the window above growled out something which did not reach his hearers, and, closing the casement, he slowly descended the rickety stairway. A moment later, and the door being opened, the cutter's crew swarmed into the place, and began to search the premises for any one who might be concealed therein. In a back room, reeking of stale tobacco-smoke and beer, lay four men, three of whom were asleep, whilst the fourth was just rubbing his eyes, as though awakening from slumber. They were at once seized, and proved to be seamen of the merchant service waiting for ships. They attempted a slight resistance, but soon abandoned it on finding themselves hopelessly out-numbered, and were quickly marched into the street. Having satisfied himself by a thorough examination of the premises that no more men were concealed there, the lieutenant, not well pleased with the size of his haul, formed his men up, and began the march back to where the cutter was lying.

Before going more than a couple of hundred yards, one of the blue-jackets suddenly uttered an exclamation as he stumbled over something, which upon examination proved to be the senseless body of a young man.

The quartermaster held a ship's lantern to the man's face, and then, turning to the lieutenant, said, 'Shall we take him aboard, sir? Drunk, I expect. An easy way to press a man this.'

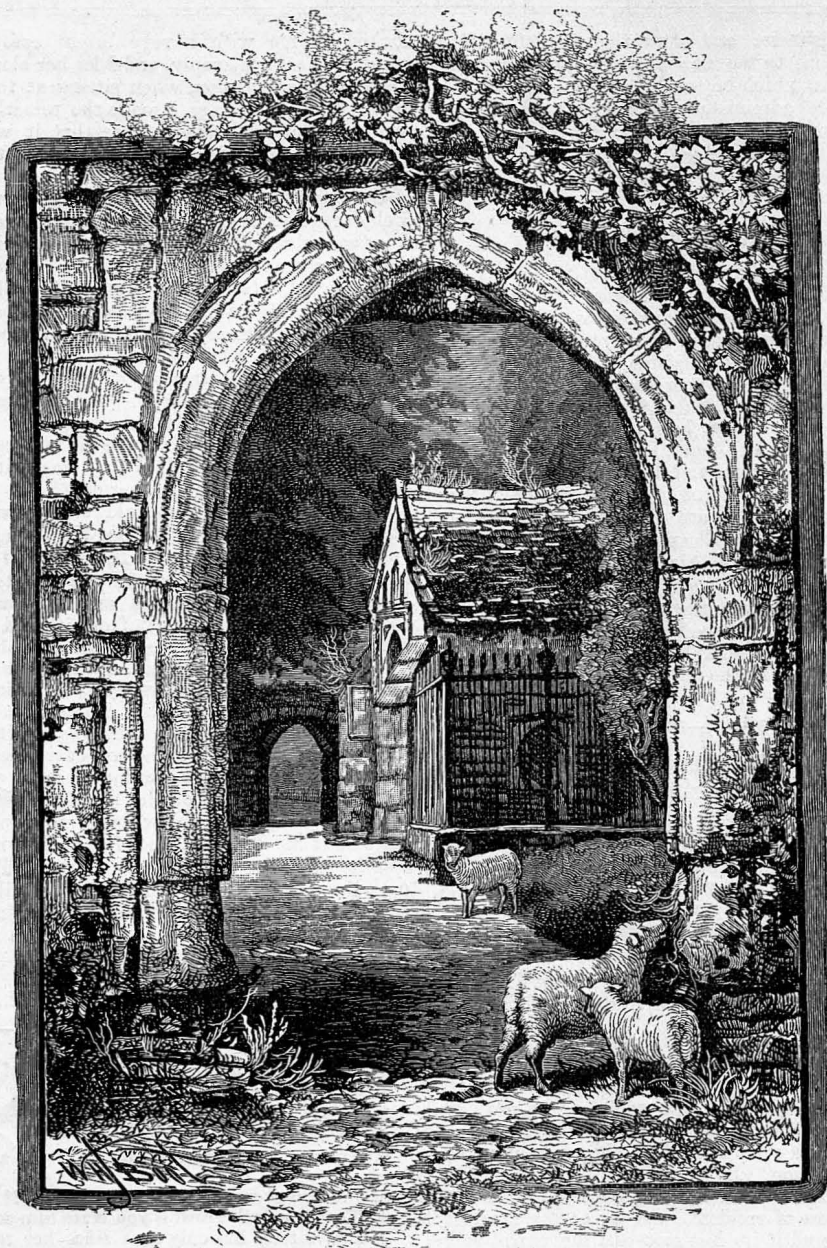
'Yes,' replied Mr. Redmayne. 'Pick him up, four of you, and carry him down to the boat. When he wakes, it will be to find himself a ready-made sailor on board the *Hecate*.'



“The cutter’s crew swarmed into the place.”

Shortly after daybreak on the morning following the capture of the five men by the press-gang, the *Hecate* weighed anchor and sailed westward. She had to call at Plymouth before joining the squadron, then off Cherbourg. The frigate had made but half her journey to the Bolt Head, off which a heavy sea was running, when the young man who had been brought on board overnight, in a senseless

condition, began to recover himself. He had been placed below, together with the other pressed men, under the charge of sentries, and now, feeling dazed and heavy in the head, he looked round him, wondering what the curious movement of his rough plank couch might be. Then, as he heard the tramp of many feet overhead, he blinked stupidly round upon his companions, and at last he knew that he was on board a ship.



Winchelsea. A Study by W. H. J. Boor.

For an hour or two after this the young fellow slept feverishly, starting up at intervals and muttering strangely, until the sentry, seeing that something was seriously wrong with the pressed man, passed the word aft for the surgeon, and, in due course, that gentleman arrived at the sufferer's side. He eyed his patient keenly, placed his fingers on the quickly throbbing pulse, and then, turning to the sentry, he said, 'You did well to send for me. This

man, who was reported to have been brought on board last night senseless from drink, was perfectly sober. He was senseless from a fearful blow on the back of his head, and now he is in a state of fever. Pass the word for some careful hand, that I can rely on, to come here and watch him.'

The doctor waited until assistance came, then he bled his patient, according to the custom of those old days, when the lancet was used in almost every

case of feverishness; and after this he left, with strict injunctions to the man who was to watch him that a sedative, which he would send from his cabin, should be duly administered according to the directions which would be found upon the bottle.

(Continued at page 11.)

WINCHELSEA.

THE ancient Church of Winchelsea, in Sussex, is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. It is in the Decorated style, and dates from about A.D. 1300. The only remains of what was once a grand church are the chancel and two chancel aisles, with fragments of a transept. The nave has long been destroyed. Some fine canopied tombs remain in the north and south aisles. The earliest and best is that of Gervase Alard, Admiral of the Cinque Ports in 1303. In the effigy the legs are crossed and the hands clasp a heart. At the feet there is a lion. At the angles of the canopy are heads which are thought to be those of Edward I. and Queen Eleanor. Another tomb is probably that of Gervase Alard's grandson, Stephen Alard, Admiral of the Cinque Ports in 1324. This south aisle was originally the Alard chantry.

Under an ash-tree in the churchyard it is said that John Wesley preached his last outdoor sermon on October 7, 1790, when he was eighty-seven years of age.

MORE POLL-PARROTS.



PARROT tales are nearly as endless as the poet's brook, which 'goes on for ever,' and certainly these birds either have a knack of noticing and commenting on what happens near them,

or they are very lucky in their little remarks.

A dear old grey parrot lately died after a long sojourn with many of the writer's family. This bird had the doubtfully pleasant gift of imitating the voices of its various masters and mistresses, and it was sometimes painful to hear the tones well known of old reproduced in startling succession. It also often made such suitable replies that it was hard to believe that these were all matters of accident. On one occasion, when I was staying with its last mistress, the parrot was on its stand, and the lady desired to move it to the cage.

'How shall we get this bird in?' said its owner, who had often felt the sharpness of its beak.

Being less well informed in this matter, I answered, 'I'll put it in fast enough,' and forthwith I laid hold of Mrs. Polly. She was clearly too much taken aback at my boldness to think of biting me at first, but she held on to the bar. 'You must come, Polly,' I said, tugging harder.

Polly held on, turned her head on one side, and

looked at me with a very bright eye. 'Let me alone,' she said, solemnly, and I let her alone.

On another occasion, when sitting at the mid-day meal with her mistress, I made the remark that the worst of taking luncheon was that it was apt to make one sleepy. 'Go to bed,' remarked the parrot, with the gravity of an elderly physician.

One day its mistress was leaving a London hotel, and Polly's cage had been taken down into the hall with the baggage, whilst the lady awaited the carriage in the drawing-room above. Suddenly she heard her own name called, 'Gertrude! Gertrude!' in higher and higher keys. 'That is Polly,' she thought, and she ran downstairs. There she beheld, seated upon the cage, a very large cat, who was trying to seize the parrot through the bars. Instead of wildly flying about and shrieking, as a common-place bird might have done, Polly had gathered herself up very small into the middle of the cage, and was calling her mistress to the rescue. Poor old Polly! it was quite a family calamity when a fit carried her off.

An amusing story was told to the writer, of a parrot which was brought from abroad by a sailor, and was bought from him. It was soon found to be an impossible companion on account of its atrocious language, no doubt learned on ship-board. The cook undertook to reclaim it from its bad ways, and her course of education was at once simple and efficacious. Whenever the bird made an unseemly remark she dashed a cup of water at it, saying, 'That's for saying naughty words.' The parrot became a reformed character, and in time was admitted to the dining-room, where it delighted every one with its sayings and doings. One day a large cat sprang upon the outside sill of the happily closed window, and, the woodwork below being narrow, he miscalculated his distance, and fell back with a loud splash into the water-butt below. The parrot cocked his head on one side at the familiar sound, and exclaimed in triumph, 'That's for saying naughty words!'

HELENA HEATH.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—PUZZLES.

FIND the name of a bird hidden in each of the following sentences:—

1. The crowd was so great that many persons were seriously injured.
2. Thomas wants a new pair of boots and Mary a frock.
3. Did you ever read 'Gulliver's Travels?'
4. That bear will growl if you tease him so.
5. I have seen her only once since her return from the country.
6. You have a very brave nephew, you ought to be proud of him.
7. Go, O selfish man! I will listen to you no longer.
8. That pen wants a new nib I see.
9. Eric ran every step of the way and reached home quite exhausted.
10. Look at those pigs wallowing in the mud.
11. If you will now renew your former proposal, I think your terms will be accepted.
12. By a little consideration, much awkwardness might have been avoided.

C. C.

2.—WELL-KNOWN FABLES.

1. As I stand beside the calm, clear water, I see a form approach bearing with care the treasure so richly prized. A moment more and the bridge is gained, but alas! one glance at the bright surface below had misled the victim and the fatal choice is made; the real treasure is forfeited in the vain hope of securing that which is only better in appearance, and which is in truth unattainable because unreal.

2. How beautiful, how rich are these gifts of kind nature, how well worthy our utmost efforts to gain them! I see one who will gladly strain all his powers in the hopes of gaining the coveted treasure. But all his efforts end in failure, and the countenance which so lately expressed only eager desire is now clouded by disappointment, and the only words uttered express a scornful contempt for an unattainable prize. C. C.

3.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

THE name of the chief town of one of the northern countries of Europe will be found in the following words:—

1.—3, 4, 5. An implement without which this would not have been written.

2.—7, 8, 9. A period of life.

3.—3, 7, 8, 9. Part of a book; a lady's attendant.

4.—7, 3, 4. A mischievous animal.

5.—10, 2, 5, 9. Not any.

6.—1, 2, 10, 4. The seed of a pine-tree; a solid mathematical figure.

7.—6, 4, 7, 3. A number of things piled together.

C. C.

[Answers at page 38.]



THE LOST PENKNIFE.

WHICH of you boys has taken my knife?

A hush fell upon some thirty boys as their form-master spoke these words. Mr. Brown's desk was situated on a small platform at one end of the large school-room. He had been sharpening a lead pencil with his penknife, which he had left on the top of the desk before going to speak

to one of the boys about his work. Now, on his return, the knife was nowhere to be seen. A proposition of Euclid was being gone through on the black-board, and several boys were standing near the desk, and it would not have been very difficult for one of them to have taken it.

'Which of you boys has touched my knife?' said Mr. Brown again, a frown gathering on his face as he received no answer.

'Chetwood, have you? Waugh, have you? Lawson, have you?' Mr. Brown went through them all, but they all denied having taken it. Mr. Brown felt in all his pockets, but to no purpose. He was positive that he left his knife on his desk, and he made up his mind to get to the bottom of the matter.

'Each boy go to his seat,' he said, and he walked across the schoolroom to where the first boy of the first row was sitting.

'Stand up, sir, and turn out your pockets.' The boy obeyed; but, although a strange mixture was brought to light, the knife was not found amongst them. Mr. Brown passed to the next, and the next, going through each boy's pockets carefully, particularly Chetwood's and Lawson's, and the other boys' who had been standing near his desk. But no discovery rewarded his efforts, and he was obliged to return to his desk completely baffled. He was not a harsh man, and he would not take extreme measures immediately. No, he determined to give the culprit until the afternoon to confess his fault.

'Boys,' he said, 'you may go now. This afternoon I shall ask, once and for all, for the boy who has taken my penknife to come forward and own it like a man, and, if he fails to do so, there will be nothing left for me to do but to take summary measures.'

At afternoon school every boy was punctually seated in his place, and a subdued hum was speedily changed to silence as Mr. Brown strode into the room, and a general sense of uneasiness prevailed as he arranged his gown and placed his mortar-board on the desk.

'Well, boys, I'll make one more appeal to you, and, if you refuse to respond to it, you know what to expect.'

There was no reply. Mr. Brown waited one—two minutes, and then he took his bunch of keys out of his pocket and unlocked his desk. Every boy in the room knew what was coming. Right at the back of Mr. Brown's desk there was kept a birch. Mr. Brown was reaching his hand towards it now, but what is this which he is touching? The lost penknife is in his hand again! It was at the very back of his desk, resting upon the twigs of the birch. But how could it have got there?—that's the question. Mr. Brown is puzzled. He surveys the desk on all sides to try and find a solution to the problem. At last a light dawns upon him. The china ink-pot had been taken out of the hole in the top of the desk to be washed out and refilled, and the penknife must have accidentally fallen through.

'Boys,' he said, after explaining it to them, 'I think we have done enough work for to-day; you may have a half-holiday this afternoon.'

J. H. E. V.

QUAINT COMPANIONS.

A PERSON who kept a tame otter taught it to associate with his dogs, who were upon the most friendly terms with it on all occasions, and it would follow him with his canine attendants. He was in the practice of jerking with nets, on which occasions the otter proved highly useful to him, by going into the water and driving trout and other fish towards the net. It was very remarkable that dogs accustomed to otter-hunting, so far from hurting it would not even hunt any other otter while it was with them. The illustration gives the dogs and otter happily hunting together.—From 'Captain Brown's Anecdotes.'



Quaint Companions.



"They rode at full gallop till they met."

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.



TILTING AND JOUSTING.

TILTING was a sport of which the Londoners were very fond. They played at it in different ways. They used generally a long stick or lance; sometimes they had a hollow cane. The sport of running at the ring was a sort of tilting which afforded good practice for the eye and hand. Those who played were mounted upon horseback. In this game the lance had a point, and the object was to carry off a ring upon it, or at least to strike this ring. It hung from a bar, which was fixed in an upright post, and could be put higher or lower to suit the height of the players, for the ring had to be just about level with the eyes. They had each to learn so to manage their horses as to stop them at a certain distance after passing the post, and in the game each player had three rides at the ring. He who had carried the ring off most times on his lance was the victor; if no one succeeded in doing that at all, then the one who hit the ring oftenest got the prize, when there was one.

People have been rather puzzled about an old game called the Troy game, which seems to have been played by the Saxons, and which some folk think the Romans brought from Italy to London. On holidays, Fitzstephen tells us, the young Londoners of the twelfth century, when they had dined, went out in two parties, riding on horseback, armed with headless lances and shields; and they had a mimic battle, somewhat after the supposed fashion of the Greeks and Trojans.

Afterwards, in the Middle Ages, this game of Troy turned to something which had much more grandeur and show, and which was called a tournament. Many of these tournaments took place in the fields outside London, before kings, princes, and nobles, and, though they sometimes had only blunt lances, at other times the fight was in earnest, and a tournament was hardly like a game. There was a difference between a joust and a tournament. In the tournament there were many on both sides; in jousting or tilting those engaged were two only, and this was really a sport. If the players in play began to be angry and strike violently, those around would not let them tilt at each other any longer.

Those who took part in the joust were generally, but not always, dressed in armour, but, if they had not that, they had at least helmets and shields. The lance used had no point, and the object each had was either to break his rival's lance in the sham fight, or else to throw him off his horse by a strong blow. They rode at full gallop till they met. Sometimes there was a barrier across, and the two being on different sides, the horses then could not touch each other. Those were thought clever who managed to strike the helmet in tilting, because that was likely to throw the rider from his horse, as the helmet was fastened on by a strap. But Froissart tells us that a

man named De Roy introduced the plan of having the helmet loose on the head, so that it might roll off if struck, and not jerk the rider down to the ground. Some of those who were most successful in these jousts or tilting games had prizes given them by the ladies, who frequently had seats to view them. We read that, in the times of the Edwards and Henries, it was usual for knights who had been tilting to dine together at a round table, so that no one should have a seat which was better than the rest. J. R. S. C.

WINTER FEATHERS.

WHEN the birds feel cold weather coming they put on winter feathers. These are often very different to their summer feathers. You would hardly recognise the rich brown ptarmigan when winter comes. Their heather-coloured suits of purple and brown and yellow are first changed for a pale grey garment, and then for one of pure white. When the heather is in bloom on the hills, the ptarmigan's feathers match its colour so well that the birds are scarcely visible when they take shelter under the plants. When the snow whitens the hills where they live, they also are hardly seen, for they too have put on a snow-white covering.

Very few birds make such a complete change of colour as this. A favourite habit is to exchange black feathers for white ones. Thus, the grey plovers which in summer-time are mottled grey and black, in the winter change to mottled grey and white. In the same way the golden plovers turn from black and yellow to yellow and white.

Most of the birds which wear black waistcoats with coloured coats change to a white waistcoat for cold weather. The jet-black breasts of the beautiful grebe, and of some of the sandpipers, turn to a brilliant white. It is difficult to know these again in their winter feathers.

The birds whose winter feathers are white are generally those that live in cold countries. Their home is in lands where, in the winter, at least, the ground is white with snow. The change may be a natural means of protection against some of their keen-eyed foes. Even birds that are only partly white cannot be seen very easily in the snow.

There are many foes always on the watch, waiting to pounce upon small birds. Stoats and weasels and martens, foxes, rats, snakes, prowl and creep about all night to catch the birds asleep. I fear their white feathers are no safeguard against foes that come in the dark.

But other dangers threaten them by day. The birds of prey are ever pursuing their weaker brethren, hunting them, chasing them, killing whenever they can. Hawk and owl and falcon are ever on the alert. They wait by the small birds' feeding-grounds, they hover over their nesting-places, they even follow them to and fro on those long journeys when in spring and autumn bird travellers migrate. Winter feathers help to screen them from these cruel hunters.

Nearly all the birds that do not wear white in winter change their bright feathers for those of duller hue. This also makes them less easily seen.

The bullfinch, the chaffinch, the greenfinch, the jay, the stonechats, all the tits, and other smart birds, are not nearly so gay in winter. The chaffinch loses its bright blue cap and wears one of plain brown instead. The bullfinch's pink breast becomes less rosy.

Even plainly dressed brown birds wear a duller set of feathers than usual in the winter. A sparrow in summer clothes is quite a handsome fellow compared to the same bird dressed in its winter feathers.

Many birds wear special ornaments in the summer-time. These they cast off as winter draws near. The great-eared grebe casts its curious ear-lobes and tippets, the herons and the cormorants lose their crests. But there is one bird family that differs from all the rest in keeping its finest feathers for winter wear. These are the ducks. You may watch them on any farmyard pond and see how the bright patches appear on their head and wings as winter draws near. Brilliant spots of red and blue and peacock-green make them then most fine. The same change takes place among the wild ducks whose home is not in the sheltered poultry-yard, but on waste tracts of bog and marsh-land, by the quiet river-side, or on the lonely expanse of a still lake.

We may not see the object of all these changes, but we know that each creature is fitted by the Great Creator for its own life. God, Who cares for all, teaches the birds how to provide against winter cold and summer heat.

F. A. FULCHER.



JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 6.)

MEANTIME the *Hecate* had crossed the west bay, and rolled her way through a heavy sea past the Bolt Head; then, against a stiff wind, tacking into Plymouth Sound, she let go her anchors about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Captain Dunwich was rowed ashore, and made his way to the Port Admiral's, to get his instructions. He was received by the Admiral's secretary.

'Ah, my dear Dunwich, I trust I see you well. We expected the pleasure of this visit two days ago.'

'Indeed!' replied the captain. 'Well, I rather wonder at being here so soon as I am. I am terribly short-handed. I hope you have some men for me in the hulks.'

The secretary shook his head. 'I don't think we can spare a single hand, my dear sir. The war makes terrible demands upon our sailors and soldiers, too. We are getting very short now of marines.'

'I've plenty of lollies—ahem! I mean marines,' exclaimed the Captain; 'but I must have men enough to pull the frigate's sails about and work her guns, or what is the use of sending her to sea at all?'

'Well, my dear Captain Dunwich, we will see what can be done. Would a dozen men satisfy you?'

'No, Mr. Secretary, nor twice a dozen. I must have five-and-twenty to thirty to fill up the gaps made by the Frenchmen last week.'

'Well, then, I will send you fifteen good men, and for the rest—well, you know, you must send an armed crew ashore to—persuade, shall we call it?—persuade a dozen or two of men to serve their King on the salt seas, eh?'

'I don't like the press-gang, and I don't like pressed men,' said the captain, bluntly; 'but I suppose it's Hobson's choice with me?'

The Admiral's secretary nodded. Then he said, 'And now come in and see the Admiral.'

After an hour's interview with the head of the port, Captain Dunwich returned on board his ship, and sent for Mr. Redmayne.

'I must send the press-gang ashore again to-night, Mr. Redmayne. It is much against my will, but we must have men somehow.'

'Very well, sir,' replied the lieutenant. 'I was going to tell you that one of the four men we took in the ale-house at Portland has offered to tell us where we can find upwards of thirty men, hidden in a small house adjoining a tavern, situated in a low part of the town. Of course, he wants, in return, his own liberty, and that I had to promise him. I hope I did right, sir?'

'Oh, perfectly—perfectly! You know I always give you unlimited discretion in these matters.'

The lieutenant looked gratified and bowed his thanks.

'Are the men we took at Portland likely to turn out good seamen, Mr. Redmayne?'

'Yes, sir, I think all but the man who was brought on board—'

'Drunk?' added the captain.

'It appears, sir, that he was not drunk, after all. He had been stunned, so the doctor tells me, by a heavy blow from behind, and is now in a state of fever and delirium.'

'Then had we not better land him? We don't want to take a sick man to sea.'

'The doctor hopes that the man will quickly recover, sir. He is a likely-looking young fellow, and might make us a good seaman.'

'Oh, very well. Now, kindly make all your preparations for capturing those men to-night, if possible; the Port Admiral wishes us to get off to the French coast as soon as we have hands enough on board, and I must confess to a feeling of impatience myself. Whilst prize-money and promotion are being dangled before one's eyes, one does not care much about remaining in port.'

Mr. Redmayne saluted and retired to his cabin.

Once more by night the cutter sped on her way shorewards from the frigate's side in search of men. Making their way at best pace through the town, the well-armed crew were quickly piloted to a tumble-down house in one of the worst parts of Devonport. Their guide was the man alluded to by Mr. Redmayne in his conversation with the captain. He was closely guarded, a marine walking on

either side of him, to prevent any attempt at escape. The man was in some fear, as he knew full well how his treachery would be repaid if he were to fall into the clutches of any of the seamen he was about to betray.

'You had better put some men at the back door and at this low window, to prevent them escaping,' muttered he to the lieutenant. 'I don't want my neck twisted by any of them, I can tell you.'

Then, all possible exits being securely guarded, the officer, with the rest of his men, advanced to the front of the house. At this juncture a noise was heard within, lights flashed at the upper windows, and it became quite evident that the crimp—the keeper of the house—had taken the alarm. Without further delay, the blue-jackets delivered their attack, and the front door quickly yielded to a large billet of wood, used as a battering ram. Mr. Redmayne, followed closely by his men, rushed in, sword in hand, and was met by a number of seamen, who had hastily armed themselves with broken table-legs, chairs, fire-irons, and whatever they could pick up.

The fight was sharp while it lasted, but the superior arms of the *Hecate's* party quickly turned the scale in their favour, and bruised, battered, and bleeding, the poor fellows were dragged out and lashed together two by two, and then marched off to the boats—for another boat had been sent off from the frigate in anticipation of the capture—and, after a rough pull, all were got aboard and lodged in safety below, where the surgeon had his work well cut out for an hour or two, patching a broken head here, a cut arm or leg there, and supplying sticking plaster and bandages to some, both of the capturers and captives.

'All hands up anchor!' was the boatswain's pipe early next morning, and very soon the men were all trotting round with the capstan bars to the cheery tune of 'Johnny Crapeau.' Bit by bit the snowy canvas was shaken out to the freshening breeze, the sheets hauled home, and soon after the anchors had been securely catted, the *Hecate* was travelling swiftly through the dark green seas, and leaving the Devon coast far astern of her. Shaping a course for Ushant, she held on, right through the stormy, boisterous night, until, when morning broke, the Channel Islands lay well away on their port bow, whilst the French coast was plainly to be seen ahead. From here she bore up westward for Finisterre.

Meantime all the pressed men had been inspected on deck, with the exception of the young fellow still under the doctor's charge. They nearly all proved excellent seamen, and when once their natural wrath at being pressed had worn off, they did good service to the *Hecate*. At length, after the frigate had been cruising for some days, the doctor said that his patient had recovered, and the young man was sent for by the captain.

'Glad to see you are all right, my man,' he said, in kindly tones. 'What is your name? You are not a seaman, I see.'

'No, sir; I have never been to sea except in fishing luggers. My name is John Herrick, and I am the son of Farmer Herrick, of Reforne.'

'You have heard, I suppose, that you were picked up by the press-gang, insensible, and brought on board here? How did you come by that blow on the head?'

'I had been supping with a friend, Pascal Taine, a doctor, of Portland, at whose house I had intended to pass the night. But we were busy at the farm, and so, at ten o'clock that night, I started to walk home. Suddenly two footpads sprang upon me. I was struck upon the back of the head, and then I remember no more. I trust, sir, that you will let me go ashore when there is a chance—that I am not to consider myself pressed?'

'Well, well, my lad, the King wants men badly. Now, you are a smart fellow, and although no seaman now, there is no reason you should not become one. Why not try your luck with us? In war-times such as these, prize-money and glory come quickly. What say you? Will you volunteer for the service?'

John Herrick's face flushed a little, as he looked at the splendid vessel he was on. Spick and span, with every rope coiled neatly into its place, and every brass head shining despite the sea-spray—why should he not, at least for a time, gratify the strong taste he had always had for a sea-going life? Why not ship aboard this trim and taut-looking frigate, whose captain's frank and manly speech had gone straight to his own heart? Determining to send a letter at the first chance which should put his parents at ease concerning his safety, he quickly made up his mind.

'I will volunteer, sir!'

'That's good, and spoken like a man. Do your duty, and I will keep an eye on you to see that you lose nothing by it. And now go forward, and send the master-at-arms to me here.'

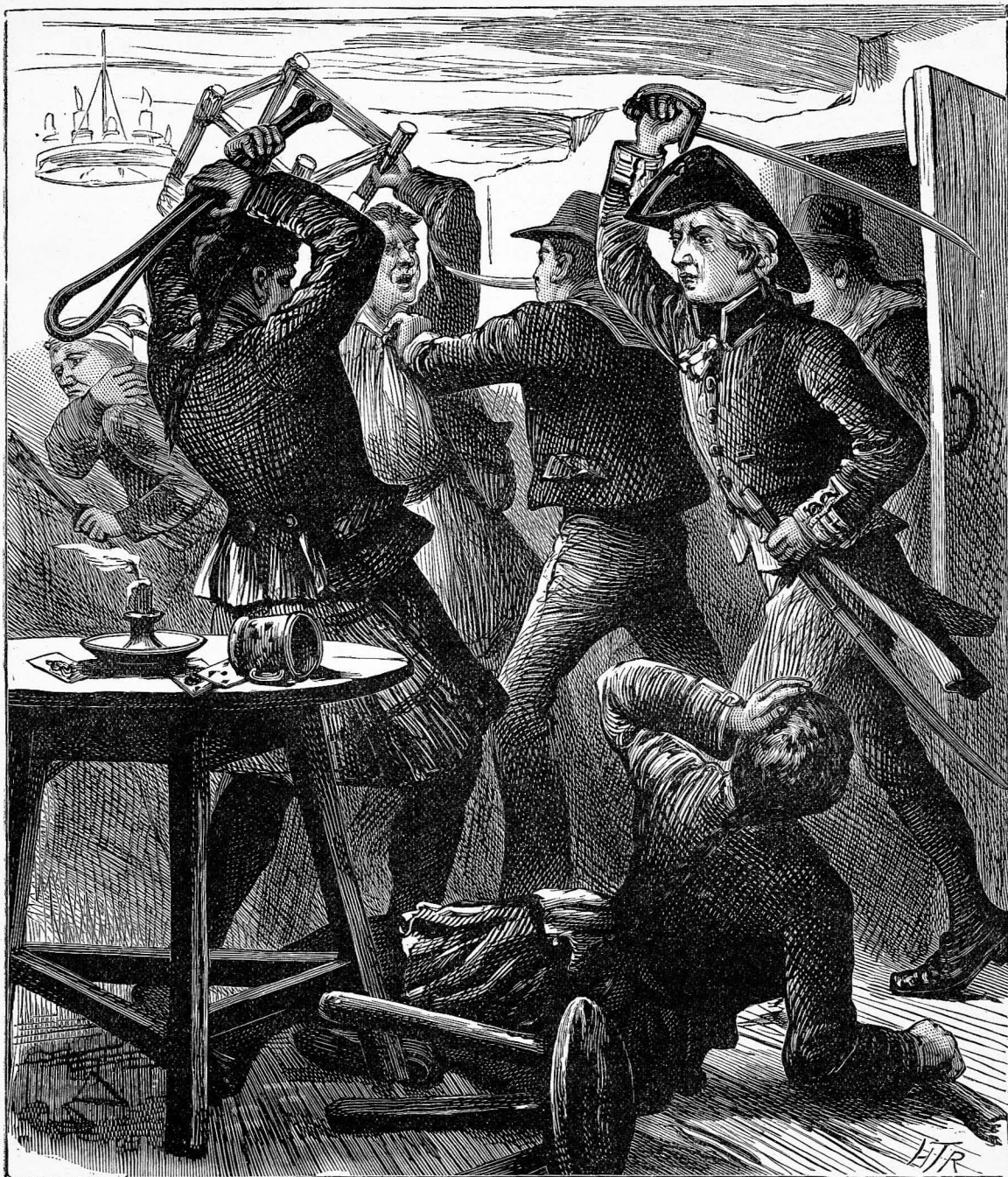
And so from that day forward John Herrick became a fore-mast hand on board His Majesty's ship *Hecate*.

Within a fortnight of his joining an event happened which proved not only a memorable one for all concerned, but was the turning-point of the young man's career.

The men had just had their breakfast, when the lookout-man from the masthead reported a sail two points away on the starboard bow. All was excitement on board, from the captain down to the smallest boy. The ship rapidly neared the *Hecate*, and soon proved to be a frigate like themselves, and flying the French flag. As though in answer to the challenge, the English colours were run up, and the two vessels soon came within a couple of miles of each other. Then each began manœuvring for the most favourable position from which to engage the other, and shortly after the Frenchman sent a shot, with the view apparently of finding the range. It dropped a long way astern of them. A few more minutes of anxious expectation on both sides, and then the Frenchman, having the weather-gage, opened fire, but again without effect.

'Now, Mr. Redmayne, let us get a bit closer to her,' said the captain.

The *Hecate* tacked, and running up rapidly towards her foe, treated her to a broadside which made the English frigate rock again with the recoil.



"The fight was sharp while it lasted."

Nothing daunted, the Frenchman replied, and the battle waged with terrific fury for several minutes. Then, as they drifted farther apart, and the dense smoke cleared partially away, it was seen that the French ship's foremast had been badly shot near the foot, and though it still stood, it was in a very unsafe condition. Her rigging was also very much cut about, and one or two shots had taken effect upon

her hull. As for the *Hecate*, her sails had several holes through them, and one of her backstays had gone. Two men had been badly hit with splinters, and were quickly carried below to the cockpit.

The commanders of the French and English ships now tried all their sailing tactics. Then a single shot fired by the Frenchman took disastrous effect upon the *Hecate*, her mainmast being so severely damaged that,

with a terrific noise, it went over the side, ripping an enormous place open in the bulwarks as it fell.

'All hands jump aft and cut away everything with your axes!' was the captain's command.

The bright steel flashed over the torn and useless rigging, and soon the mast floated away to leeward, carrying with it a confused mass of ropes, spars, and sails.

A loud shout denoted the Frenchman's triumph; but it was a short-lived one, as, almost in the same moment, a fearful crash told them that their own tottering foremast had followed suit, and for the next few minutes nothing but a babel of shouts and yells could be heard on board her.

(Continued at page 18.)

LOSING FIVE YEARS OF LIFE.



EARLY rising has been often extolled, and extolled in vain; for people think that an hour's additional sleep is very comfortable, and can make very little difference, after all. But an hour gained or wasted every day makes a great difference in the length of our lives, which we may see by a very simple calculation.

First, we will say that the average of mankind spend sixteen hours of every twenty-four awake and employed, and eight in bed. Now, each year having three hundred and sixty-five days, if a diligent person abstract from sleep one hour daily, he lengthens his years three hundred and sixty-five hours, or twenty-three days of sixteen hours each, the length of a *waking* day, which is what we call a day in these calculations.

We will take a period of forty years, and see how it may be decreased or added to by sloth or energy. A person sleeping eight hours a day has his full average of three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and may therefore be said to enjoy complete his forty years. Let him take nine hours' sleep, and his year has only three hundred and forty-two days, so that he lives only thirty-seven and a half years; with ten hours in bed, he has three hundred and nineteen days, and his life is thirty-five years; in like manner, if the sleep is limited to seven hours, our year has three hundred and eighty-eight days, and, instead of forty, we live forty-two and a half years; and, if six hours is our allowance of slumber, we have four hundred and eleven days in the year, and live forty-five years.

By this we see that, in forty years, two hours daily occasion either a loss or gain of five years. How much might be done in this space! What would we not give at the close of life for another lease of five years? And how bitter the reflection would be at such a time, if we reflect at all, that we have wilfully given up this portion of our existence merely that we might lie a little longer in bed in the morning!

THE ITALIAN SHOPKEEPER.

SOME years ago, there lived in London a shopkeeper who sold sweets of various kinds. His customers were chiefly Italians (for his shop was in a neighbourhood where many of them lived) who did not pay for their goods very readily. Thinking to cure this habit, he had a placard printed with the words, 'Goods sold for ready money only.' As this did not have the desired effect, he thought he would have one painted in Italian, as they could not read English. So he went to a painter and asked him for what price he would paint one. 'A guinea,' was the reply. But the shopkeeper thought that too much, so he bartered him down until he consented to do it for ten and sixpence. After the placard was put up, the shopkeeper noticed that his customers did not pay any more readily for what they bought, but always tasted before buying anything. He thought this very strange behaviour, but he happened one day to overhear some Italian boys talking outside his shop. 'What will you taste?' said one to the other. 'Taste!' said the shopkeeper to himself. 'What does he mean?' Accordingly, he asked them in, and after questioning them, he found out that the sign when translated was not 'Goods sold for ready money only,' but 'Taste and try before you buy.' Thus did the painter revenge himself on the shopkeeper, and so paid him out in his own coin.

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.



'LITTLE NELL.*

VER and over two boys rolled together in the black slimy mud, kicking and cuffing with great heartiness, till arrested by the harsh voice of an ugly little man, who stood above them flourishing his cudgel and striking at them right and left.

Speedily the boys rose to their feet, calling for quarter. They were both of a size, both rough, uncouth-looking lads of spirit, and each eyed the owner of the cudgel in no very friendly way.

The fight had been provoked by the assertion made by Kit, one of the lads, that this same savage cudgeller was 'an uglier dwarf than can be seen anywhere for a penny.'

The second boy thought it nothing but fair that he should stand up for his master, the repulsive creature who had rewarded him with so spiteful a chastisement. And so the fight had been carried on in earnest until Mr. Quilp, of Quilp's Wharf, Tower

* This touching story of Little Nell was penned by Charles Dickens in his well-known novel, entitled *The Old Curiosity Shop*. From its perusal all who are interested may learn the end of the villain Quilp, the many changes which befell Kit and his friends, and how dear little Nell fared in the new home provided by the good schoolmaster. The book is full of exciting adventures, stirring deeds, and graphic pictures of real life. It may, nowadays, be bought for even a single sixpence.

Hill, had interfered through the request of the little girl who stood by his side clasping her hands together as she earnestly entreated, 'Oh, pray stop them, Mr. Quilp.'

The contrast between the child and the forbidding, hard-featured man who stood beside her was very remarkable. The innocent, good little Nell, by her very appearance, made the bad man beside her look even worse than he did when alone.

What strange chance had brought them together even Nellie herself did not know.

She had that morning been sent by her aged grandfather, whom she dearly loved, and who tenderly loved her, with a note to Quilp, but of its contents she knew nothing.

It was a queer old place where the little girl lived, a sort of second-hand Curiosity shop, full of musty treasures, from old suits of mail and broken furniture to discoloured pieces of ancient needlework.

Night after night the brave child slept quite alone in the house, creeping downstairs at midnight, or at one, two, or three in the morning, to let the old grandfather in.

He had not always been away from home so late: Nell remembered far happier days, when, the shop closed and business done, the fond old man had taken her on his knee and told her tales and laughed and played with her; but now her little heart often sorely ached as she watched his weary, altered looks, and knew that he was very unhappy.

She heard him, too, murmur her name in prayer, and once, when with bloodshot eyes and weary step he returned home even later than usual, she had heard him say, 'If it were not for the child I could wish to die. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?'

After such nights he would send her to the dwarf's office with a little note, and bid her hurry back with the reply.

Upon the occasion when she pleaded for the lads, Quilp had kept the child for his wife to cross-question her, while he cunningly listened for the answers behind a door.

The questions, and poor Nellie's artless answers, furnished the crafty listener with a clue to the old man's doings.

At last, when he had heard enough to serve his purpose, he dismissed Nellie with a note, telling the grandfather that he would see him on the morrow or next day, and that he could not do that little business for him just then.

One night—the third after Nellie's interview with Mrs. Quilp, when, feeling sick and weak and dreadfully sad, the old man had stayed at home, and the little girl, with arms twined round his neck, had been begging him not to feel so unhappy, but rather that they should go out and beg than live so much apart—a silent visitor entered unseen, and, perching himself upon the back of a chair, with his feet upon the seat, listened and grimaced, all unperceived, until, turning suddenly round, the grandfather, old Trent, espied the ugly and leering face of Daniel Quilp!

'You have no secret from me now!' said the dwarf, and then he upbraided him with being a mere shallow gambler, and reminded him that every piece of furniture in the place, and all his stock and property, were forfeited to him, the grasping Quilp.

'I am no gambler,' cried the poor old man. 'I never played for love of gain or love of play; but at every piece I staked I whispered to myself that orphan's name, and called on Heaven to bless the venture.'

Fondly he had believed that his gambling would result in riches for his darling grandchild; and now ruin, nothing but ruin, stared him in the face, and soon they would not have a place in which to lay their heads.

This thought caused him to plead with his creditor for another loan; but he might as well have appealed to the stones in the roadway.

The cunning Quilp pretended that he *would* have lent it him had he not learnt his secret; and then, glad to gratify his malice, he said that it was by Kit he had been made acquainted with the facts.

Kit was the errand-boy at the old Curiosity shop, and devoted, in his rough way, to little Nell.

When he had so boldly declared that Quilp was 'an uglier dwarf than could be seen anywhere for a penny,' it was in response to a taunt thrown at Nell, and he little realised how dearly he would have to pay for his candour.

It was a terrible trouble to the honest lad when, late one evening, Nell appeared at his mother's home, his wages in her hand, and told him with sobs and tears, never, never to come near them any more, and asked him what he had done to cause her grandfather to complain of him so.

Kit could not tell; he was quite bewildered. He knew that there was a mistake somewhere, but he could not understand how it had come about. His conscience was clear, but his affections were sadly wounded.

Quilp was not long before he used his power, and Nellie and her grandfather found themselves homeless, wandering forth from the city—while it yet slumbered—they knew not whither.

Weary and hungry, upon the second day of their tramp, they turned aside into a churchyard to rest.

At the back of the church, near one of the tombs, they came upon two men, strolling players, exhibitors of Punch and Judy. They had evidently come to that spot to make some needful repairs in the stage arrangements. A needle and cotton being required, Nell timidly offered to mend Judy's torn robes. The offer was accepted, and after a few questions from the one side, and answers on the other, Nell and her grandfather decided to put up for the night at the same long, low white house, a roadside inn, where Codlin and Short, the showmen, were lodging.

These men were going on to the races, and they invited the wanderers to accompany them. They agreed, but after a few days Nellie knew that they had become suspicious of her and her charge, that they believed the old man to be mad, and that he had strayed away from wealthy friends, enticing her to follow.

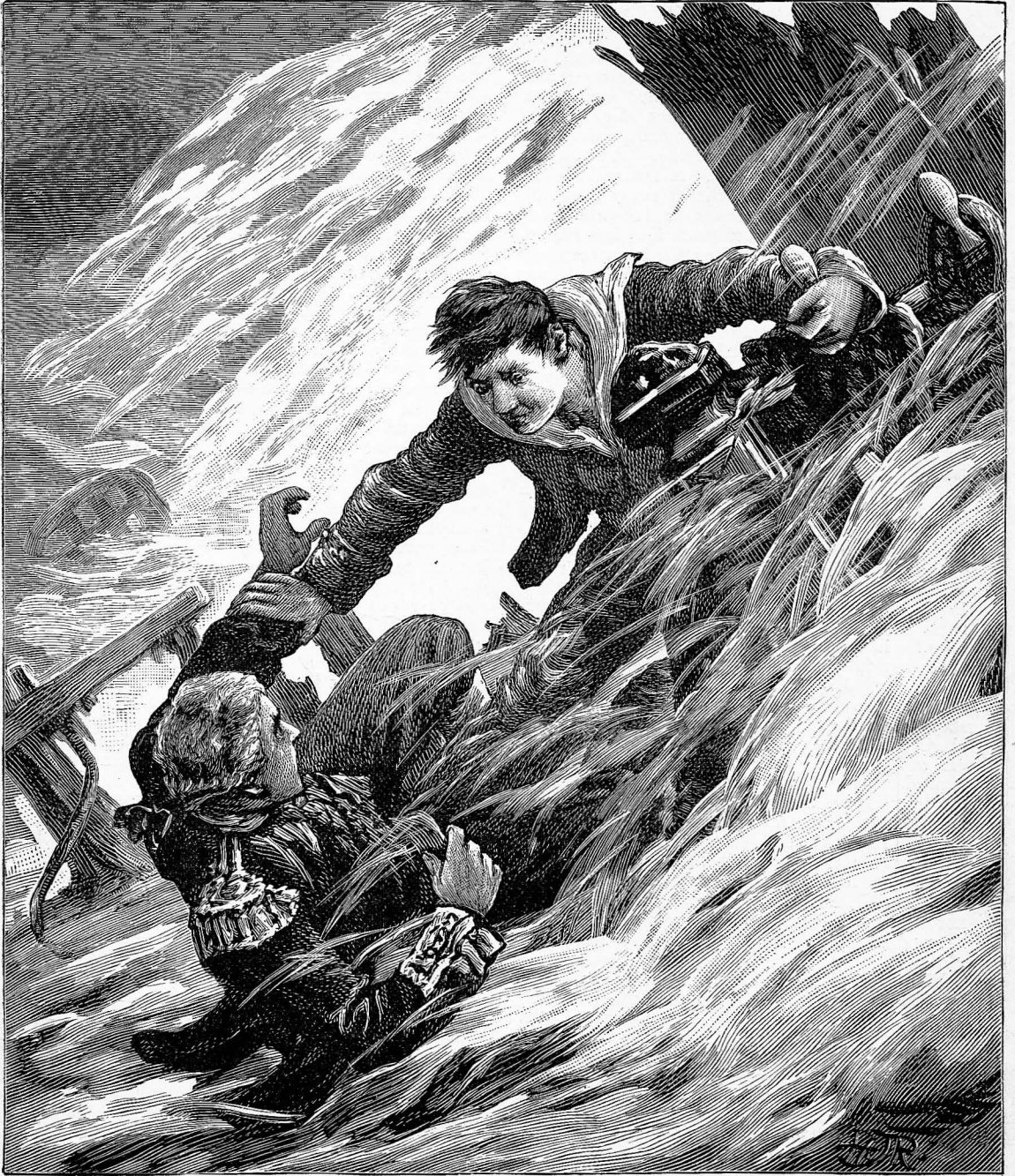
She found out that they were hoping for reward by restoring them.

Taking advantage of the press of people gathered on the racecourse, she and her grandfather fled away, and did not stop to rest until they had reached the borders of a little wood.

(Concluded at page 22.)



Nellie and her Grandfather.



Herrick saves his Commander.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 14.)



HUS, partially disabled as both battle-ships now were, the fight was still continued. The wind had sprung up, and the two ships became almost unmanageable, drifting farther and farther apart. A favourable slant of the breeze enabled the *Hecate* to fire one more broadside into her enemy, hulling her in two or three

places beneath the water-line, and it was not long before it became apparent that she was sinking. Just before they drifted out of range of the Frenchman's guns, a stray shot struck one of the *Hecate's* remaining masts and splintered it so much as to render the carrying of much canvas on it a matter of the greatest hazard. Before the two ships had separated more than three miles, those on board the English frigate saw the French ship heel over, and with a convulsive plunge disappear beneath the now darkling waters. Help they could give none, and indeed their own position began to look most precarious. The wind, which had been getting more and more violent and gusty, was blowing in increased force, bringing up a bad, choppy sea, in which the disabled ship laboured and rolled heavily. The captain and first lieutenant held a hurried consultation, and decided that there was nothing to be done but to run before the gale, and hope for its abating during the night. At the same time they fully recognised that the ship's position was a very dangerous one. They well knew that they must be getting perilously close to the French shores, and the howling of the wind through the rigging aloft made all hope of the storm lessening die away in their hearts. Blacker and blacker banked up the heavy clouds, until, up to windward, the inky masses seemed only to be awaiting some mystic signal to burst with fury upon the helpless ship. All sail had long since been reduced, but of what avail was any preparation in face of their crippled condition? Moistening his parched lips, the captain turned to Mr. Redmayne and said, 'The *Hecate* will never see port again—that is my opinion.'

'And mine, sir, too,' rejoined the lieutenant, gloomily.

Fiercely the hurricane swept onwards towards the doomed frigate. Swaying to the resistless fury of the blast, even under the easy canvas she now was carrying—little more, indeed, than bare poles aloft—the ship rocked and plunged until, as in a moment, a fearful crash and a blow, under which she staggered, came together. The tornado had burst upon her in all its strength. The first heavy sea struck her full on the weather quarter just abaft the beam, swinging her stern sharply round, and pouring heavy masses of water over the decks. Another, and yet another, struck the devoted vessel, without giving her a moment's respite in which to right herself. Away went the two top-masts over

her side, away followed the jib-boom, and then, at last, the mizen-mast. Portions of rigging, from which hung a heavy block and part of a spar, flapped loudly, first one way and then the other, threatening with instant destruction any one who came within range.

Amid the frightful roaring of the tempest, as the hurricane shrieked through the rigging still left standing, every soul below came rushing up on deck. Here the scene of wreckage and confusion was enough to appal the stoutest heart; the weather bulwarks were stove in, most of the boats unshipped, and the booms loose, whilst, out to leeward, loomed distinctly the long low line of the French coast, girt about with a mile or more of breakers.

Although not an order could be heard in the fearful din of the tempest, men were, somehow or other, set to work to clear the wreckage, and cut away the shrouds. With immense difficulty, and not before two poor fellows had been washed overboard, this was partially done, and the frigate righted herself a little. Still, however, the great green monsters reared their ill-omened heads, and fell with thunderous crash upon her decks—the ship's gun-ports had been open when the squall first struck her, and she had shipped a great deal of water before the carpenter's crew could get them closed again. Already her main deck was well under water. In this awful extremity the captain, whose voice and head were clear and steady, in spite of a haggard white face and the drops of agony standing on his brow, gave orders, more in dumb show than by speaking, to get a couple of anchors down. It was a desperate expedient for saving the ship, but it was the only one possible. Dozens of willing hands rushed off to the fore-castle to get the bower anchors ready. Whilst the men were thus engaged, and working with the energy of despair, suddenly a terrific sea struck the ship full upon the weather bow, and in a moment she was thrown upon her beam ends; down poured the water in great green floods, sending yet another unhappy seaman to his long account, as he was dashed with fatal violence upon the lower deck. Then came a sound, truly awful in its portent to a seaman—a harsh grating noise, two or three violent shocks which threw all on deck off their feet, and then the cry rose up, 'We're sinking!'

Almost as the shrieks of the wretched men rose on the gale, the frigate began to settle down. A mad rush was made to the broken and battered boats, but they had been already rendered useless. The ship sank only two or three yards, and then rested on the sandbank, over which the breakers ceaselessly roared. Here she remained fast, exposed to all the fury of the gale. Every moment the vast rolling billows came resistlessly onwards, breaking against the doomed ship's sides, and flying into biting, angry showers of salt and blinding spray. In every direction around them lay the threatening, ragged brown breakers, tossed into wailing madness by the wintry blast, and at almost every moment the fearful seas, gathering force and fury as they thundered towards the distant shore, lifted the hull of the unfortunate frigate, only to hurl her down again with all her own enormous weight added to the violent forces of the raging elements. Every succeeding wave claimed its miserable victims, as, perishing with the

bitter cold, the men were unable to maintain their hold upon the broken and battered bulwarks. The shrieks grew fainter and fainter as the poor fellows were torn from the supports to which they clung, and washed away in the seething cauldron to leeward; nearly every soul on board was resigning himself to imminent death.

It was at this moment that, undeterred by the awful peril in which each one of them stood, young John Herrick, as cool as though working on his father's farm, stepped up to the first lieutenant, and, touching his cap, said, 'Could we get enough men together, sir, think you, to make a raft? The wind is dead in shore, it would drive us there; and, in any case, as the frigate is going to pieces, it would give some a chance of life.'

'A raft! Well, my lad, every boat's stove in; I doubt much whether anything could live in those breakers out there, but there's a chance in it, and I will speak to the captain about it,' and so saying, he staggered along by the help of the broken bulwarks to where Captain Dunwich stood. The captain agreed that it would be worth while trying Herrick's plan, and Mr. Redmayne beckoned the young fellow to join them.

'You are a cool hand, my lad, and have your wits about you. We will try your plan, but I doubt whether we shall succeed in launching the raft even after it is made. It will take some hours to make, and we may go to pieces beforehand. However, there can be no hope of escape by any other means, and, should Providence be willing, some few lives may be saved yet by this means. Tell the boatswain to pipe all hands to make a raft.'

A minute later and the shrill whistle of the boatswain summoned a few of the survivors to where the captain and two of his officers stood. Then all set to work with a will, renewed hope beating in their breasts as the chance—it was only a bare chance—of escape presented itself to their minds. Foremost in the labour Herrick worked with splendid energy and calmness. Before they had been engaged at their task an hour, an immense rolling sea broke full upon the quarter of the frigate, burying the workers, and washing the boatswain and two unhappy men overboard. The captain was thrown off his feet, swung across the deck, now four or five feet under water, and carried at a fearful rate over towards the lee bulwarks. At this critical moment young Herrick, heedless of the awful danger, caught the bight of a rope in his left hand to steady himself, and made a dash for the captain's body, extending his right hand, and just catching his commander's arm as he was disappearing in the whirl of waters. The half-drowned man recovered his balance, and, struggling to his feet once more, exclaimed, 'If ever you and I live through this night, my lad, I will remember that splendid act of yours.'

Herrick, even in face of the imminent peril in which they all stood, felt a glow of pride at these words. But this was no time for anything but work, and that of the most desperate kind. The few spars which had not been washed overboard, broken timbers from the stove-in boats, and some spare sails which, with much danger and labour, had been lashed both above and below the timbers and gratings, now formed their one hope and chance of life. Almost

worn out with fatigue, the workers took a final survey of their ark, and then the boatswain's mate was told to pipe all hands to launch her.

'Now, my lads,' cried Mr. Redmayne, 'watch your chance, and don't be in a hurry; wait until a big sea strikes us and cants her over, then, all together—prize up the raft, and shove her over the lee quarter; then, you men there, hang on to the hawsers for your lives. Remember that if you should let one of them go by any chance, away goes the raft, and we shall never see her again. Wait, all of you, till I give the word, then heave!'

Both the captain and lieutenant took their places side by side with the men, to do an equal share in the work. A few minutes of breathless suspense followed, and then, as a dark-green mass of foaming water poured its resistless fury over the weather bulwarks of the doomed ship, the lieutenant's voice, in a hoarse roar that sounded for a moment above even that of the elements, gave the word, 'Heave!'

The surging waters careened the frigate over, and at the same moment swelled up under the raft, lifting her to the level of the lee quarter. 'All together, boys!' cried Mr. Redmayne. 'Now, heave again—once more, lads! Bravo, my hearties! again—yes, she's going; one more heave and she floats—now!'

And with a heavy plunge the raft dashed into the surging masses of foam to leeward, completely disappearing from view as she went.

'Hang on to the hawsers, all of you—the hawsers!' shouted Captain Dunwich, at the same moment seizing hold of one, and exerting all his strength upon it. The men jumped with alacrity to obey the order, and in another moment the eyes of all on board were gladdened by the sight of the raft appearing on the surface of the angry waters a short distance to leeward of them. With all their strength they hauled upon the hawsers, and gradually brought the raft to within a few feet of the frigate's side; nearer they dared not have it, for fear it should be dashed up against her and destroyed. A whip was got on to the main-yard, and the first man to go was slung and hoisted aloft by the rest. As a momentary lull in the tempest gave opportunity, he was lowered on to the tossing and frail raft below. Then the men called for their captain to go next, but he steadily refused. 'My place is here, my lads. I thank you all for your kind thought for my safety, but a commander dies with his ship. Don't waste the precious moments, lads; do as I tell you, and may God save you all. Good-bye!' and he turned away.

'Then, sir, I shall stay with you,' said Mr. Redmayne, as the men, after a momentary sorrowful hesitation, resumed their task of hoisting their comrades on to the raft below.

'I thank you, Redmayne,' replied the captain; 'but I cannot permit it. You are not in the position of a ship's commander, and there is no obligation upon you to stay.'

'Nor upon you, sir, surely,' urged the first lieutenant. 'Will you consent to go after every one has been got on to the raft?'

'No, Redmayne, no! Come now, this only causes me needless distress. Show yourself in this, our dire extremity, what I have always found you to be—an officer whose first duty is obedience. Farewell!'

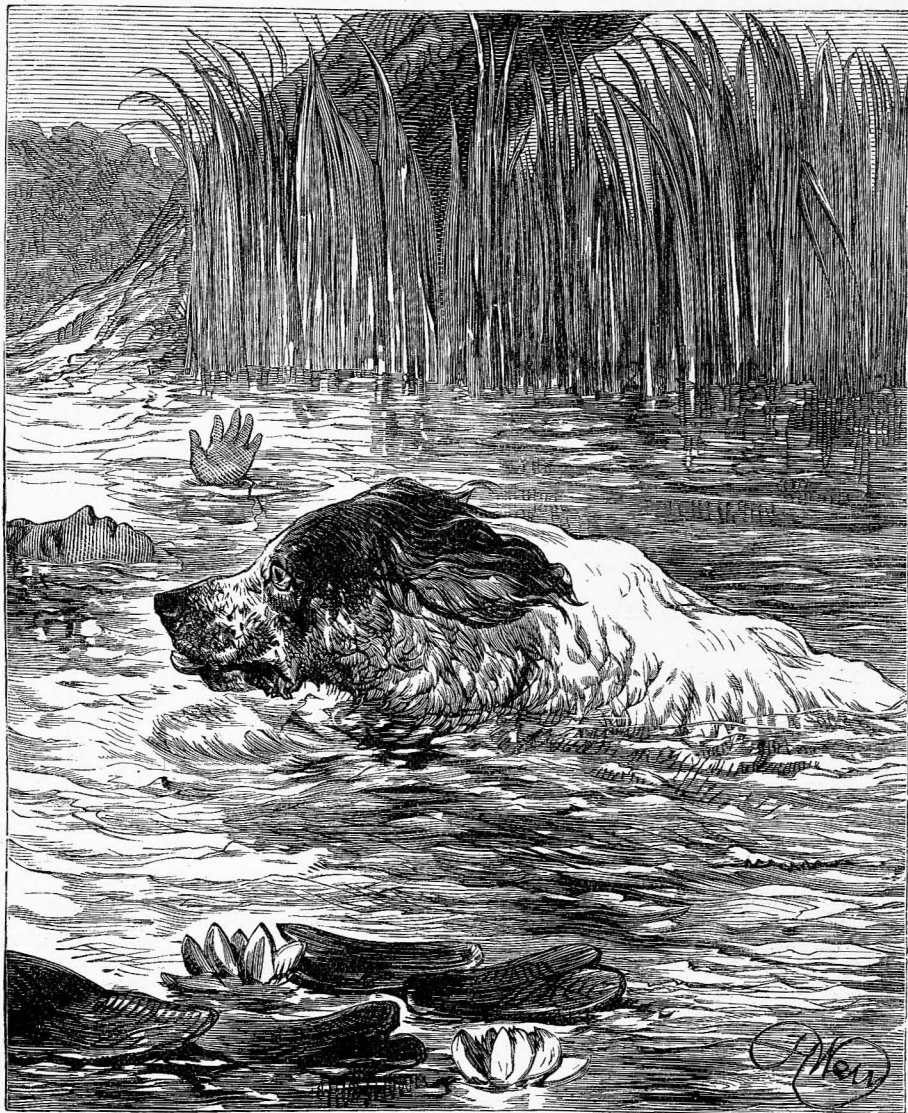
Mr. Redmayne silently wrung the hand held out to



The Cock and the Fox.

him, and turning away without a word got into the slips, and was quickly placed on the raft. One by one all the men followed, until the last was being hoisted by John Herrick and the captain. Then, with a report that sounded loud above the surging of the blast, one of the hawsers parted, and the sudden strain coming upon the other caused that

to snap also. In a moment the raft, with all its human freight, was whirled away. Just before it disappeared from view amid the blinding spray, Captain Dunwich and the two men, John Herrick and the boatswain's mate, left with him, caught sight of a long, ragged, crested roller, which came up and broke clean over it, washing away at least half-




"Lotus dashed into the water."

a-dozen of the unhappy men who were clinging to it. The three spectators turned away from the sickening sight to look at the horrors of their own situation. It was hard indeed to determine which of the two situations was the more desperate.

(Continued at page 26.)

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

 FOX, who liked the taste of fowl,
Chanced underneath a tree to prowl;
Above a cock sat out of reach.
The longing fox with crafty speech
Accosts him thus: 'Twere hard to tell
How pleased I am to see you well;

Oft have I wish'd to meet you—pray
Come down—I've many things to say,
And talking loudly makes me hoarse,
Or I'd not trouble you, of course.'
'You're very good,' said Chanticleer;
'I think I'm rather safer here
From beasts of prey—a murderous crew!—
Of course, I don't allude to you.'
'You have not then,' cried Reynard, 'heard
The news—'tis true, upon my word—
Peace is just made by proclamation
Throughout the animal creation,
And all the tribes of fur and reather
May now like brothers live together.'
The cock replies in careless tone,
'All this is news to me, I own.'

With neck outstretch'd and head raised high,
 He then seems suddenly to spy
 Some distant object. 'What can be
 Yon moving party which I see?
 They thread the wood, they scour the grounds:
 Oh, now I know—a pack of hounds!' 'If that's the case, I must not stay,'
 Said Reynard. 'Mr. Cock, good day!' 'Nay,' answered he, 'don't say good-bye,
 I shall be with you presently;
 Surely you're not of dogs afraid
 Since universal peace is made!' Outwitted Reynard took to flight,
 Exclaiming, to excuse his fright,
 'It strikes me, on consideration,
 They mayn't have heard the proclamation.'

Although the reader well may smile
 To see the cock the fox beguile,
 I would not have him learn to lie
 E'en to a rogue; but let him try
 To baffle crafty schemes of ill
 By prudence firm and honest skill.

LITTLE WILLY AND HIS DOG LOTUS.

WILLY FORTESCUE was an only child, and a great favourite with everybody, as he was always good-tempered and affectionate. His father had a beautiful house in the country, and was a rich man, so his son had playthings of every kind, such as puzzles, picture-books, paint-boxes, besides many other games.

But, of all Willy's possessions, I think his big dog Lotus was the favourite. It had been given him by an uncle who lived a great deal abroad. It was a black and white Newfoundland, with large, soft brown eyes and long curling ears.

As soon as Willy was dressed in the morning, he used to take a run across the lawn, and Lotus never left his little master's side, but bounded close beside him over the grass. But there is one reason why Willy loves Lotus better than his Shetland pony, or his boat, or, indeed, any other of his playthings. Shall I tell you?

Once, when he was about four years old, on a hot summer's day, Willy wandered away from home towards the river which flowed past their garden, and suddenly he saw some yellow and white water-lilies, and blue forget-me-nots, growing close to the edge; they looked so pretty and seemed so close that Willy longed to gather them. He never thought of danger, but, in reaching out his hand to grasp the prize, he lost his balance, and falling into the water he was swept along by the strong current.

In vain the child shrieked for help and struggled with the stream: no one heard his cries except the brave Newfoundland; but Lotus dashed into the water, and seizing hold of Willy's frock he held it tightly in his teeth, and swam towards the edge of the river. It was no short distance, and the boy's curls were tangled and his face white as death, but Lotus never paused until he laid their exhausted darling at Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue's feet, who were

watching the brave dog's efforts with beating hearts and trembling anxiety.

I am sure you will not wonder now that Willy loves Lotus and treats him kindly.

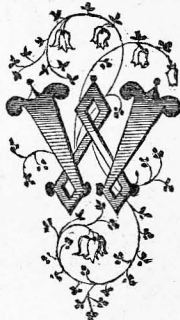
Dear children, be kind to dumb animals, God's patient creatures; and for the future, when you feel inclined to beat or kick Pompey because he gets in your way or does not learn a trick as quickly as you wish, just think of Willy's dog, Lotus, and what he did for his little master.

G. M. A.

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

'LITTLE NELL.'

(Concluded from page 15.)



VALKING on again, Nellie and her grandfather came into a village and stood before a cottage, where they saw an old man smoking his pipe in the porch before the door. He was the village school-master. He had a face so kind, that Nell was emboldened to ask him to direct them to a night's lodging. Struck by her tired look, and by the helplessness of the poor old man, who seemed quite unable to think or act for himself, but left all to the child, the school-master invited them in and gave them food and shelter, and pressed them to stay for two restful nights.

Leaving their kind friend in the early morning they tramped on, much refreshed, until evening, when feeling fatigued and weary they walked slowly by a smart little house upon wheels, a gay caravan drawn up to rest, and before the door, taking tea, they noticed its stout, comfortable-looking owner, Mrs. Jarley, the exhibitor of 'Jarley's waxwork show.' She was a motherly dame and pitied the poor pair, and spread them tea; and as the nearest town was eight miles away, she offered them a lift in her cosy caravan, and better still, she engaged Nellie to point out the characters with a willow-wand, and to describe them in a set form of words.

The old man, whom the child said that she could never leave, was to busy himself in dusting the figures, taking checks, and so forth. These figures were kept in a second waggon, which had preceded the caravan, and been unpacked at the place of exhibition. In this empty vehicle Mrs. Jarley bade Nell make up a bed for her grandfather as best she could; the little girl herself was to sleep in the good lady's own caravan.

As she returned from the empty waggon she glanced at the ancient gateway of the town and saw emerge from its dark shadow a man, whom the instant he appeared she recognised as the ugly, misshapen Quilp. She heard him shout to a boy who carried his luggage to come on, or they would be too late for the London coach.

Nell trembled, and all that night her dreams were somehow connected with the hideous and malicious dwarf.

One evening, when they had been with Mrs. Jarley for some time, they went out to walk and strolled a long distance. They were overtaken by a terrific storm and were obliged to take shelter in a wayside public-house, 'The Valiant Soldier.'

Here were assembled several card-players. Nell noticed with alarm that as her grandfather heard them talking of the money they had won and lost, his whole appearance changed. His face became flushed and eager, his eyes strained, and his hands trembled violently. Then, in a voice almost fierce, he demanded from the little girl all the money that she had.

Hour after hour passed away, till the landlord announced that twelve o'clock had gone, and still the gamblers gambled on, the old man vainly hugging to himself the thought that one day the luck must turn, and Nellie—his own sweet, patient little Nell, the child of his dear dead daughter—would be rich.

It was too late to return to Mrs. Jarley's, and so they decided to remain at the inn, as Nellie assured her grandfather that she had still a little money left.

That night, after a short and troubled sleep, the little girl was startled by a figure in her room; she saw it crouching and creeping about, groping with its noiseless hands and stealing round the bed. The breath came so near her that she shrank back into her pillow, lest those wandering hands should light upon her face. Then presently she heard the chink of money, and dropping on its hands and knees the figure vanished. A thought crossed her mind, What if it had a design upon the old man's life? His door stood open, and staggering forward, meaning to preserve him at all hazards, what sight was that which met her view?

The bed had not been lain on, but was smooth and empty. At a table sat the old man himself, the only living creature there, his white face pinched and sharpened by the greediness which made his eyes unnaturally bright, counting the money of which his hands had robbed her.

Poor, weary little Nell! Her heart ached then and for many a long night afterwards when she knew that her grandfather left the caravan and sought his companions, the card-players.

During one of her long rambles, her lonely walks, she saw a group of men, whom she recognised as gipsies, and standing among them her aged grandfather. She overheard a plot to rob Mrs. Jarley of her little store of money, and—oh, horror!—the thief in purpose was the old man himself. The gipsies had egged him on; told him the luck must change, that he need only borrow the money, and he—Nell could hardly believe her ears—he had assented.

The theft was planned for the next night, but that very night Nellie led him forth, away from the peace and plenty and the kind hostess who had befriended them; away through straight streets and narrow crooked outskirts of the great city: she would save him at all hazards.

In the course of their wanderings, when Nell's travel-stained dress and bruised and swollen feet had appealed to the old man's inmost heart, and wrung from him regret for her sad lot, and their houseless,

wandering condition, they stopped to shelter in a deep doorway, and were surprised and startled by a dark figure that came suddenly out of the recess. The feeble street lamp showed a man miserably clad and begrimed with smoke; his aspect was wan and pallid and his eyes sunken, his features sharpened. Finding that they had intended to pass the night upon the cold bricks, he promised them a bed of warm ashes, and lifting Nell as tenderly as though she had been a baby, he carried her through the town until they arrived, mid the roar of furnaces, at the heap of ashes of which he had spoken, and there Nellie and the tired old traveller slept.

In the morning her rough friend shared his poor breakfast of coarse bread and coffee with his guests, and they again trudged on. They had gone but a little distance when the gaunt and ragged man ran after them, and pressing Nellie's hand left something there—two old, battered penny pieces, the whole of his small fortune.

The noise and the dirt and the vapour of the great manufacturing town made the pair long for the pure air of the open country.

On the second day they were dragging themselves along, poor little Nell being nearly overcome, and feeling that she could do no more, when a stranger, with a portmanteau strapped to his back, and leaning on a stout stick as he walked, and reading from a book, appeared before them. When Nellie saw him she clasped her hands, and with a shriek fell senseless at his feet.

It was the poor schoolmaster. His delight at seeing his old friends was only exceeded by his pity at finding them in so sad a plight. Raising the child he bore her to the nearest inn, and gentle hands ministered to her, and anxious faces bent over her. In finding this kind and good old man, the wanderers had found a true friend and a restful, peaceful home. By his intercession they became installed in an empty house hard by a venerable church, and next door to the school-master's. The cottage school was his no longer; he had been asked to take a better one and had accepted the good offer. A small allowance of money went with the house, and by clubbing their funds together, the school-master and his new-found friends were able to live in that retired spot. Nellie had saved her grandfather. Her heart was full, her gratitude unbounded.

Time rolled along, and those who watched the delicate child saw that she grew paler and thinner. It was late one night when Kit, her one-time servant, drew near the two quaint houses where dwelt the school-master and his poor friends. Kit was accompanied by two gentlemen, one old, one young. Day and night the trio had been travelling: for years the older man and his son had been searching for his lost brother, Nellie's grandfather; Kit for his lost mistress and aged master, whose images had never left his mind: and now—now! There upon her little bed the child-hero lay at rest. Dear, patient, noble Nell was dead.

The old man who had been her constant care waited daily at her grave, praying in whispered words, 'Lord, let her come to-morrow.' One genial, gentle day in spring they found him dead upon her grave. His old heart had broken!



Little Nell.



Prisoners of War.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 21.)



WITH stunning crash the *Hecate* was time after time flung down upon the sand-bank, after the giant seas had raised her on their angry crests, and she lay there beating out her life, whilst the three unfortunate men still left upon her strained their eyes shorewards to watch if, perchance, they might still catch a glimpse of their messmates struggling with the breakers in a last

effort to reach the coast.

Strongly against the wishes of Captain Dunwich, the boatswain's mate, tormented with thirst, had ventured down on to the main deck, which was now all awash, and then, in further efforts to find some water, the unfortunate man had been caught by a great curling sea, and, with a piercing cry, was swept overboard and drowned.

'God save his soul!' murmured the captain; 'he does but precede us by a short time, I fear. Lash yourself to the foremast bitts, my lad, and I will do the same. Fate was cruel indeed in that you, who first thought of making a raft, should be at the last moment debarred from taking your chance upon it. However, God's will be done; everything, depend upon it, is rightly ordered by Him, and maybe we shall suffer less here than those poor fellows over in yonder breakers are suffering now, even if death finds us a little sooner than it does them. Let us try to sleep a little; it will, perhaps, keep life in us a few hours longer.'

Silently John Herrick obeyed his commander, lashing himself securely to the bitts, and then tried to snatch a few brief minutes of sleep.

Daylight broke, and found the two men straining their eyes towards the distant shore, almost hidden by the immense masses of foaming breakers, which still surged and roared their way along. The land lay low, grey, and murky in the cold dawn. Had their messmates got ashore, or had they perished in the fierce breakers which seethed and bubbled, rose and fell, with deafening noise and turmoil? Alas! who could say?

Then upon the ears of the poor watchers came what sounded like the faint booming of a gun. Gazing still more eagerly at the shore, Herrick thought that he could see a movement upon the edge of the low cliff, and as the light became a little stronger they could distinctly see a small crowd of people on the shore. Again came the booming of a gun, and this time they saw the small white puff of smoke which preceded it. Both men breathed a silent thanksgiving. It was not so much the hope of rescue—for that were hardly possible in such a boiling sea as this—but the sense of being still seen, still remembered by their fellow-creatures, which cheered the two shipwrecked men.

Herrick quickly took the handkerchief from round his neck, and, climbing on to the highest part of the ship, he let it flutter to the wind. Instantly the signal

was answered by handkerchiefs waved from the shore. The guns, fired to attract the attention of any who might yet be alive on board the wreck, had answered their purpose well. Within half an hour the two saw that those ashore were making strenuous efforts to launch a boat. The little knot of folk could be plainly made out upon the beach, and the men on the wreck could see, even at such a distance, that they were going to launch a boat. Breathlessly they watched them run it down to the first line of surf. The men on the shore waited for their chance, and then, with a sudden rush, they shoved the boat off. For a moment it was hidden from sight in the troubled sea, then, as it rose gallantly to the struggle, an immense wave curled right over it. The boat's crew saw the threatening hollow above their heads for one brief second, and in the next the boat was violently flung back again upon the shore, keel uppermost, whilst her hapless crew were battling for dear life in the fury of the cruel brown breakers.

Willing helpers from the beach rushed waist-deep into the water to drag their comrades out, and all but one, who had been struck by the overturned boat, were saved. He, alas! senseless from the blow, was drifted away, never to be seen again alive.

The hearts of the watchers on the wreck sank within them as they witnessed the failure of their would-be rescuers, nor could they expect anything else until the gale should abate, and by that time they would themselves probably have succumbed to cold, hunger, and, worst of all, thirst. They could only wait and watch for the going down of the wind, and put their whole trust in the mercy of an Almighty and All-merciful God. It was not until past noon that a fresh commotion upon the beach attracted their attention. The sea was still very violent, though the wind blew with somewhat abated force. It soon became evident that another attempt was about to be made to launch a boat—this time one of larger size. From the wreck they could see the men settle into their places, and then the bands of helpers range themselves in long rows on either side of her. A short pause, and, with great precaution, they ran her out to the edge of the line of breakers. Another wait, and then, seizing a favourable chance, they shoved her off. As she faced the first monstrous roller, the shipwrecked men held their breath in a suspense which was little less than agonising; then, as she appeared again from the deep trough of the sea in which she had been buried, Captain Dunwich, with a deep sigh of relief, exclaimed, 'Thank God! I think they will do it now.'

Herrick said nothing. He could only watch and wait the issue of events.

For several minutes the boat appeared to make no progress; the rowers were straining every nerve to pull a long way up to windward of the wreck, knowing that the strong tide running from the westward would sweep them down only too quickly to the point at which they wished to arrive. Alternately rising on the crest of a seething breaker, and sinking again into the watery valley, the gallant crew of French fishermen strove, with short, powerful strokes, to drive their heavy whale-boat through the boil and bubble of the surf. Little by little

they got nearer to the frigate, until the steersman's weather-beaten face could be plainly discerned from the quarter-deck. Another five minutes of hard pulling, and standing up in the stern, as he grasped the tiller with one hand and the gunwale with the other in order to steady himself, he shouted to those on the wreck, but the howling of the wind and the roar of the breakers drowned his words. John Herrick, silent and anxious, stood by with a coil of line ready to throw at the first chance. The steersman called out some order to his crew, the boat's head paid off, and she ran rapidly down past the wreck. As she did so, Herrick heaved his coil of rope high into the air, and it fell right across the saving boat. Half-a-dozen eager hands grasped it, and, with a cheer, they hauled on the line and brought up as close alongside as they could.

Scrambling over the lee bulwarks of the lost *Hecate*, her commander and young Herrick, watching for a favourable moment, leaped into the boat. The rope which had held them to the wreck was cast off, and with a will the crew pulled for the shore. It was an easier task now, with the wind right abaft, than they had had in forcing the boat out seawards, but still no little danger attended their progress, and it required great skill on the helmsman's part in order to avoid the danger of getting pooped, which, in an undecked boat, would have meant foundering instantly. Time after time the long, following seas curled up threateningly astern of them; but the whale-boat, specially constructed for the roughest weather, rode gallantly on shorewards. Then came the worst part of the danger. They had to back water and lay on their oars for several minutes, minutes that seemed like hours, before making their final dash for the beach, waiting whilst wave after wave came up astern of them, passed beneath their little craft, and swept on to break its force upon the shingle. At last the old steersman saw his chance, and shouting to his men they gave way for their lives, and on the top of a long roller were driven high and dry upon the beach. Dozens of men ran up to their middles into the water to haul her still further out of the reach of the cruel waves, and a ringing cheer told that their errand had, by God's mercy, proved a successful one.

It was not until late in the day that followed their providential escape from the wreck that the two survivors awoke from the deep sleep of exhaustion which came after the perils and exposure which they had just undergone. Restored in physical vigour, though with deep trouble in his heart for the valuable lives sacrificed and the loss of his noble frigate, Captain Dunwich rose from his bed, dressed himself, and sought his companion in misfortune, young John Herrick.

In the adjoining room he was rejoiced to find Herrick, apparently none the worse in health, though the exposure to the briny spray and bitter wind had stripped the skin from his face, which was not so hardened to the action of the salt water as the captain's.

Before they had time for more than a hurried, though, on Herrick's side, most respectful greeting, they were joined by a white-haired old gentleman dressed in a nautical uniform. In French—a language very well spoken and understood by Captain

Dunwich—he informed them that he was an officer of Customs stationed at this point of the coast; that the raft had come ashore and been almost immediately dashed into fragments by the breakers. In the darkness but few of the unhappy men upon it escaped and reached the shore alive; that of the number which did succeed in so doing—about eight—three had already died, owing to the exposure and cold which they had undergone, and that the rest had been sent to a fortress some eighty or ninety miles inland as prisoners of war.

Captain Dunwich thanked the officer for his information. He learned, greatly to his joy, that Redmayne, whose uniform had distinguished him from his companions, was amongst the saved. Then he observed that he supposed that both he and his companion in adversity must consider themselves to be prisoners of war.

'Monsieur, I am sorry, but we have a duty to perform. It is very sad that, after escaping such a terrible danger, you have nothing to look forward to but a French prison. However, let us hope the war may not last long. After it is over you will be released. At present —' and an expressive shrug of the shoulders did duty as the concluding portion of the old man's sentence.

The gallant captain sighed, exclaiming, 'Well, it is the fortune of war. After all,' he added to John Herrick, 'it will fall harder upon you, my poor fellow, than on me. You are young, however, and strong; but, as a foremast hand, I fear greatly that your imprisonment will be much more rigorous and irksome than my own. You have behaved well and gallantly in very trying circumstances, my lad, and, if ever we meet again as freemen, I will not forget the name of John Herrick.'

Then, to the young fellow's great delight, he found his hand warmly grasped in that of his late commander.

That evening, a military guard, consisting of a corporal and four men, arrived to convey the two prisoners to a fort. As it was too late to start, and the guard were wearied by their long march, their departure was postponed until the morrow, and the good old Customs officer entertained the two Englishmen in most hospitable fashion on this their last night of freedom. Their destination, they had been informed, was a fortress called Verdun, about fifty miles from where they then were, and this journey their guards proposed to make in a two days' march, halting for the night at a little tavern some twenty-six miles off.

Next morning at break of day the two Englishmen were aroused from their slumbers and told that the guard awaited them. Hurriedly dressing, they descended to the little parlour, where they found their kind old host waiting to bid them farewell. To each he presented some cold meat, bread, and a flask of the common red wine of the country, and shaking them warmly by the hand, wished them *bon voyage* and a quick release from durance. They thanked him cordially, and the captain, drawing a gold ring from his little finger, begged the old man's acceptance of it. At first the good old fellow demurred, but he was persuaded to accept the *souvenir*, saying as he did so, 'Farewell, my good English friends. If you ever find that I can be of use to you



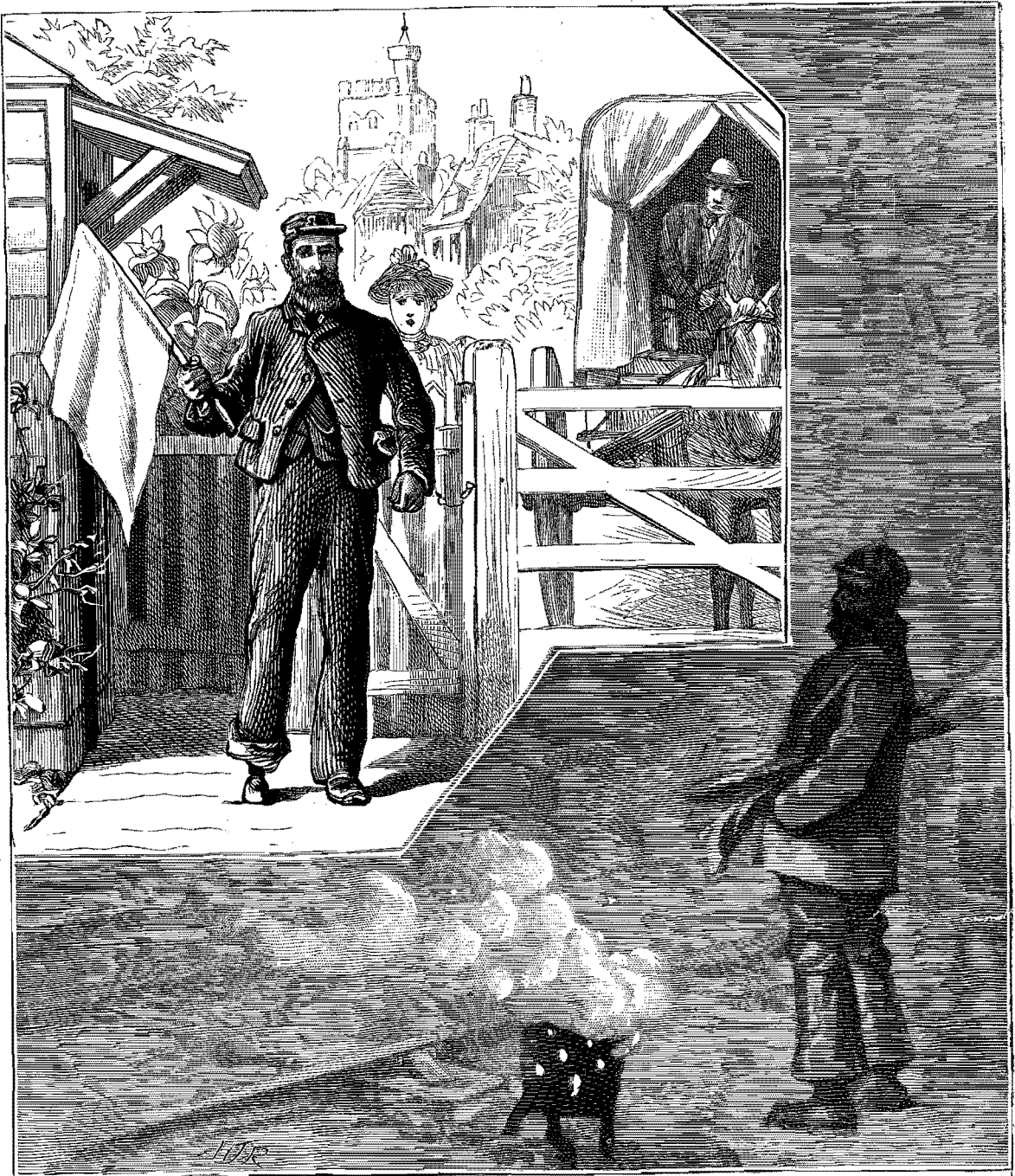
The Eagle.

in any way, you have but to command the services of Francois Roquette.'

After a breakfast of coffee and eggs, the two men intimated to the *sous-officier* that they were at his disposal, and the long, weary march began.

Striking directly inland, they gradually ascended a sandy road to some downs. These crossed, they soon lost all sound of the sea, left far behind them, and then they each began for the first time to realise the position in which they were placed. An unlimited time in an enemy's country, and in a French

prison, lay before them. In those days—the early part of the present century—prisoners of war were not always treated with the same courtesy which happily prevails in more modern warfare. Shut away like any felon condemned to punishment for his crimes, often in cells placed far underground, and with little light and air, the unfortunate captive, taken in fair fight, was dealt with most harshly. The officers were, it is true, in many cases allowed a certain amount of freedom on parole; but, as most of them had in their hearts the idea of escape, they



The Signalman.

often refused to pass their word, and were thereupon consigned to the most rigorous imprisonment. All these matters were well known to Captain Dunwich, but he forebore to tell them to young Herrick out of a kindly consideration for his feelings. 'After all,' thought he, 'it may be that the commandant of the fortress to which we are going

will be inclined to act kindly to us, considering that we have suffered greatly in the shipwreck, and that we have lost everything we had in the world. At all events I won't depress the poor lad's spirits needlessly. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

(Continued at page 34.)



THE EAGLE.

FROM very ancient times the eagle has been everywhere regarded as the emblem of might and courage. Like the lion, it has sometimes been fancifully invested with other attributes of greatness to which it cannot in reality lay any claim. But it is not strange that this should be so, for it is indeed a noble-looking bird, with wonderful powers of vision, and great strength of wing, so that amid the wild scenery where it delights to dwell it can soar to such a height as to be almost lost in the sky, and yet swoop down with unerring aim upon some small creature which it has detected on the plains below. We cannot wonder at a bronze figure of this noble bird being chosen by the Romans as the standard which they carried at the head of their regiments.

There are several species of true eagles, of which the Golden Eagle is, perhaps, the most beautiful. It measures about three feet in length, and eight feet in spread of wing. The female bird is rather larger than her mate; the colour of both is dark brown, nearly black, the head and back of the neck being covered with pointed feathers of a golden-red colour. This variety is the largest of the European eagles, and is found not only throughout continental Europe, but throughout the whole northern hemisphere. Although now and again seen in Britain, this fine bird has become rare even in the Highlands of Scotland, where, however, it still lingers. It builds its nest only in wild, mountainous districts, carrying in its beak a few sticks or brambles to the topmost shelf of some rocky precipice, where the eggs are deposited almost on the bare rock. That this noble-looking bird should now be so rarely seen is, of course, a subject of regret to the lovers of the picturesque, but must be a cause of rejoicing to the shepherd and the gamekeeper, as we have it on good authority that one pair of these birds will ravage a whole district during the nesting season, destroying very many lambs, besides hares and game of every kind, for the support of their young.

Many stories have been told of the audacity with which these birds will swoop down and carry off unprotected infants as food for the eaglets, and these stories are undoubtedly true, though the rarity of the bird nowadays has greatly diminished this danger. All eagles, if unmolested, attain to a great age.

These birds being now so rare, the only opportunity which most persons have of seeing them is behind the bars of a strong cage in some zoological garden. But it is a melancholy sight, the noble bird fastened by a chain to its perch, and with the despoiled carrion which has been offered to it as food lying on the dusty ground beneath. The writer has seen with a pang of regret the proud and scornful look with which the haughty captive met the curious gaze of visitors. Certainly there are some birds which seem sadly out of place in captivity, among which must be named the tiny lark and the bold

eagle, both of these being creatures which cannot know happiness unless allowed to soar upwards with freedom to the sky.

MY MATE, JOE.

THERE'S not a man on all the line,
Whatever they may say,
Can hold a candle to my Joe,
The hero of my lay.

So keen of eye, so strong of limb,
Warm heart and ready mind;
From John o' Groat's to Land's End Point,
No truer mate you'd find.

Long years he's worked upon the rail,
Through days of storm and shine,
And watched the snorting iron horse
Come dashing down the line.

And many a tale of awful risk
And danger he could tell,
When flood, or fire, or choking fog
The stoutest heart might quell.

For not alone on battle-field,
'Mid smoke and flashing blade,
A man may plainly show the world
Of what stuff he is made.

And I could tell a tale of Joe
You'd ne'er hear him repeat,
For he's a bashful, modest chap
As ever you could meet.

Full half a score of years ago,
One grim and dreadful night,
What time the black and blinding fog
Had quenched each gleam of light:

'Twas then that Joe, forgetting self,
A hero prompt and brave,
Unshrinking rushed to risk his life
For one whom he might save.

And who was he thus nobly snatched
From sharp and sudden end?
His only enemy on earth,
Now changed to closest friend.

Yet henceforth Joe must bear the marks
Of that victorious strife
With death and danger, and endure
A maimed and crippled life.

Yet little recked the valiant Joe
Of wounds or loss of limb;
There's none could say ill-luck could e'er
Subdue the likes of him!

Though for a time he mourned to think
His working days were o'er,
And on the line, at his old post,
He should be seen no more.

Yet still, as health and strength returned,
The sun burst out again,
And cheery Joe arose in hope
From off the bed of pain.

And when the Company he served
Had heard his gallant deed,
At once they hastened to bestow
A post that met his need.

And at the level crossing, where
Yon cottage stands, you see
They found a berth to suit my Joe,
As snug as snug could be.

And there he lives and keeps the gates,
And there his bonny wife
And merry children make our Joe
The happiest man in life.

There's not a soldier in the ranks
Of our most gracious Queen,
Who holds his country's colours high
With more exultant mien,

Than my brave comrade waves the flag
With true and loyal heart,
For the great Company he serves
Prompt to perform his part.

And for myself—whate'er I have
I owe to him alone,
For I'm the man to save whose life
Joe well-nigh lost his own.

E. C. RICKARDS.

THE Temple in London has been in the possession of lawyers since the reign of Henry VIII.; previous to that time it was a military institution. Temple Bar was an old entrance to the City; the original gate was burnt in the fire of 1666, after which the one designed by Sir Christopher Wren was erected, on the site in the Strand which it occupied for upwards of two hundred years, and was only removed a few years ago.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE WATER SPIDER.

THE ponds and marshy pools of this country (England) present many opportunities for carrying out, with little trouble or expense, some very interesting studies in natural history. But patience and watchfulness are absolutely necessary.

One of the most interesting inhabitants of these ponds is the Water Spider. To the observing eye there may sometimes be seen amongst the aquatic

vegetation, such as reeds, tall grass, or other water plants, a curious little construction, in form and size very much like the half of a pigeon's egg. It is of a semi-transparent substance, and looks like white gauze in texture, yet it is strong and light withal. This is the little home of the water spider, as beautiful a piece of work as anything to be found in nature. It is perfectly closed from wind and weather and filled with air; at the lower part there is a tiny opening, just sufficient for the egress and ingress of a very small spider. This little habitation is firmly anchored to the submerged plants by threads and cables which keep it in its place, and prevent it from rising to the surface.

A French naturalist, M. Berthoud, discovered these spiders in the ponds of Gentilly in great numbers. He examined them minutely and gives a lively account of their habits and mode of living; and some of his observations will interest our readers. As shown in the illustration, the little lady of the mansion is entering her home, having had a swim round the neighbourhood in search of food.

Her body is about a quarter of an inch in length, and is brown in colour; upon the upper part of the back are four little dots on its centre. The spider lives under water, and yet requires to breathe; she swims on her back, and her abdomen is wrapped in a bubble of air, which reflecting the prismatic colours looks like transparent mother-o'-pearl; she then rises to the surface of the water and elevates above it the lower part of her body, for the orifice of the organs of respiration is placed in the abdomen. When she rises to the surface she inhales as much air as possible: she then gets beneath the water and gives out gently the liquid particles with which the lungs are filled. The long, silky threads which cover her retain in its place the bubble with which she is surrounded. This done, she dives down into her nest, carrying a stock of air to replace that which she had consumed. When once ensconced in her nest she lies in ambush with her cunning little head lowered, watching for any prey that may chance to pass. Woe to the tiny worm or insect that may settle on the stalk near her den. She darts forward, seizes him, and bears him off to her house of gauze.

Curious, indeed, is that little dwelling. While it was in process of making it was naturally filled with water, but when once the work was ended it became necessary to expel the water and replace it by atmospheric air. To attain this end, the spider had to make about two hundred trips to the surface. Each bubble that she introduced mounted to the top, displacing an equal quantity of water, which was forced out through the opening below until the bell, or house, contained nothing but air.

The eggs are wrapped in a cocoon of silk; they are of a yellow-orange colour, and may be easily seen through the white transparent nest. In a short time the young begin to build for themselves, and may be seen swimming about in the still water in large numbers. But how these little creatures can wrap themselves in an air-bubble and retain it till they enter their cells is a mystery.

W. A. C.



The Water Spider.

No. 1. — Spider (enlarged).

No. 2. — Mother and Young.

No. 3. — Home of the Water Spider.



The Ruling Passion.

THE RULING PASSION.

A FOXY scent behind him
Upon the greensward lies;
Those hateful hounds are on it—
He hears their horrid cries.

They nose his every foot-print
Upon the tell-tale track,
Sweet with the piquant odour
So dear to all the pack.

They see but with their noses,
Down on his traces bent,
And nothing can avail him
Unless he 'breaks the scent.'

He knows it by his logic,
Howe'er it comes about:
Scent cannot lie on water;
Dogs cannot hunt without.

And hip, hip, hip, hurrah! sirs,
He catches now the gleam,
Between the tall bulrushes,
Of some thrice-happy stream.

And as he stirs those rushes,
Up flies a dainty duck;
Hip, hip, hurrah! again, sirs,
He's doubled now his luck.

Sometimes to boys and foxes
Good cards doth Fortune deal,
At once a happy rescue
And an unexpected meal.

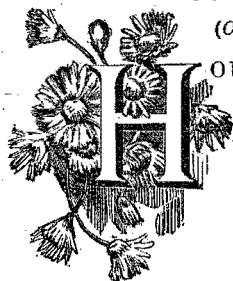
'Now shall my scent be broken,'
Laughed Reynard in his sleeve;
'And with that duck for supper
I'll spend a jolly eve!'

We may not know what happened—
We're breathless with suspense;
But to hunt when one is hunted
Shows very little sense!

G. S. O.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 29.)



OUR after hour the prisoners tramped steadily on. The *sous-officier* was a pleasant little fellow, who chatted gaily to the prisoners, whilst he rolled endless cigarettes and smoked them. He repeatedly asked each of them whether they felt fatigued, offering to pull up and rest at their convenience. Then, about mid-day a halt was called, and they all partook of some coarse

but excellent bread, fruit, and sausage, washed down with the *vin ordinaire* so dear to the Frenchman's heart. The journey was resumed about two in the afternoon, and at sunset their destination was reached for the night. The prisoners were placed in a little room on the top floor, and one or other of the soldiers kept guard at the door all night. The second day's march was a repetition of the first, and, just as darkness was settling down, the lights of the fortress of Verdun came in sight. Another hour's tramp and, wearied out, they arrived opposite the place which was to be their prison.

The grim old fortress was a good specimen of mediæval architecture. Moat, portcullis, and drawbridge all were there, whilst the deep fosse itself was filled to the edge with water, and all looked prepared, if needs were, to withstand a siege. Crossing the drawbridge, the little party entered the massive swinging gates and found themselves in an outer court-yard. Here they were met by a seneschal, who ushered them into a large banqueting-hall, with a gallery of rough-hewed black oak running all round it, and thence the prisoners (the guard being dismissed to their own quarters) were conducted into the presence of the Governor himself. This gentleman proved of a very different type to the French officers with whom the captives had hitherto been brought into contact. A fierce military appearance concealed a chicken's heart, whilst for petty spite and big talk he had few superiors. He had family influence in high military circles, and this influence he had used in order to obtain the governorship of the fort at Verdun in preference to going on that active service which a real soldier would have chosen. As the two Englishmen entered the room, preceded by the seneschal, the Governor exclaimed, 'Aha, you are caught, I see. You are spies, I see.'

'Sir,' replied Captain Dunwich, with perfect courtesy, 'I have the honour to hold the rank of post-captain in His Britannic Majesty's navy; this young man with me is a very worthy and gallant fellow, whose social station in life is far higher than would appear from the uniform he wears. Through the courage of your countrymen our lives were saved from the wreck of the frigate *Hecate*, which I commanded.'

'This is your own account of yourselves. How am I to know whether you are speaking the truth?'

The captain flushed slightly at this insulting speech, and then, drawing himself up, he said, 'I have never heard, sir, that officers of the British navy have the reputation of lying.'

The Governor frowned angrily and bit his lip at the retort. Then he said, 'In any case you will, for the present, be confined in the cells below. Tomorrow I shall consider whether I can trust you far enough to allow you your liberty within the walls of the fortress. But first I wish to confront you with one of your under-officers—your petty officers, I think you call them. He was brought up with another batch of prisoners a day or two ago. I shall then see if your story tallies with his.'

Captain Dunwich did not deign to reply to this, and the Governor, in a shrill scream, called to the sentry outside the door to pass the word for the

prisoner *le jeune Billbat*. The captain marvelled greatly at hearing this name. It was certainly not that of any member of the crew of the poor old *Hecate*, of that he was sure. 'Billbat, Billbat,' thought he, 'what a curious name!' But at this stage of his reflections there was a clatter of arms at the door and a familiar voice was protesting vigorously against entering the room. A ray of light shot across the captain's understanding when he caught the tones of his old boatswain's mate exclaiming, 'Don't shove me, I tell you. What's your Governor to me? He's not my skipper, and never shall be. I'm quite content below, and— Why, shiver my timbers, if it isn't the captain himself, alive and well!' And, bringing himself up with a round turn, Bill Batson most respectfully saluted his commander.

The mystery of the name then came out. The French Governor, proud of the half-dozen English words he had learnt, had entered the name of the rough old sailor as Bill Bat's son, and therefore spoke of him as *le jeune Billbat*. Now, far be it from us to represent that all British seamen were at this period rough, uncouth beings, with pigtails, and plugs of tobacco in their cheeks; but, without a doubt, many answered this description, and equally certain is it that Bill Batson was a typical British tar. He literally was too ignorant of 'shore language' to carry on the smallest conversation in it, and his one idea of living was to live aboard ship. Like most of his class, he was a splendid seaman, but there all his knowledge ended. Set him ashore, and, to use his own expression, he was 'like a turtle on its back.'

'I see, *Monsieur le Capitaine*, your *sous-officier* recognises you. Well, then, I permit you to walk within the precincts of the fortress on your parole; the others will go to the cells below'—this last being said with a savage grin at Herrick and the old salt.

Captain Dunwich, looking full at the angry little Frenchman in front of him, replied, 'Much obliged, sir. I will not accept any such privilege, where so grudgingly offered. I elect to go to prison with my men, and decline to pass any word to you that I will not attempt to escape. On the contrary, I give you fair notice that, should chance offer, I will do my best to give you the slip;' and leaving the small Governor gibbering with rage, a thousand-fold increased by the hoarse guffaw of the boatswain's mate, Captain Dunwich signed to the seneschal to lead him away to prison.

Herrick and Bill Batson followed, and preceded by the seneschal, rattling a huge bunch of keys, and followed by two soldiers with fixed bayonets, the prisoners were conducted to a small turret, in one corner of the fortress, the windows of which were about eight feet above the ramparts, and directly overlooking them. Upon the ramparts themselves, and just below the windows of the turret, a sentry, carrying a loaded musket, paced slowly up and down. The seneschal paused at a small door, heavily clamped with iron, and studded thickly with nails. He inserted an enormous key into the lock, and swung the door back, motioning the captain to enter. He did so, and the door was closed upon him and

bolted from the outside. Herrick and Batson were taken a little further down the passage, and then pushed into another small apartment together.

'Well, my hearty, this is a rum go, eh?' quoth the old tar, rolling up to the small window, and taking a look out. 'I've been serving His Majesty these thirty years or more, and I never shipped on such a craft as this. Why,' looking down across the ramparts into the valley below him, 'we are higher up here, a long sight, than we should be on the truck of the good old *Victory*, the Admiral's (God bless him!) flagship. They've given us a good view of their country, anyway. Perhaps we may take a cruise across it sooner than they think for—eh, my lad? I'm sure you are a game one, and if we could only get a rope long enough, and sail to windward of this dirty-looking soldier marching up and down, nursing his popgun, why we would give them a bit of leg-bail and have a try to get back to old England again, I'm thinking.'

'I'm agreed, with all my heart,' answered Herrick. 'I wonder if the captain's window looks out the same way as this?' and peering out, he was delighted to catch sight of his old commander's face at the corner window, looking almost at right angles to their own. A hand was waved in recognition, and then, fearful of the sentry observing them, both Herrick and the captain withdrew to their cells.

When it was found that young John Herrick had disappeared, without leaving any word or trace behind, his family feared the worst. At that period, footpads and lawless characters of all kinds roamed over the land, and the fact that the young man's hat was picked up in the road, just where he himself fell, and that that hat was stained with blood, put a somewhat serious aspect on the case. Still, no trace of his body could be found, and it was soon noised abroad that the *Hecate* had sent a press-gang ashore that night. He might have fallen a victim to them and been carried away on board the frigate, argued his father and brother. What, indeed, more likely, except for one circumstance: when seized, he would have explained that he was a farmer, and they would hardly have taken him. His friends preferred to think of him as having been made a sailor rather than as having been the victim of foul play. They comforted themselves with the hope of having him back again amongst them at the end of the war, if not sooner. In those old days, people did not all rush off howling to the Home Secretary whenever anything was done of which they did not approve. In those times there was, perhaps, a little more trust in God, and a little less in the Government departments.

By-and-by there came to Reforme the terrible news that the *Hecate* had, after a desperate engagement with the *Ville de Paris*, gone ashore and become a total wreck upon the French coast. The Herricks heard at first that, of all those on board, not a single soul had been saved, and a whole fortnight passed away—news travelled but slowly then—before the tidings reached them that several had succeeded in gaining the land, only, however, to find themselves sent to a French prison. Warily they waited to hear more, but week after week passed, until one

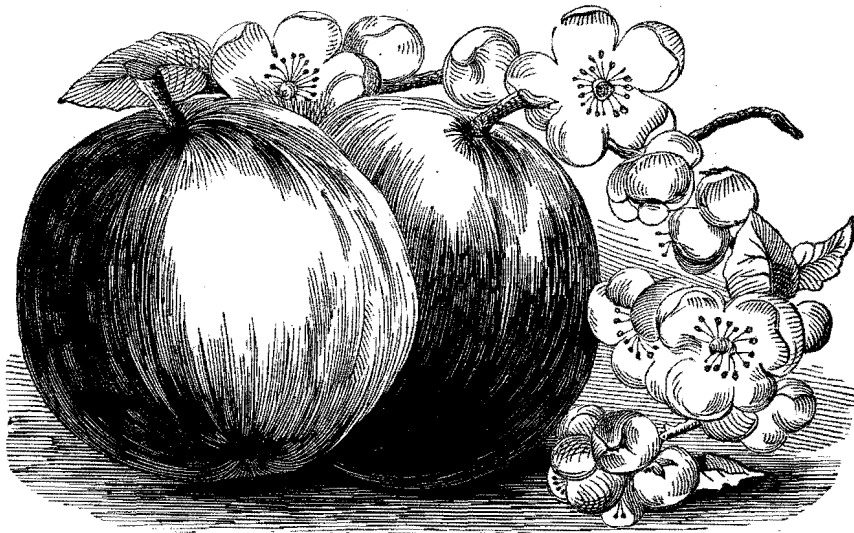


"Herrick and Batson were pushed into another small compartment together."

bright day the young doctor, Pascal Taine, came rapidly riding up to the farmstead. Beatrix was there to receive him at the open door.

'Good news!' cried the young man, slipping off

his horse, and advancing with out-stretched hand to meet his sweetheart. 'Your brother is amongst the saved from the wreck of the *Hecate*. Alas! that he should be a prisoner of war—but nevertheless, we



can rejoice in his providential rescue and escape from death.'

'How do you know this, Pascal?' inquired Beatrix, breathlessly.

'Let us hasten in and tell the happy news, and then I'll tell you all,' he replied.

'The great God be praised,' murmured the old man, as he heard that his youngest son still lived. 'I have never been able to think of him as dead, yet the suspense was truly terrible, and I humbly praise God for relieving our anxiety thus mercifully. Know you where he is, Pascal Taine?'

'Nay, nay, sir, I know only this. Last night, the sloop *Gripper* brought up in the roads and sent ashore a sailor, badly hurt—I fear, dying. The little hospital we started at the outbreak of the war is over-filled, and the surgeon in charge, who often begs my help with his patients, asked me to let the man be taken to my cottage, and I gladly assented. He was laid upon the couch, and on recovering slightly from the exhaustion caused by his removal he gave a little cry of surprise, as he recognised a sketch I had made of John's face. The sketch hung on the wall, at the foot of the bed.

'Herrick?' he gasped, nodding his head at the picture.

'Yes,' I answered, 'John Herrick. Do you know him?'

'Yes, yes, brought on board by press-gang—*Hecate* foundered, but Herrick escaped—was saved with Captain—Captain——' and here the poor fellow's mind began to wander, and his speech rambled. Half an hour later he was quite unconscious and methinks his hours are numbered. I could not forbear from riding hastily here to give you the good news, and now, without delay, I must get back to the poor sufferer;' and, so saying, the young surgeon quickly mounted his horse and rode away homewards.

(Continued at page 44.)

OLD JOHN'S APPLES.

OLD John had an apple-tree healthy and green,
Which bore the best codlings that ever were
seen,

So juicy, so yellow, and red;
And when they were ripe, old Johnny was poor,
He sold them to children that passed by his door,
To buy him a morsel of bread.

Little Dick, his next neighbour, one often might see
With longing eye viewing this fine apple-tree,
And wishing a codling might fall:
One day, as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one,
And then he looked over the wall.

And, as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, 'Oh, how nice they would be,
So cool and refreshing to-day!
The tree is so full, and I'd only take one,
And old John won't see, for he is not at home,
And nobody is in the way.'

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough;
Remember, though John cannot see you just now,
And no one to chide you is nigh,
There is One Who by night, just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear all you say,
From His glorious throne in the sky.

Oh, then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Content, hot, or weary, or thirsty to be,
Or anything rather than steal;
For the great God, Who even in darkness can look,
Writes down every crime we commit in His book,
However we think to conceal.

SPARROWS AND THE SPARROW-HAWK.



GREAT many people do not like that common and very active bird, the brown sparrow, which seems happy wherever it is, in town or country, though it has enemies, two-legged and four-legged, who are always on the look-out for it, by night as well as by day. The domestic cat spends

much of her time in sparrow-hunting, and her patience enables her to carry off many of them, though they have wings and she has none; but I think the fiercest of the foes of the sparrow in the country is the sparrow-hawk. This bird does not seize sparrows only, it attacks many sorts of birds. One has even been seen having a fierce tussle with a rook, but the hawk conquered.

Several stories have been told, which show us how daring the sparrow-hawk is when it is hunting for prey. A lady was one day startled, while she was sitting in her parlour, reading, by a loud noise and the fall of glass; she found that a sparrow-hawk had seen her tame canary fluttering among the window-curtains, and had made a dash at it. She was afraid to touch the bird, and so was her servant, but at last they got it to fly out through the window; but the canary was almost frightened to death. Another time, a sparrow-hawk was chasing a small bird down an avenue, and it struck against a white post, which probably it did not see, with such force that it was killed on the spot. One of them has been watched in a morning, and found to go round from farmhouse to farmhouse, on the look-out for any young poultry which it might seize and carry away. Still, it is a bird which is of so much use to the farmer by taking the mischievous sparrows, that it must be forgiven if it steals now and then a chicken or a partridge.

Other birds do not like the sparrow-hawk, and they show by the way they act how much they fear it. Many of them utter a warning cry to tell their companions that it is coming near. Sometimes when a sparrow-hawk appears, a number of smaller birds gather into a party, and they go whirling round or above the hawk with angry twitters; it may be that their noise so confuses him that he flies away, or he turns upon them and suddenly seizes one of the bolder ones. Swallows, birds that are both swift and strong, have been known not only to fly bravely round the sparrow-hawk in swift circles, but to beat him with their wings till he went off quite scared.

A sparrow-hawk has a small head, and bright, keen eyes which can see a very long way, and, though the wings are rather short, its flights are graceful and rapid. It is fond of soaring high, to rest on the top of some old tree. The nest of this bird is mostly to be found in a wood of pine or fir, but it may be now and then discovered on the side of a cliff near the sea—perhaps in the old nest of a sea-gull. Four or five eggs are laid, rounded like a plum, and bluish white, spotted with brown. When the young birds appear, they are very ravenous, and the parents have plenty of work to find them food. I. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

4.—WORD PUZZLES.

Anagrams and Definitions.

1. Old Sire. One whose duty it is to help and defend his country.
2. I run, Con. A fabulous creature whose picture often occupies an elevated position.
3. Last cry. A clear, beautiful transparent substance.
4. True care. Anything which is created.
5. Steel trap. One of the ingredients used in the composition of a dangerous explosive.
6. A fast kerb. One of the necessities of life.
7. Our big hen. A person who does not live at a great distance.
8. A cone. A large collection of water.
9. Red loam. The possessions of an English nobleman.
10. Can he riot? One who lives in solitude, away from his fellow-creatures.
11. The tear. A place of amusement, much frequented by some and avoided by others.
12. A nice pet. A virtue needed at all times, but more especially in time of trouble.
13. Her fate. The clothing of one part of the creation.
14. A newer heart. A most useful manufacture of which some specimens are sure to be found in every house.

C. C.

[Answers at page 78.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-------------|-----------|--------------|
| 1.—1. Crow. | 5. Heron. | 9. Crane. |
| 2. Swan. | 6. Raven. | 10. Swallow. |
| 3. Gull. | 7. Goose. | 11. Wren. |
| 4. Owl. | 8. Ibis. | 12. Hawk. |
- 2.—1. The dog and the shadow.
2. The fox and the grapes.

3.—Copenhagen.

- | | | | |
|---------|----------|----------|---------|
| 1. Pen. | 2. Age. | 3. Page. | 4. Ape. |
| 5. None | 6. Cone. | 7. Heap. | |

THE STORY OF JACK.

WHO was Jack? He owned two legs, not four or six; but he was not a boy, he was a bird, and a bird that had a history. A young lady who had a good deal to do with Jack has told some people about him in a little magazine called *Nature Notes*, and I will give my young friends part of the story, for the whole would take too much room. Jack was born in a little village named Findon, and he was a jackdaw, indeed this place is famous for birds of this sort. Everywhere about you may see the jackdaws' nests in the holes in the trunks of tall beech-trees, high up in the old church tower, and often in the roofs of barns and out-buildings. The noise these birds make is astonishing, and they seem quite to enjoy it themselves. How he got there we cannot say, but Jack made his first appearance before the public at a blacksmith's forge, where he saw plenty

to amuse him, and, as he hopped about, he appeared to be always on the watch for mischief. Black, sleek, and handsome he was then, like most of his brothers and sisters, but his tricks obliged the blacksmith and his family to look after him sharply, or even to give him a slight correction by whacking him with a folded dish-cloth. One of his offences was this: the family were going to have a tea-party, and in readiness, a pile of buttered tea-cakes had been put on the fender. A girl who was busy about the room was surprised to see that the pile of cakes had diminished, but there was no one near to touch them except the cat. Presently she saw Jack creep out from under the sofa; he walked along cautiously, holding up his tail lest it should rustle and call attention; he went up to the cakes, seized a piece, and was off to his retreat, where he had before carried other pieces.

Being tired of his tricks, these people shut up Jack in a wicker cage, where he seemed likely to die, for he was miserable in this prison. So they resolved at last to send him as a present to the young lady who writes his story, and who had often spoken kindly to him at the forge. Alas! he was now not pretty to behold, he had rubbed his tail to a bunch of stumps, he had broken part of his bill in pecking the cage, and his grey eyes were dim. As soon, however, as he was free from his jail, he began to hop cheerfully about the floor amongst his new friends, and in a short time was quite at home. He did not quarrel with any one in the house, but he made a special friend of the young lady. She says, 'If I was absent for a few hours, Jack's voice was silent, and the fun had gone out of him for a time. He moped about, trying to amuse himself till he heard my voice or step, then it was touching to see his joy! He came to meet me, scrambling over the ground, uttering a succession of calls, crouched down before me, coaxing to be taken up and caressed. Yet, directly afterwards, he would go off and be guilty of some impish trick upon another person in the family. It was not long before everybody could tell by Jack's eyes when he meant mischief, and, if found out, that he could show at times a bad temper. He played a very bad trick upon his friends one morning when they were planting out some autumn flowers in the garden beds. As they carried these and put them in with labels to show what they were, Jack kept on hopping here and there, taking up the plants slyly; so at length, as he seemed troublesome, a person took him and shut him up in the laundry. At dinner-time they let Jack go free, but he was offended, he refused to eat, and went off sulkily into the garden, where he hid himself under one of the shrubs. He had his idea, and revenged himself presently, as he thought. After dinner, when the members of the family returned to the garden, they discovered most of the plants had been nipped off close to the root, also the labels were pulled up and laid together in a little heap! However, for this he was forgiven, though he did not look sorry.

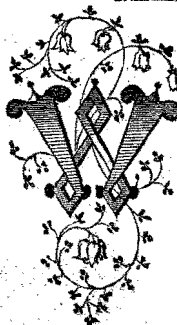
A very favourite amusement of Jack's was to pull the worms out of their holes, but he did not eat them. He looked down knowingly at a hole with one eye, then seized the worm and threw him upon the earth. In a little while, the worm, after twisting

itself about, would manage to find its hole and go down again; then Jack watched the worm till it had nearly got out of sight, and took it by the tail, drawing it up once more, or perhaps he would do it a third time. One day, when his kind friend was away, Jack was rambling in the garden, and fell somehow into a tank of water, where his body was found next morning.

J. R. S. C.

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.

THE GLEEMEN.

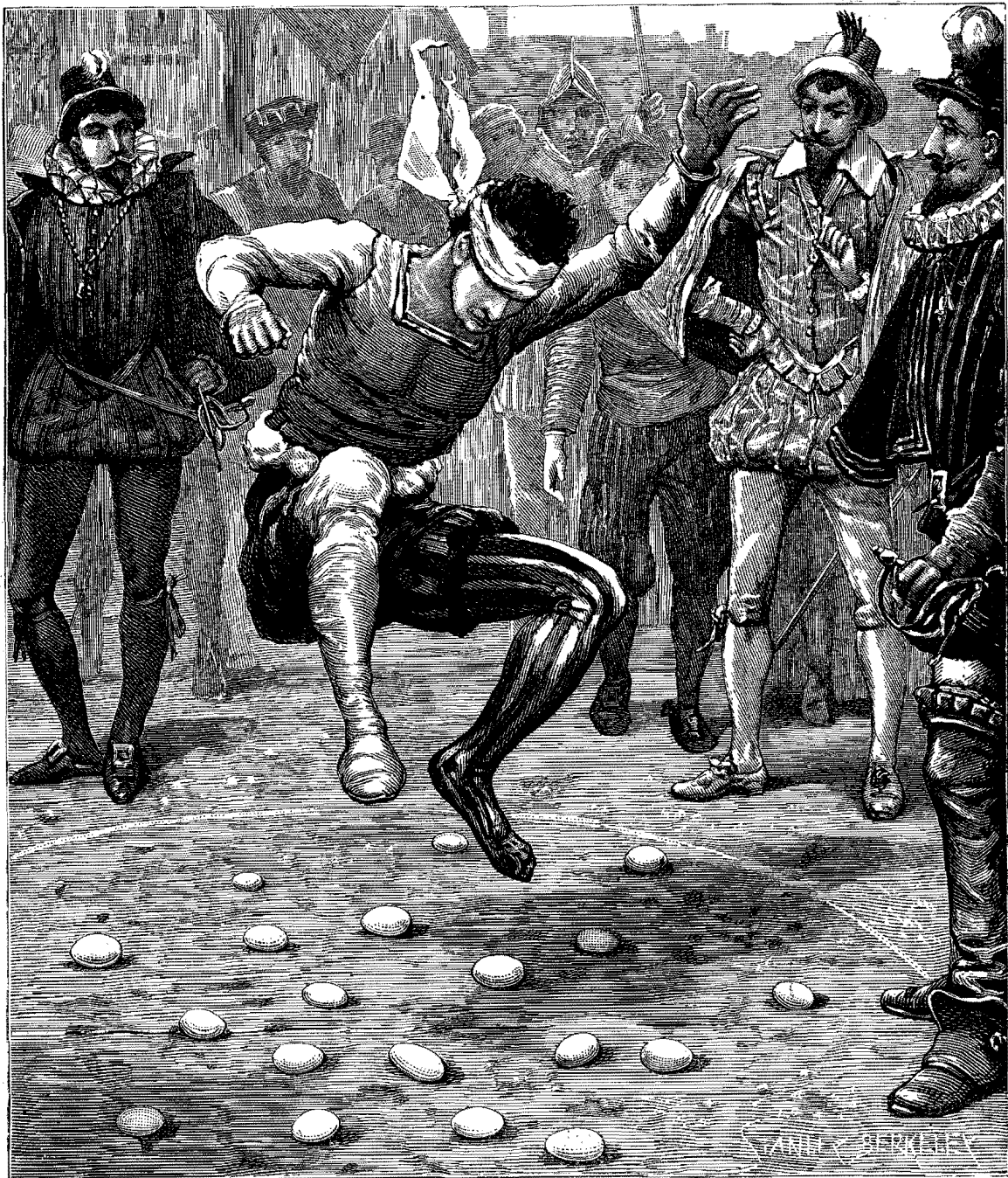


WHEN we read about the Anglo-Saxon gleemen, who used to amuse the Londoners by their performances, we must not suppose that they went into the streets and open places to sing pieces of music like what are called glees now, though they did play on instruments and sing. Some of the minstrels, or bards, sang touching poems, which often made people shed tears; but the gleemen usually had something lively to sing—they tried to amuse and cause laughter or glee. They were generally to be seen in parties of three or more, and as they sang together, they had just that resemblance to those who join in our glees now-a-days. Their instruments were of different kinds: a harp which could be held in the hand, a sort of violin, a flute, a trumpet, and the tabour, which was a drum beaten with a single stick.

Besides singing, these gleemen tried to get money or food by sports and performances which might please people. While some of them were going through these, others played music, just as street tumblers and serenaders still do in towns or holiday resorts. Thus, we have an old picture of the eighth century which shows us a man playing at a game with three knives and three balls. He is throwing them up into the air, catching them in turn, and tossing them again one by one, so that four are always in the air. While he is doing this, his companion is playing a tune upon a roughly made violin. Sometimes a gleeman had three darts or short spears, and he threw these up, always keeping two of them above, managing to catch and toss them without getting hurt by their points.

Another performance shown in a picture was less dangerous; it looks like our game of cup and ball, only the gleeman had two of each; we do not know if he played at this to the sound of music. Then one of the gleemen would get upon a high stool or stand, while the others played, and putting on some odd mask, or a fool's cap and bells, he would jump about and make funny grimaces to amuse the folk who were standing around.

A curious little drawing, made nearly a thousand years ago, shows a gleeman going through a dance to the sound of the harp; in this dance he is hopping about holding up his right leg with his hand; probably he changed legs now and then as he got tired.



Vaulting amongst the Eggs.

Long after that, we read about the dances of the gleemen, and how they amused people by their various feats. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we are told of one who displayed his skill before Her Majesty in his turnings, hops, jumps, leaps, skips, springs, flights, and somersaults; in fact, he was so nimble that people wondered whether he was a man or a sprite. Turning a somersault, that is, going

heels over head, backwards and forwards, was a favourite performance of the gleemen. They used also to jump through a wooden hoop to the sound of pipe and tabor. In some displays of tumbling, they walked upon their hands, or stood upon their heads.

Another game was to vault blindfolded amongst eggs, yet not to step upon any of them.

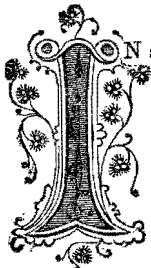
J. R. S. C.



Oliver and the "Artful Dodger."

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

OLIVER TWIST.*



N a public building in a certain parish, years ago, there was born a little baby. The public building was the Workhouse. No one knew who the baby was, for his poor mother died when he was but a few hours old. Mr. Bumble, the parish beadle, had given him the name of Oliver Twist. When little Oliver's ninth birthday arrived, it found him a pale, thin child, short and small for his age, and always more or less hungry, for he had been 'farmed out'—that meant in his case placed with a miserable old woman, to whom sevenpence halfpenny a week was allowed for the keep of each of the twenty or thirty children whom she had under her roof.

The Guardians decided to apprentice the boy, before he had attained his tenth birthday, to any one who would take him off their hands and teach him a trade for five pounds.

The first who wanted to get the money, and so begged that the child might be bound over to him, was a bad, cruel, vicious-looking chimney-sweep, named Gamfield; but little Oliver prayed the magistrate so pleadingly that he might be starved, beaten, or killed, rather than apprenticed to so dreadful a man, that the sweep had to go away without him.

The next to see the notice on the workhouse walls was an undertaker, and to him Oliver was made over.

This man's name was Sowerberry, and he had a very disagreeable wife, and a bullying apprentice, Noah Claypole.

Oliver's life while with him was indeed a hard one.

He slept under the counter amongst the coffins, and ate the pieces usually thrown to the dog.

Part of his work was to act as mute in children's funerals.

One day when his master was out, Noah Claypole, the bully—and himself a charity boy—began to taunt Oliver, as he had often done before, with being a workhouse boy; and, as he saw how his cruel jeers hurt the sensitive lad, he went still further spoke badly of the child's mother.

'You know, Workus, yer mother was a regular right-down bad 'un,' said Master Claypole.

Oliver, who had stood all the hard, unkind things said against himself, became crimson with fury and violent with rage as he heard Noah's bad words about his mother, who he had learnt died of a broken heart, and springing towards the cowardly bully, he felled him to the ground with one heavy blow.

This action brought him into terrible trouble with

his master and mistress, who believed Noah's false account of the matter sooner than poor, wretched little Oliver's.

The ill-used but high-spirited child, feeling that he could not stay longer in the dreadful place, where every one was cruel and hard to him, tied into a bundle his few bits of wearing apparel, and with the first rays of early morning he stole away from the undertaker's shop, determined to seek his fortune some long way off.

Very cold and miserable, he was sitting upon a damp doorstep, about a week after he had left Sowerberry's, wondering what to do and where to go next, when he was accosted by a dirty, common boy, who asked him, in no polite language, what was the matter?

This boy's nick-name was 'Artful Dodger.'

'I'm tired and hungry,' said poor little Oliver; 'and I've done a seven-days' walk.'

Dodger offered him food and lodging, and, by accepting the offer, before nightfall Oliver found himself in a dirty tumble-down house, where was an old and shrivelled Jew, with a villainous-looking face, and two or three more ill-conditioned lads of low appearance.

The language used by Fagin—the Jew—and his young friends was strange to Oliver, for it was a low slang, and the nods and winks which he saw exchanged between the company equally puzzled him.

As time went on the boy grew more and more perplexed. Sometimes the Dodger would come in with a bulky pocket-book, a watch, or some silk handkerchiefs, when Fagin would call him an industrious lad and a good boy, and ask Oliver if he would not like to learn to make such useful things, and upon his answering heartily that he should, every one would laugh. Then again the old Jew would every morning walk up and down the room with his pocket filled with things, stopping every now and again to stare perhaps at the mantelpiece or door, in imitation of the way in which some old gentlemen do when out walking, and the boys would dart at him and empty all his pockets unperceived by him, and he would pat their heads and call them clever lads.

At last Oliver was allowed to accompany these boys on one of their usual morning excursions, and thought gladly that the time was come for him to be instructed in the making of the fine things which Dodger brought home. What was his surprise and sorrow to see them push their way through a dense crowd until they reached an old gentleman, engaged in reading, and skilfully and cunningly empty his pockets, all unbeknown to him.

Then it all flashed across his mind who these boys and Fagin really were. They were all thieves, and the miserable place where he had been lodging was a thieves' den.

The name of the gentleman robbed was Brownlow, and in the confusion of the great crowd Oliver was mistaken by him for the thief; the bookseller, however, had seen who the real thieves were, and rushing to the court he told his story to the magistrate, and Oliver was discharged. The shock had been so great to him that he had fallen down in the court, fainting, and Mr. Brownlow, a really kind-hearted gentleman, drove him in a coach to his own home. Here he was

* In Charles Dickens' work, *Oliver Twist*, may be read all that happened to little Oliver, both while in the workhouse, when with Fagin, and afterwards among friends. The punishment that overtook the thieves and the wicked murder by 'Bill Sikes,' is also told. The book may be purchased at any bookseller's for 6d.

very, very ill for a long time, and quite unconscious in his illness. When he came to himself, he was surprised to see a motherly old lady in the room, which was well furnished and so cosy.

One evening, some little time after this, and when Oliver, after weeks of good nursing, was quite convalescent, he was intrusted by his new master with a parcel of new books and a five-pound note to take to the bookseller's. It was only a short run, and under ordinary circumstances he would have accomplished it in some twenty minutes.

He had turned down a narrow court on his way thither, when he found himself tightly held by a strong pair of arms, while their owner shrieked out, 'Oh, my brother, my dear brother, I have found you at last!' It was in vain for him to protest that he did not know her, for at that moment a wicked-looking man, Bill Sikes by name, came up, at his heels a savage bull-dog, and between them they dragged the fainting boy through court after court, till he found himself back again at old Fagin's, with the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates for his companions.

(Concluded at page 50.)

THE WILD CAT.

THE Wild Cat inhabits the woods of mountainous countries. He lives on birds, rabbits, hares, rats, and mice; he does havoc amongst poultry, lambs, kids, or fawns. He is much larger than the common cat. Some have been caught in America which measured, from the nose to the end of the tail, upwards of five feet. His hair is soft and fine, of a pale yellowish colour, mixed with grey; his tail is thick and long; and he is one of the fiercest and most destructive beasts of prey.

A traveller in one of the Western States of America tells the following anecdote of one:—

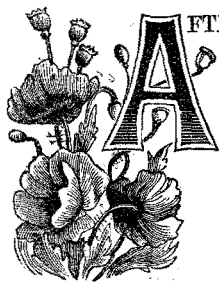
'I was plodding on in a waggon, over a level road, in the hot noon sun of a June day. Some ten yards ahead of me, a wild cat, leading three kittens, came out of the wood, crossed the road, and went into the bushes on my left. I thought what pretty pets they would make, and wished I had one.

'When I came up I noticed one of the young ones at the edge of the bushes but a few feet off, and I heard, or thought I heard, the old one stealing along deep in the woods. I sprang out, snatched up the kitten, threw it into the waggon, jumped in, and started. When I laid hands on it, it mewed and kept mewling, and as I grasped the reins I heard a sharp growl and a crashing through the bush.

'I knew the old one was coming, and the next instant she sprang over the hedge and alighted in the road. She ran with her eyes flaming, her hair bristling, and her teeth grinning. She turned as on a pivot, and gave an unearthly squall, as she saw me driving away. Then, bounding after me with furious yells, she gained on me so fast that, from very fear, I threw the kitten out and lashed the flying horse. The mother cat halted for a moment to see that her kitten was safe; and then continued the chase, as though the recovery of her young one would not suffice without revenge.

'When I saw her at my back, I scarcely breathed for terror. At last her crying child recalled her. At this point I ventured to look back, and saw her standing with her young one in her mouth looking after me, as though she had half a mind to drop the kitten and give chase again. Urging on my horse, I did not feel quite safe until I had got some miles away. I made up my mind from that time forward to let a wild cat's kittens alone, and to mind my own business.'

THE SLOE, OR WILD PLUM.



AFTER a long dreary winter there are few people who do not notice with pleasure the first flowers of spring; the Blackthorn, or Sloe-tree, is one of the most attractive, both from its fragrance, and also from the beauty of its wreaths of snowy blossoms on the almost leafless hedges. Unlike the Hawthorn, the stem of the Blackthorn shoots up in favourable situations three feet or more before branching off, and sometimes it attains a large size. At Eastwell Park, Kent, there are trees above thirty feet high.

The Sloe-tree is a native of most parts of Europe, Asia, the North of Africa, and has been introduced into America, and is supposed to be the parent of our common plum, of which so many varieties now exist. The country folk make the bitter fruit into a beverage, known in some parts by the name of Winter-prick wine; and the cheap kinds of Port, which this rustic wine slightly resembles, are extensively adulterated with the sloe-juice: Chinese tea is adulterated with the sloe-leaves, which possess some little aromatic flavour.

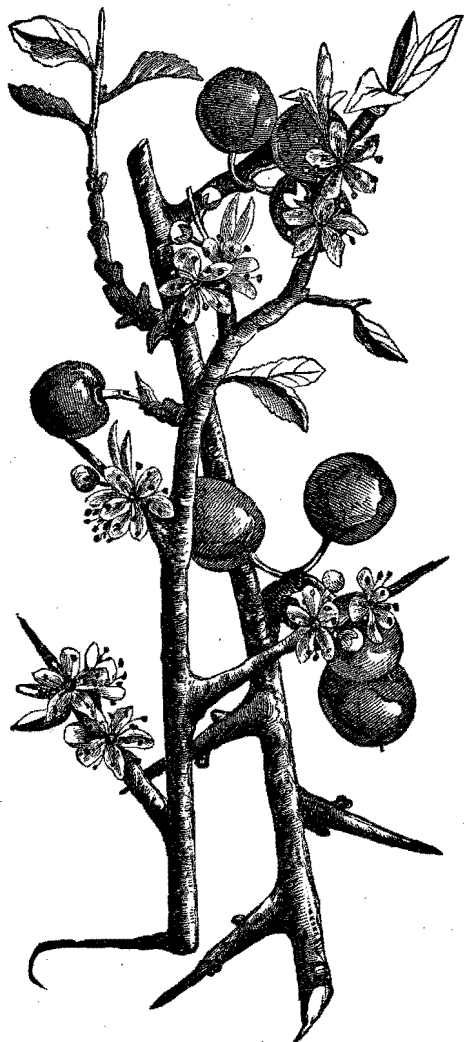
The blossoms of the Blackthorn appear in March or April, at which time the fruit is frequently still hanging on the trees. It is said to blow most freely in the cold north wind, from which a severe season is sometimes called a 'Blackthorn winter.'

An infusion of the flowers, made by pouring boiling water on them, is a common medicine. The bark is used in dyeing, and the juice of the fruit in marking linen and woollen articles of clothing. R. B.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

INSTINCT IN MICE.

AN Icelandic naturalist tells a wonderful story of the sagacity shown by mice in crossing rivers in search of food. He says that eight or ten mice dragged a piece of thin turf to the edge of the stream. They all got upon this quaint raft, sitting with their heads towards the centre and their tails in the water. They used their tails as oars and rudders, and so got across. He says that many Icelanders have seen these singular voyagers.



The Sloe, or Wild Plum.

AN ESCAPED TIGER.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND'S book, *Curiosities of Natural History*, mentions the story of the runaway tiger, which I also heard from Mr. Jamrach's own lips myself. I give the story as I heard it. It appears that, in October, 1857, Mr. Jamrach bought this tiger with other animals from a ship arriving from abroad. During the voyage the weather had been very severe. The sea had often washed over the decks, and drenched the den in which the tiger was confined. When the ship arrived at the London Docks, the den was put in a van and deposited in Mr. Jamrach's yard, with the bars towards the wall. The den being so placed, Mr. Jamrach walked away, when, on turning round a few minutes afterwards, he saw that the tiger was rearing herself on her hind

legs and pressing hard against the boards. In a few moments these boards, which were rotten from the wet, gave way, and out walked the tiger through the yard into the street. A little boy, about nine years old, happened to be playing there. The little fellow, thinking the tiger was a big dog, walked up to her and began patting her. The animal turned her head and seized the boy by the shoulder with her tremendous fangs. Jamrach ran up and grasped the tiger by the loose skin of her neck, but although a strong man he could not hold her, and she immediately started down the street at full trot, carrying the boy in her teeth as a cat would a mouse. Jamrach held on as long as he could, striding by her side, and at last he managed to upset her by forcing one of her hind legs under, when they all came to the ground together. Mr. Jamrach threw his whole weight upon the tiger until help came, when he called out for a crowbar, and struck the tiger over the nose with it, and made her drop the frightened child. The tiger, however, got loose again in spite of the ropes thrown over her, and started down Ratcliff Highway again with Mr. Jamrach after her, crowbar in hand. Happily, she bolted round the corner of the street into the yard, where she was once more secured. The child was not badly hurt, and got well in a few days. But poor Mr. Jamrach got fined over 300*l.*, so he had not only to fight a tiger, but a lawyer as well.

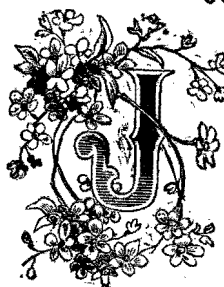
The animal was afterwards sold to a Mr. Edwards for his menagerie for 200*l.* He advertised it as the tiger that ate the boy in Ratcliff Highway!

PIGS PLOUGHING.

PIGS are not the stupid animals some would have you believe. They have been trained to point out letters and to spell out words, and have acquired the title of 'learned pigs.' In the south of France, however, they are more useful, they draw the plough, and work exceedingly well and obediently.

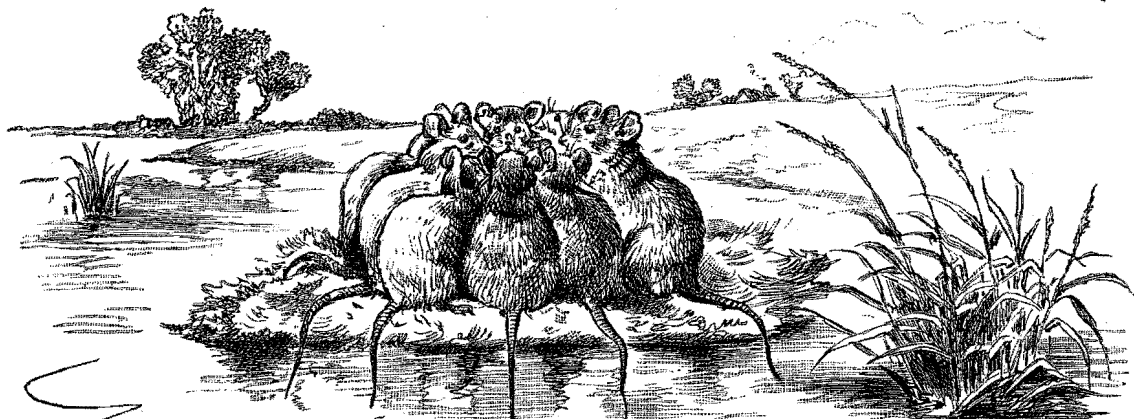
JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 37.)

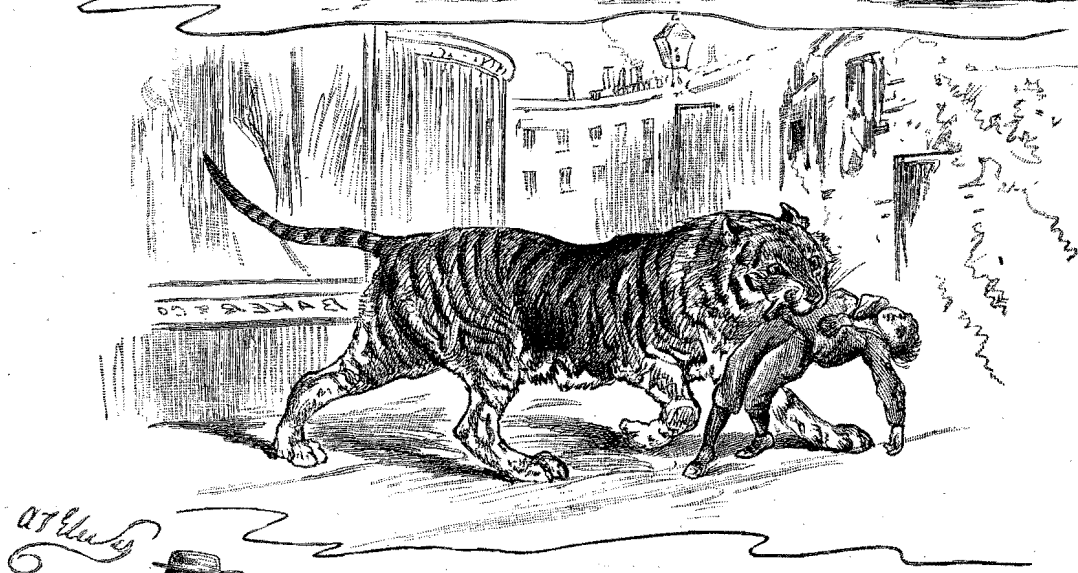


JOHN HERRICK, in his French prison, learnt from Bill Batson the fate of those who had embarked on the raft. Constantly swept by the great green seas, several poor fellows had been carried overboard before their comrades' eyes, and those more fortunate had had a grim struggle with death from the foaming billows as they drove swiftly on towards the shore. The blackness of the night added much to the horror of their situation, and it was not until they were close upon the beach, that they even knew how near they were to the land. Hardly had they had time to prepare themselves for the final struggle with the raging sea, when with a grinding noise the raft drove

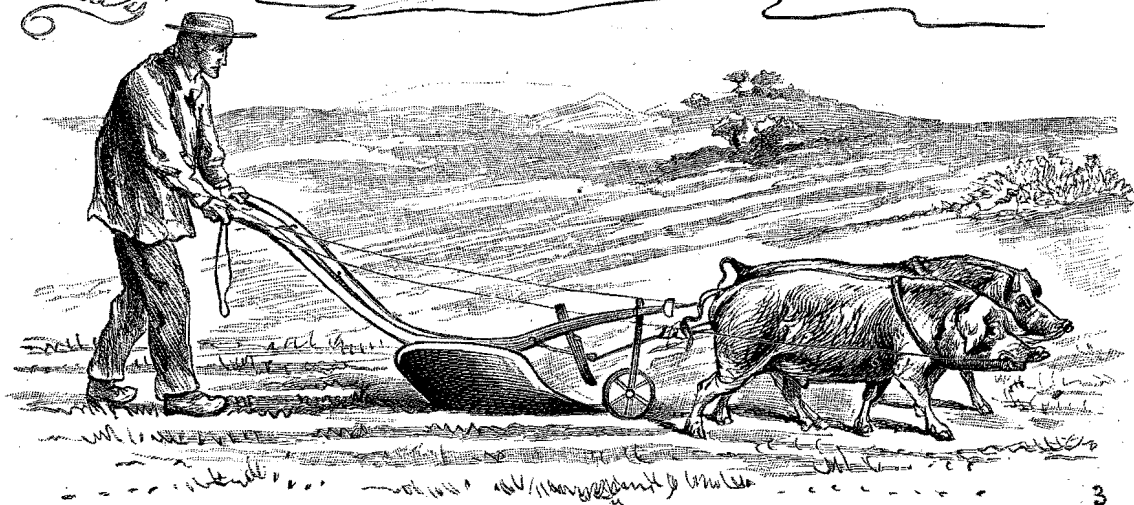
1



2



3



1. — Instinct in Mice.

2. — An Escaped Tiger.

3. — Ploughing in the South of France.

violently over some low-lying rocks, splitting its weakly lashed timbers in every direction. In a moment, the whole of her living freight was hurled into the sea, which again claimed many victims. But they were now in shallow water, and not more than a few yards from dry land. With desperate effort, the survivors battled their way up the shelving beach, most of them falling, exhausted and completely worn out by hard work, peril, and exposure, as soon as they had got to a safe distance from the sea. An hour or so later, at the first streak of dawn, some fisher-folk had found them in this sad plight, and, summoning aid from the Customs people, they had taken them to their cottages, where the warmth of the fires had brought back life to their sorely battered bodies. Amongst the saved was old Bill Batson himself. After being kept where they were for a day or two, they were marched off, some to one place and some to another, and the boatswain's mate was under the impression that but one other of his messmates was then in the fortress, a man whose leg had been broken when the raft went to pieces. The others, he believed, had been sent on still further inland, though this he did not know for certain.

After a week had been wearily passed in prison, the little Governor so far relaxed the strictness of their confinement as to permit all three of the Englishmen to enjoy one hour's exercise each day. This, however, was only allowed to be taken on the ramparts, under the careful watch of a sentry, who was supposed to be able to understand the English language. We say 'supposed,' for the prisoners were not long in finding out that his knowledge was a sham. They were, at first, very guarded in their talk, but on the second day of their enjoying the one hour's pleasure out of the twenty-four, Captain Dunwich determined, if possible, to probe the soldier's knowledge of the language. Turning to him, he said, politely raising his cap—

'Monsieur is a great linguist, I understand.'

The man look mystified for a moment and then nodded violently and said, 'Yais, yais, understand.'

'You understand English?'

'Yais, yais.'

'You speak the language?'

'Yais, yais.'

The captain looked him through and through. Then he determined on a bold stroke.

'You are a jackass?' he said, but without any alteration in the tone or inflection of his voice.

'Yais, yais.'

'I thought so from the first,' said the captain, resuming his walk. 'The fellow is a humbug, and has bamboozled the little Governor—who does not know any English himself—and so we can talk just as freely as if the man were not with us at all.'

From that time forth they ignored the presence of the French guard, and discussed their chances of escape. The man knew nothing, and what was more, he was extra stupid at guessing anything from their actions or looks.

One day, Bill Batson was sent for to go to the private apartment of the Governor, who wished to make him understand that he required a certain piece of work done. What sort of work, however,

it was beyond the Governor's power to convey into the old salt's not over-ingenuous brain. Had it been anything to do with a ship, Batson would have grasped the idea at once; but after half-an-hour's exertion on the part of the little man, who almost exhausted himself with shoulder-shrugging and grimacing, the services of Captain Dunwich were called in to act as interpreter. Pending his arrival, the Frenchman made one more desperate effort to make his meaning clear to the tough old seaman.

'*Pour faire a-muck*—make a-muck,' he repeated.

'Make a muck, eh?—well there's not much trouble for to do that. I'll make a muck of this room for you, if that's what you're gibbering about.'

'Make a-muck, make a-muck!' repeated the Governor, with many gestures and noddings of his head.

'All right, old flick, all right! don't keep nodding your old cocoa-nut like that, or you'll have no figure-head left. Avast there, for a spell, and stand by your anchor to heave it up when the captain comes aboard.'

Although the Governor did not understand this jargon, he felt that the old fellow did not intend to speak again until the arrival of his captain.

Captain Dunwich was presently brought into the room by a soldier, and bowing stiffly to the Governor he awaited the latter's pleasure in silence.

The little Frenchman explained to the captain that he much wished for a hammock to take his *siesta* in; that he had heard that English sailors were very expert at making such things, and that he could not make 'Billbats' understand him, although he had distinctly repeated the word 'a-muck' to him several times.

Smothering a desire to laugh outright, Captain Dunwich told Batson what the Governor wished.

'Aye, aye, sir. Now I sees what the little old gentleman wants. Pity he didn't say so at once instead of all this palavering. Howsomer, he's only a Frenchman, and I suppose you can't expect anything better of them, poor chaps! Make my respects, your honour, and say that I'll soon rig him up a hammock if he'll supply the string—and plenty of rope,' suddenly added he, as an idea flashed across his mind. 'Don't forget to say that I shall want plenty of good stout rope, your honour,' he repeated, looking hard and with a meaning eye at his commander.

Captain Dunwich interpreted the reply to the Governor, who professed himself extremely pleased at the result of his interview, and dismissed the prisoners from his august presence.

Upon the following day, a large quantity of twine, string, and rope was brought to the cell occupied by Bill Batson and Herrick, and when the gaoler had withdrawn and left the two men alone together, Batson got up and executed a sailor's hornpipe, dancing until want of breath compelled him to stop. Then, and not till then, did he take the astonished Herrick into his confidence, and explain that he had not, as a matter of fact, taken leave of his senses, but that next to opening their prison doors for them, the Governor had done them the greatest possible service in presenting them with the material which, properly used, would, he hoped, give them a splendid chance

of freedom. Then he explained to Herrick what his plan was.

During the hour allowed the prisoners for exercise each day upon the ramparts, the old sailor, under pretence of admiring the view from the outer walls, had carefully measured with his eye the distance, first from the top of the tower in which the cells were to the wall below; secondly, from thence to the terrace below it, upon which the Governor's windows looked out; and finally, from this terrace to the spot upon which they must drop in order to get to the edge of the fosse, which, unfortunately for the idea of escape, was always kept filled up with water. With these measurements in his mind's eye, he went carefully over the amount of rope and line just brought to the cell, and reckoned that there would be no difficulty in manufacturing a rope which would reach far enough for his purpose, if he could only get something out of which to make a hook that would fasten the end of it to the three different places from which a descent must be made. This must be obtained somehow, and then their chief difficulty would be in overpowering the sentry on duty just below their windows. If this could be safely done then their path to freedom was fairly clear, he thought, as far as the edge of the fosse; there was nothing for it but to swim this, and clamber up the other escarpment on the opposite side. Once there, and the open country lay before them. They must then either make with all speed to the sea-coast or wait in concealment somewhere till the hottest of the search should be over, and then try to get there.

'And swim the Channel?' asked Herrick, laughing, although rather sadly, as the hopelessness of crossing the sea to home and freedom once more came before his mind.

'Never you mind that, lad,' retorted the boat-swain's mate, confidently. 'We are sure to get across the little streak somehow. I don't know how—you don't know how—the captain there, jerking his thumb in the direction of his commander's prison, 'don't know how. But you wait and I'll wager that a good honest bit of blue sea don't stop us—that is, if we can only get to it. A sight of the waves and a sniff of the salt water would do me good just now.'

Determining to play the bold game, Batson waited a couple of days until he had had the chance of communicating his plans to the captain, and of constructing his long rope; then he coolly asked the sentry to send a message to the Governor that he could not get on with his work until he had a good big iron hook to hang the netting on whilst he twisted the strands of the side-ropes. The sentry passed the word for the seneschal; that worthy again applied to Captain Dunwich for his services as interpreter, and so the message reached the Governor, and the iron hook, in due course, made its appearance.

On the day following, the old salt kept looking anxiously at the sky throughout the afternoon. Great clouds came banking up, one upon the other, and the light got gradually worse and worse. The wind, which during the morning time, had been sighing uneasily through the tree-tops, now began to

come in short, puffy squalls. At four o'clock the three prisoners were, according to custom, allowed out for their daily exercise, and, towards the close of the hour, Batson told the captain that that night the attempt at escape must be made.

'No moon, your honour, and this wind is going to get worse by a long way than it is now. I don't want them to suspect anything by us whispering together, and if we spoke out loud, perhaps some one of them might catch a word here and there that would make them watch us closer; so if your honour will only leave it all to me, I think we have slept our last night in Verdun. If my first move is a success—dealing with the sentry—I shall come under your window and gently hail you. If not, I'm caught, and your honour will know nothing about it; and the hour being up there was no time for more before they were conducted to their respective cells in the corner tower.

Once inside, Herrick was set to pack up the food, which they had been saving for the past few days in anticipation of their flight, in as small a compass as possible, whilst all the time Bill Batson never left his post of observation at the window. At last, his glance dropped from staring in the eye of the wind, and he turned to his companion with a satisfied face.

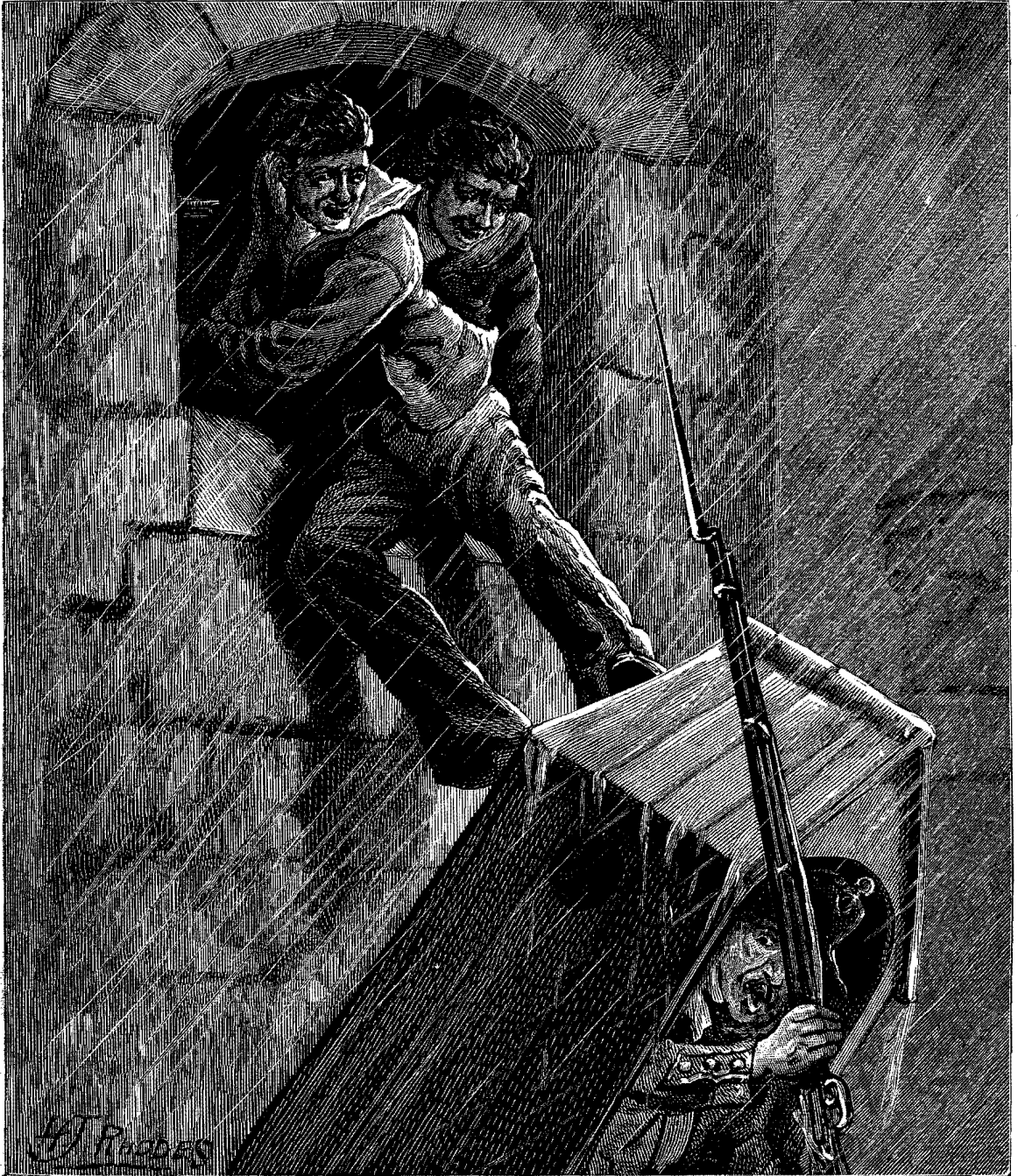
'The night will do, my boy. Before another hour we shall have a storm such as will drown any noise we can make. It is blowing great guns already, and there's a lot more dirty weather to come up.'

The hour of midnight had just tolled; a furious hurricane raged around the fortress walls, and the striking from the old clock tower had been drowned in the shrieking of the wind above the battlements. No light of any kind could be discerned coming from any of the narrow embrasures of the gloomy old building.

About this time, a slight noise might have been heard at the window of the cell in which Herrick and Bill Batson were confined. The latter had just wrenched off the iron bar which crossed the window. Whispering in his companion's ear directions as to following him, Bill cautiously seated himself upon the sill and swung his legs outside. Here he found that his feet very nearly touched the sentry-box, as he had expected they would. Lowering himself gradually until his feet were planted firmly on the wooden structure, to which the sentry had long since withdrawn himself for shelter, with his knees bent and his back set against the prison wall, the seaman waited a full five minutes. Herrick had, meantime, got upon the window-sill, and was now awaiting his comrade's next move in breathless suspense.

Then, as though the tempest had been trying, in the comparative lull, to gather together its energies for a supreme effort, and had now succeeded, a fearful squall of wind and rain burst with awful violence, sweeping down the whole length of the ramparts to where the intrepid sailor still remained motionless at his post. At the same moment he put his whole strength into one desperate effort, and, straightening his knees, he hurled the sentry-box, with its astonished occupant inside, flat down on its face.

(Continued at page 51.)



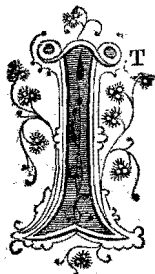
Batson upsets the Sentry-box.



Oliver adopted by Mr. Brownlow as his son.

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

OLIVER TWIST.

(Concluded from page 43.)

IT was a dark night some time after Oliver's capture when two men and a boy stood before a detached house near Shepperton. Bill Sikes, his assistant, Toby Crackit, and our poor little hero, made the trio. The house was lonely and its owner wealthy, and Sikes' object was robbery. Old Fagin had 'lent' him Oliver, who was to be lowered through a lattice window, and with a lantern in his hand to steal quietly and quickly through the passage, unbolt the door, and admit the two housebreakers.

Sikes had threatened the little fellow that if he faltered he would be shot dead in an instant, applying his pistol to the boy's ear as he told him, to make his words more emphatic. He reminded him, too, that all the way up the passage he was within range and could be shot.

In vain Oliver had prayed the bad man, for the love of all the bright angels, not to make him steal; but now, in the moment left him to collect his senses, he had firmly resolved that, whether he died in the attempt or not, he would make one effort to dart upstairs from the hall and alarm the family.

But suddenly lights appeared, voices were heard, a flash, a loud noise, a smoke, a crash somewhere, but where he knew not, and he staggered back. He felt Sikes dragging him hurriedly through the window, heard him say to Toby, 'Give me a shawl here; they've hit him. Quick! how the boy bleeds!' Then a cold, deadly feeling crept over him, and he saw and heard no more.

When morning dawned Oliver found himself lying in a ditch, with the rain falling softly upon him. He felt so weak and faint that it was as much as he could do to drag himself towards a house—the only house in sight.

He did not know, as he drew near it, that it was the very house into which Sikes and his comrade had forced an entrance.

In this house lived a gentle lady, Rose Maylie, and her aunt, waited upon by men and women servants.

No sooner had poor little Oliver knocked feebly at the door, than he was recognised by the servants as the boy who had accompanied the robbers.

Mrs. Maylie and kind-hearted Rose, together with the good old doctor who was soon called in, were so struck with his refined appearance, extremely tender years, and sad condition, that tears stood in every eye.

Lovingly they nursed the child, and gently they soothed him; how gently, perhaps, only Oliver could have told.

When he grew convalescent, Mrs. Maylie and her niece took him down to the country, and for three happy months he played with grass and flowers and drank in sights and sounds of all that was beautiful.

One day, when returning from a pressing errand

he had been sent by Mrs. Maylie, he stumbled against a tall man wrapped in a cloak, who swore at him horribly, and advanced towards Oliver shaking his fist, as if with the intention of aiming a blow at him, but he fell violently upon the ground, writhing and foaming in a fit.

The boy was frightened, and when he had called assistance he hurried home, for he knew Mrs. Maylie was anxiously awaiting his return; nor did he think of this encounter until aroused one evening from a light sleep by voices at the window; yes, and faces too, for close before him, so close, that he could almost have touched him before he started back, with his eyes peering into the room and meeting his—there stood the Jew! And beside him, white with rage or fear, or both, were the scowling features of the very man who had spoken so roughly to him when returning from his errand.

It was but an instant, a glance, a flash before his eyes, and they were gone. Calling loudly for help Oliver leapt through the window, but although an active search was made, no traces of recent footsteps, no signs of Jew or stranger could be found.

Could little Oliver have known all the wicked designs which these two men had against him, he would have been even more frightened than he was. But the good God watched over the helpless child, and delivered him from his enemies in a truly wonderful manner.

The boy's innocent face, and his horror of Fagin and his plans, had not been lost upon Nancy, the young woman who had dragged the child back to the Jew's house the night he had been sent to the book-seller's by Mr. Brownlow, and into her bad black heart there crept a feeling of sorrow on his account, that one so gentle and so good should be forced against his will to steal and become one of them.

Nancy determined to know what Fagin and Monks were plotting against the boy; so night after night she secretly listened, and heard Monks call him his young brother, and laugh as he said,—

'The proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river!'

And then he spoke of driving him through every gaol in town, and of 'hauling him up' for some crime, for which he should lose his life.

Rose Maylie was surprised one night by a visit from Nancy, who revealed to her the wicked plot against Oliver. She ran great risk by doing this, and it was not long before Fagin began to suspect her, setting Noah Claypole, who had joined the band of thieves, to watch her movements. Claypole overheard her story to Rose Maylie, and repeated it to his cunning employer, the Jew, and, by Fagin's orders, to Sikes. Enraged beyond all control, and goaded on by Fagin, Sikes did a deed, under cover of the darkness, foul, and cruel, and black—he killed Nancy. But not before the revelations which she had made to Rose Maylie had set Oliver's friends upon the right track for finding out all about the child, who hereafter was, and exposing the band of thieves, headed by Fagin.

Mr. Brownlow, who had visited the West Indies since Oliver had left him, and seen there the lands which Monks called his, discovered that the lad was

the son of a very dear old friend of his, and his mother was sister to Rose Maylie, and that Monks, whose real name was Edward Leeford, was his half-brother, who had set aside their father's will, and kept the property that should have come to Oliver.

There was one condition in the will—it was that the boy should never have stained his name by any public act of cowardice or wrong, dishonour or meanness.

This clause had inspired Monks with the wish to see his young brother made a thief and hanged.

He had paid Fagin a large reward for keeping Oliver ensnared, and had destroyed all proofs, as he believed, of the boy's identity.

Oliver's joy when he understood that Rose Maylie was his aunt, and that Mr. Brownlow intended to adopt him as his son, was unbounded. Day by day he became more attached to his new father, and more loving, gentle, and affectionate—if indeed, that were possible—to all around him.

The wretched Fagin met the fate he so justly merited, while Sikes, in trying to escape, found a violent death.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 47.)



In a trice the two prisoners jumped from their perch, and whilst Herrick ran to the captain's window to give him information of what had been done, the old seaman, active as a cat, had affixed his iron hook to a part of the masonry upon the outer wall of the ramparts, and slipping over them, he tested the strength

both of the grip and of the rope itself. Quickly returning, he was met by the captain and Herrick. The latter, as being the youngest, was sent down the rope first; the commander, in silence, followed, and a minute later the three men stood safely on the terrace overlooked by the Governor's windows.

Here they had what threatened to be a complete check. Jerk as they would, they could not loose the iron hook from the wall above them; without the rope it was simple madness to attempt the next descent. What were they to do?

'There's only one thing for it, your honour,' whispered the boatswain's mate in his captain's ear, for the roaring of the tempest made it impossible to hear otherwise. 'I must shin up the rope again and set the hook more loosely, so that we can jerk it off.'

'You are a plucky fellow,' returned Captain I. unwich, 'but, remember, I would far rather give up the attempt and go back to prison than that you should run any risk through setting the hook unsafely.'

Even in this desperate situation the old tar saluted and then began the ascent, the captain and Herrick holding on to the end of the rope in order to steady

it as he went. To come down again after having 'set' the hook so lightly that it would come off with a jerk was the task which involved far the most danger. After some anxious moments this was done and Batson stood again beside the others on the Governor's terrace. Then he fixed the hook, this time by passing the rope's end through one of the embrasures, bringing it round and hooking the iron over the rope again, forming a loop which was perfectly secure. Unluckily this—which was the only possible way of fastening the rope—took up so much of it as to render it short of the length they required. The end did not reach the ground at the edge of the fosse by nearly ten feet. This, however, they could not see in the darkness, and it was only when John Herrick slid down it that he discovered he must make the drop. Ten feet is no very great distance, but the horrible thought came into his mind that should any one of them sprain an ankle, let alone break a leg, a return to their imprisonment must be the inevitable consequence. Uttering a word of warning to the other two, peering over the ramparts above at him, he dropped as gently as he could and landed in safety below.

Captain Dunwich followed, and finally came Bill Batson. So far, all had gone well with them, and though the captain had cut one knee somewhat severely in the fall to the ground, he did not even mention the circumstance for fear of discouraging his companions.

Abandoning the rope which had done them such good service up to this point, the three men, with much care, groped their way down the escarpment of the fosse till they reached the edge of the water. The night was pitch dark—all in their favour in one sense, but increasing the danger and difficulty of their swim very greatly in another. Like most sailors, Bill Batson had but a very hazy idea of swimming. This, however, would not have stopped him had the distance been twice as great as it really was. He could wade as far as possible, and then 'scramble about,' as he called it, for the rest of the distance. Both of the others were, luckily, fine swimmers, and they therefore put the boatswain's mate between them, after quickly slipping out of their clothes and making them into small bundles for carrying: then, in silence, they committed themselves to the dark, forbidding-looking waters of the fosse.

With a liberal amount of help from the other two, Batson was safely got across to the opposite side, and with great difficulty they all clambered out and up the escarpment on to the little country cart-track, edged with poplars—it was hardly a road—beyond. Then they dressed themselves and sat down, in the now pouring rain, to recover their strength and decide what was to be their next move.

Up to this point Batson, in his skilful construction and management of the rope, and sailor-like superintendence of the climbing arrangements, had been a sort of self-constituted leader of the escape party. Now, however, his part of the affair had been accomplished, and he awaited in silence for one of the others to take the direction of affairs.

'If we only knew our way, sir,' said Herrick.

'If I only had a compass——' began the captain.

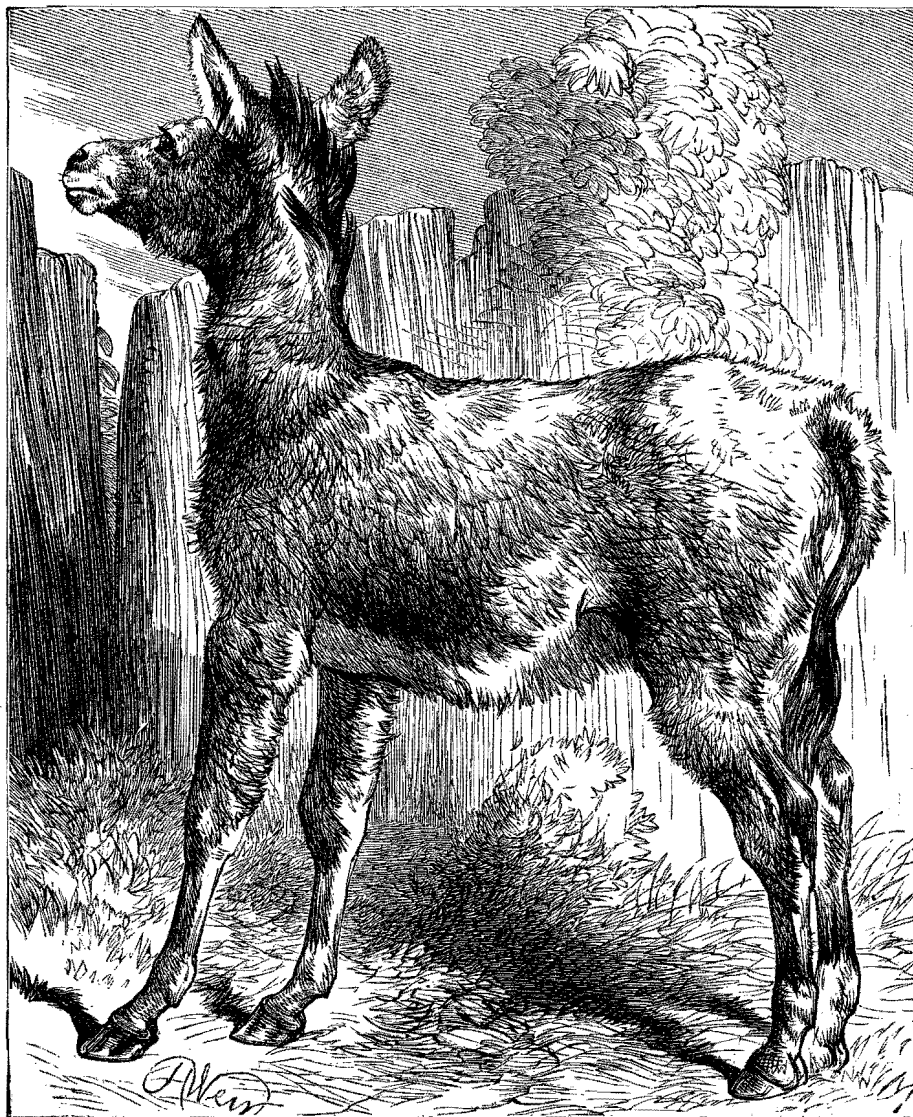


Herrick discovers that there is a drop of ten feet.

'If I had only got a bit of baccy,' murmured Bill. Batson; and then all three laughed heartily, albeit, without noise, as they were still too close to the outer walls of their prison to feel altogether like free men. After another short pause, the captain spoke.

'Come, lads, we must be doing. I think we shall have to strike due north from where we are, to get

to the coast we were wrecked upon. We must walk as far as we can to-night, and hide in a safe place before daybreak. There seem to be ditches all along the roadsides in this country, and into one of them we must crawl. Our uniforms would betray us in a moment, even though nobody accosted us. Luckily, we have enough to eat without being forced to go in anywhere to buy provisions, and in two days'



The Young Donkey.

time we should reach the coast—that is, if I am steering a straight course for it; once there, we must wait for a chance to get away, and I am sure our good old friend, M. Roquette, the Customs officer, will lend a hand to us in our emergency.

Away they tramped, with light, glad hearts, through the pouring rain, and battling against the roaring tempest they trudged on, happy as birds rejoicing in their freedom. Ever and anon a more than usually violent gust would almost blow them off their legs, but nothing daunted them, and the thought that every mile they travelled brought them so much nearer the English Channel cheered them greatly.

Through the long boisterous night they plodded

steadily on, stopping every two hours or so to rest for a few minutes, and then, with renewed vigour, setting out again on their journey northwards. At the first faint signs of coming day the wayfarers crawled into a deep ditch, flanked on one side by the road and on the other by a small coppice. Here their first reverse met them. As they scrambled down, Batson, who was carrying the bundle containing their food, slipped on the wet, greasy blue clay, and in saving himself he let go the bundle, which, breaking as it fell, deposited the whole of its contents in the dirty water at the bottom of the ditch.

Hungry and thirsty—for the ditch water was of too foul a description to be available for drinking—

the three lay all that day wondering whether any pursuing party would come up with them, and wondering still more how in the world they would be able to support life until they could reach the friendly Customs officer, now their only earthly refuge, for, failing his assistance, they could hardly hope or expect to escape recapture. At last a bright idea struck the captain.

'When it gets dark, lads, I'll go alone to that little *cabaret* we passed a mile or so back. I'll pretend to be deaf and dumb, so they won't be able to tell anything by my accent, and I can *write* what I want like any Frenchman. My only difficulty is about clothes; it certainly won't do to walk in in the undress uniform of one of His Majesty's naval officers.'

'How would it be, sir,' asked Herrick, 'if you were to make up a mixed sort of costume, using part of your own and part of ours?'

'A good idea, my lad,' replied Captain Dunwich, and certainly it would have puzzled anybody to make out anything definite from the queer costume in which the late commander of the *Hecate* was rigged out when all was ready for him to start on his risky journey.

'Good-bye, my lads,' he said. 'I may be taken, and if so we shall probably meet no more. Wait here for about half the night; then make up your minds that they have got me, and take yourselves off as fast as you can. And remember, due north is your course.'

The captain trudged along, until he got close to the dimly lighted windows of the little *cabaret*. He peeped through the window, and seeing no one inside but a big burly peasant in a blue blouse, he quickly made up his mind to the bold course, and entered.

The landlord was sharing a bottle of *ordinaire* with his solitary customer, and stared to see a stranger enter his inn—on this little-frequented road quite an event. He politely asked him what he could serve him with and paused for a reply.

Pointing to his mouth and ears and making some uncouth noises, the captain gave him to understand that he was deaf and dumb, and signed to him for paper and pencil.

These were furnished after some delay, and then, in French, the visitor made known that his wants were some cold meat and bread, and a bottle of *vin ordinaire*; he did not dare to order plain water, which he would much have preferred to the wine. He had to be careful, and especially as he noticed the big peasant taking furtive notes of his personal appearance all the time he was being served.

After waiting some time for it, the captain at length obtained a cold chicken, a piece of sausage, a long loaf of bread, and a bottle of the hated *vin ordinaire*, which he paid for out of the few francs so thoughtfully supplied him by his friend the old Customs officer. With these in his hand he made a bow to the polite landlord, cast a searching glance at the inquisitive peasant, and turning on his heel he quickly left the house.

Once out of sight, round a bend in the road, the officer sped along at his best pace, in order to rejoin his companions, and though fairly ravenous with hunger by this time, he would not touch any of the dainties himself until he could share them with his shipmates in distress.

Twenty minutes' sharp walking brought him up to their hiding-place, and great was their relief at seeing their beloved commander safely back with them again. Then they all fell to, as only starving men know how, and it was only after finishing every morsel of his own share of the food that Bill Batson 'tackled' the claret. He got no farther than the first mouthful; then, with his eyes starting out of his head he turned his face away and spat the stuff out of his mouth.

'Axin' your pardon, your honour, but the stuff's gone sour. Well, may I never have a fair breeze again if ever I takes on such tack as that!' and the old salt's face was a study to behold.

The captain could not restrain his mirth.

'Why, Batson, that's what all the French sailors drink, though I can't say I like it myself.'

'Poor fellows, poor fellows! Do they now, indeed? Well, that accounts for what they all say aboard ship, that the French haven't got no stomach for fighting. Why, they can't have no stomach at all, if that's what they have to drink. I wouldn't swab down the decks with it.'

After a few minutes' rest they were quickly on the road again, and tramping steadily towards the coast. Ten miles or so farther, the boatswain's mate declared that he could smell the salt breezes. The thought of getting back to what was really almost his native element, made him forget all his exertions and throw off all signs of fatigue. Presently the light began to break, and then they once more had to look out for a hiding-place. Not two miles before them stood the little hamlet where lived their good friend the Customs officer, and they could see the sea in the distance. They hid themselves among some sand-hills a good way from the road, where there were hollows formed by the drifting sand, and where they were further sheltered by straggling patches of gorse.

(Continued at page 60.)

THE YOUNG DONKEY.

I'M only a donkey, and not very old,
Yet accustomed am I both to hunger and cold;
My meals are so scanty, that when they are done
I feel as though really I had scarcely begun!

How often I stand at this pining to see
If any kind soul will take pity on me,
And throw me a carrot, or dry piece of bread;
But, alas! there are few who remember poor Ned.

One day, a wee lassie, while eating her food,
Came close to the pining, and (oh, it was good!)
She gave me a slice of plum-cake, and she said,
'I wish I'd an apple to give you, dear Ned.'


Now, boys, take a lesson from this little maid;
Be kind to the lowly, and don't be afraid
To show that a boy, though sometimes rough and
rude,
Has a heart that knows how to be gentle and good.

K.

HOW EASILY QUARRELS BEGIN.

AN old writer tells of two brothers who went out to take a walk in the night, and one of them looked up to the sky and said, 'I wish I had a pasture-field as big as the night heavens;' and the other brother looked up into the sky and said, 'I wish I had as many oxen as there are stars in the sky.' 'Well,' said the first, 'how would you feed so many oxen?' Said the second, 'I would turn them into your pasture.' 'What! whether I would or not?' 'Yes, whether you would or not.' And there arose a quarrel; and when the quarrel ended one had slain the other.

THE JOURNEY OF A CAT.

 R. O'NEILL, of Lincoln, sends to the *Lancet* the following story, under date January 27th, 1894:—

A cat was born and reared in one of two semi-detached houses on a hill overlooking the historic race-course, the Carholme of Lincoln. This house was occupied by a military medical gentleman and his family for six or seven years. The cat was so great a favourite that last December, when the gentleman removed to Forest Hill, London, the cat was taken along with them by one of the family. It was put in a comfortable basket and conveyed to its new home by train. For about a month the cat seemed to be contented, but it was noticed that it ate largely and slept much. Towards the end of the month, however, the cat disappeared, and, after a fruitless search for it, pussy was given up as lost. This event took place in the beginning of a severe snow-storm, and before the storm was over the cat turned up at its old home in Lincoln. There, one morning, the gentleman who occupies the other half of the detached villa was aroused by the loud mewings made by the cat wishing to gain admittance to its old, but now empty, home. The gentleman, who knew pussy well, gave it a kind reception, and at his house it passes about a couple of hours daily, and spends the rest of the time roaming over its old haunts. It is reckoned that the animal made the journey in about eight days, travelling at the rate of over seventeen miles per day; and, although the cat was travel-stained and rather thin in flesh, still he was in fairly good condition when he reached Lincoln. The distance between Forest Hill and Lincoln is nearly 140 miles, and when one thinks of the intense severity of the weather, and the thousand obstacles which the poor creature must have encountered on its way across London and down to Lincoln, the journey is a marvel for so small and weak an animal; but the most wonderful thing of all is what might be called the geographical knowledge possessed by the cat, which enabled it to steer a straight course to Lincoln, although it had been taken to Forest Hill in a basket. This journey displays the great love which the cat had for its old home, and verifies the old opinion that cats are more attached to places than to people.

HERRING BOATS.

THE herring is one of the many wonders of the world. Wonderful is he in his numbers, in his habits, in the service he does to man. In the depths of ice-cold water, and under the twinkling stars of the long polar midnight, these fish assemble, guided hither as to a safe winter home by the finger of God. Wherever they have been born, generally in some sunny bay, in the wash of the warm Gulf Stream, they make for the North, where alone they seem to be happy. But something tells them that those icy waters and shoals are not the place for a nursery of little herrings; so, when the spawning-time comes they turn their sharp little noses toward the South, and begin their wonderful departure from the Arctic regions.

And as in armies of men, so in herring armies, some are off earlier than others. The watchful fisherman, who tosses in his smack off the Shetland Isles, may see the silvery gleam of the leading files about the end of April, and a welcome sight it is. In another month or so, he knows that the great host itself will be off his shores, dividing Westward and Eastward, and invading every harbour and creek. The fish swim in closely packed columns, which are often five or six miles in length, without a break, and three or four miles in breadth! Sometimes they swim so near the surface that the face of the sea, on a still day, is ruffled by their motion; sometimes they sink deeply down.

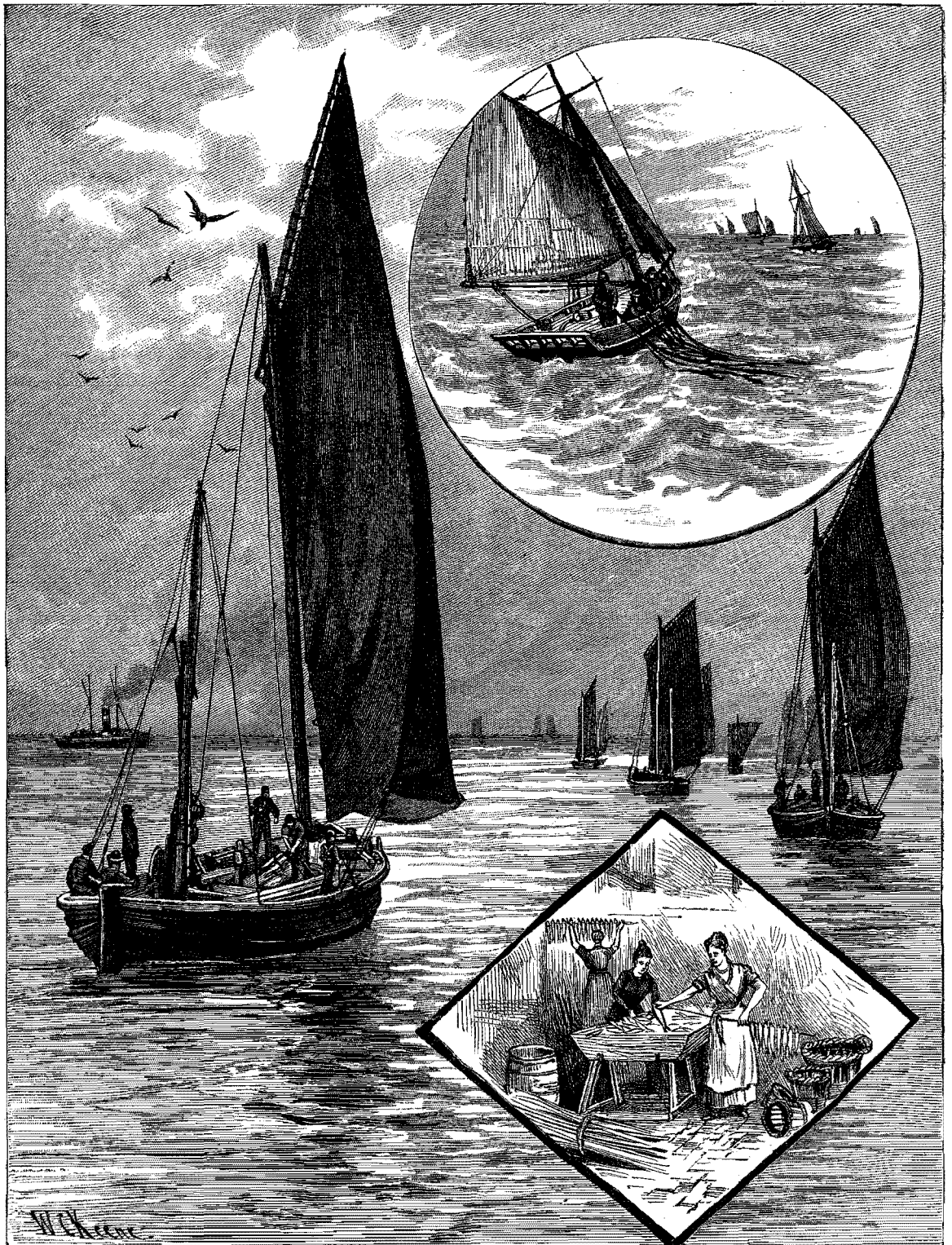
Man is not the only herring-fisher. Above the finny host fly numbers of birds, who, when the fish rise to the surface, pounce down and make a capture. It is said that the herring dies the instant it leaves its briny element, whence comes the proverb, 'as dead as a herring.'

Many millions are caught as the fish swim downwards, East or West of the British Isles: but vast numbers escape, and are lost to sight in the wide ocean. The spawning over, they are supposed to return, young and old, to their Northern wintering-place, where they spend the months in their own way, until spring calls them to take another long journey. Those which are caught in the deep sea are the best for food, and the further North they are taken, the better are they in flavour.

The common way of catching herrings is by a set of large nets joined together, and known amongst fishermen as a 'drift.' Each net is fifty yards long and thirty-three deep, and is made of fine twine worked into meshes of an inch square. They cost a large sum of money, as each fishing-smack has nets which are nearly a mile in length.

The Dutch herring-fishery was once of such extent, that Amsterdam is said to have been built on herring-bones; but it is now exceeded by the Scotch fishery, which is probably the largest in the world, and from which cured herrings are exported to other countries in immense quantities. It is reckoned that 15,000 boats, with nets valued above 400,000*l.*, are used in the Scotch fisheries.

Many women and girls find employment during the herring season in cleaning and packing the fish. Great Yarmouth is the chief centre of the herring trade in England, and 'Yarmouth bloaters' are known wherever the English tongue is spoken. G. S. O.

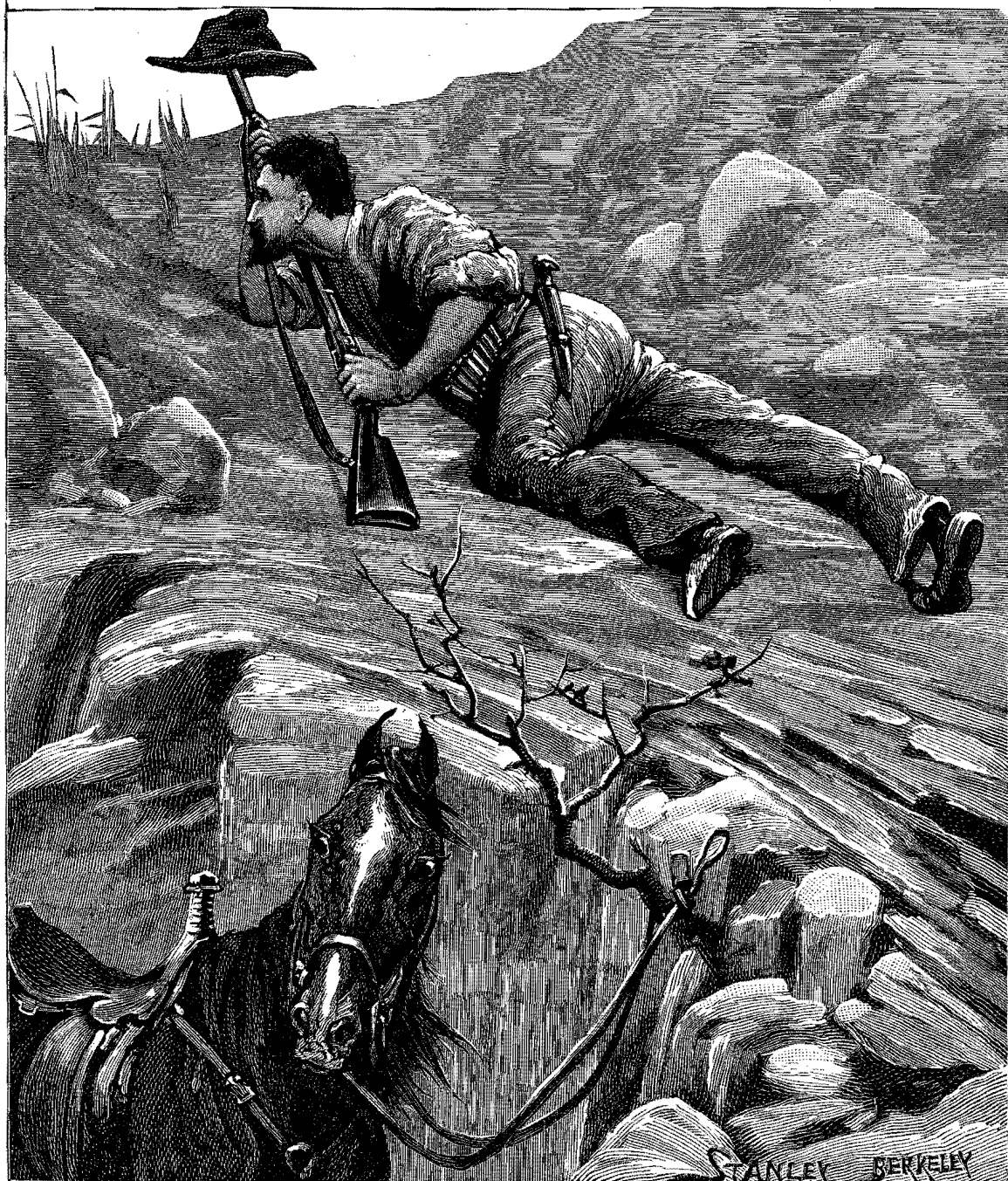


Herring Boats.

Going to Sea.

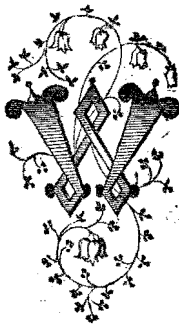
Hauling the Nets.

Women "Riving" Herrings ready for the Smoke House.



STANLEY BERKELLY

Seth Baldur on the Trail of the Indians.



SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. I.

WHILST out in the Sioux country some years ago, I came across a rare tough old fellow, called Seth Baldur, who had been scout, trapper, hunter of big game, with many other kindred things—and, in fact, had spent his life 'on the trail.' At this time he must have been at least fifty-five, but his life of hardship and adventure had only hardened his iron constitution, without making him look older. I was very glad to find him up at the settlement where I made a temporary halt, and I felt that I already knew the man well through hearing from so many people of his prowess.

Early in life Seth had married a Blackfoot squaw, and for five years he had lived with the tribe, taking part in all their raids, and becoming perfectly familiar with their methods of warfare. Then, his wife having died, Seth again took to a wandering life, and very shortly afterwards was engaged by General Warriner as scout in the expedition made against the Cree Indians. Here the man's previous experience amongst the Blackfeet made him simply invaluable, and, but for his love of solitary roaming, he might have found Government employment for the rest of his life. However, Baldur stayed on as scout until no more active service remained to be done, and then he started on a long, solitary journey to the country lying north of the Big Mountains. For nearly four years he lived alone, supporting himself by his traps and his gun, and merely visiting the nearest settlement at long intervals to trade his furs for flour, tea, gunpowder, lead, and the few other necessities of his simple life. It was upon one of these occasions that I chanced on him, and got him to tell me some of his experiences. The trapper was no 'yarn-spinner,' and it was only by dint of plying him with questions that I was able to understand the story he was telling. It will, perhaps, be better that in repeating it I should leave out the numerous 'sidings' down which his talk wandered, and present only the simple history.

'Queer sort of life to lead?' he said, as he slowly emitted a puff of smoke from his lips, and threw a fresh log on to the blazing fire. 'Well, yes, I suppose it is. But you see I wasn't cut out for civilisation, not even as a boy. I used to feel as it was just foolishness when they wanted to send me to school, and to make me wear clothes when the weather was hot, and to say I mustn't sneeze when I wanted to. I was always longing to be off out in the prairie, or the woods, or anywhere where you can do as Nature made you to do. And when, at last, I got a biggish lad, and they talked about my going into an office up in Quebec, and having a future before me, and all that, why, I didn't say anything, but I just set out and made tracks for the Rockies. It was hard enough to live at first, but I was always pretty handy with my gun, and could trap or take almost anything, from a rat upwards. Well, as I dare say

you've heard, after a good many years' wandering, I married a Blackfoot squaw and settled down with the tribe. After I shook clear of them I turned scout, and now I'll tell you a little, what I suppose you would call an adventure, as I had while I was with General Warriner, after we had settled the Crees and was going for the Apache lot that had been ramishin' (I presume he meant ravaging) 'some white men's settlements, murdering all who resisted them, and driving off their horses. We had been out on the trail about four or five weeks, when one day I thought I saw some fresh Indian sign. I told the General, and he called a halt.

"Look here, Baldur," says he, "show me the Apaches before nightfall, and I'll give you ten dollars."

"And hurry up to catch them, and walk straight into an ambush!" said I. "No, General; you can keep your ten dollars, I reckon, if that's how you want me to earn them. Guess I shouldn't have much chance of spending them after the copperskins had done with me." ("Leastways," added the old hunter grimly to me, "I should not have spent any of the money in having my hair cut! for they would have lifted every scalp of the party, as I found out later on.") "Now, I tell you what I'll do, General, if it's agreeable to you. You camp right here. I'll ride on a few miles ahead, and take a sort of a broadcast observation round the country, keeping a sharp look-out for signs. Then, when I get back, I can tell you more about it."

'Well, he was all for pushing on. He said, "You didn't act like this in the Cree country, Baldur. When we got near them you said, 'Push on,' and we did, and you know how we smashed them up."

'I said, "Yes, Crees is all very well, but Apaches is pison;" and so at last he gives in, and off I starts.

'As you may guess, I kept my eyes skinned pretty smartly as I rode, but for six or seven miles I didn't see much. Then sign began to get pretty fresh, until I got to the top of a small hill and saw a tiny streak of smoke rising from a little below. I slid off the pony and tied him; then I began crawling for a hollow dip in the ground, where I reckoned I could lie hid and yet get a sight of what the redskins were at. I gained the hollow, and laid flat on my face as I started to crawl across to the far side of it. Just at that moment I saw something that made me feel a bit cold. It was the faces of two Apaches watching me as I crawled!

'Well, they saw I had caught sight of them, and the next instant their heads disappeared below the ridge. I knew they would try to work round so as to get to where the pony was, and so cut off my chance of making a bolt of it. So I just climbed half-way up the ridge, stuck my cap on top of my rifle-barrel, and hoisted it gently, keeping my head well below the ridge as I did so. As I thought, the two of them let drive together at the hat, blowing it to pieces, and I jumped up and fired. I had a fair chance at one of them, and he dropped right there in his tracks. The other was busy loading, and we both sheltered again in a moment.

"Now," thinks I, "it's your scalp or mine, and as we're level numbers I rather think that it will be

your top-knot in my belt!" (I regret to say that the old trapper had become so much of an Indian at heart that he scalped his foes when he was 'on the war-path.') 'Well, for what I should judge to be about an hour, there was no move made by the Apache. I was quite comfortable, because from where I lay I could cover him now if he attempted to get to the pony. But, as I said beforehand to General Warriner, Apaches is p'ison, and you can't be too smart for them. Just at that time I saw the pony hang back on his lariat; then he gave a snort of fear. I jumped to my feet exactly as the redskin's rifle cracked from the top of a tree just in front of where the pony was tethered. The bullet cut straight into the "form" I had made by lying down, and I judged that was a pretty close thing for me. He had got up that tree without my seeing him; and when a man's in a tight place like I was then he don't generally miss much of what's going on, sir, I can tell you. But Apaches is not only p'ison, they're real right-down snakes; and, while they can almost hear the grass grow, a body needs to have very keen ears to catch their sneaking movements. I whirled in on him with my Winchester, firing straight into the puff of white smoke, without waiting for it to clear away, and down he flopped with a bullet right through his head. I lifted his hair, sir, just as I reckoned I should beforehand, and then I galloped off back to camp and told the General my news. It was a bit of a squeak, I'll admit, as you say, but I've been in even tighter places than that—especially the time I was passing myself off as a Blackfoot brave, and got found out at it by an unlucky accident. My hair came nearer to getting lifted that time than any other—but it's too late to tell you that to-night, sir. If you care to hear about it, I'll be pleased to tell you the story any time you like; and, knocking the ashes out of his wooden pipe, old Seth gave a yawn, rolled himself round in his blanket, and, stretching out his feet towards the fire, was soon fast asleep.

FOX RUSSELL.

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

FIREWORK FACTORIES.

HERE is the boy, with any spirit, who would not walk a mile, or two if necessary, to witness an exhibition of fireworks? Yet how few know much about their preparation!

If those who read this will accompany us—in imagination, at least—to quiet, quaint little Mitcham, in Surrey, to Messrs. J. Pain & Sons' Firework Factories, we can promise to show them some very interesting things, and tell them others quite as enter-

taining.

All ready? Now, then, we start. Arrived at Mitcham Station, we find ourselves still with a mile and a half of cross-country to traverse—for all fire-

work factories are built at a distance from any town, to prevent danger to the neighbours, who are naturally rather afraid of them.

We are surprised at first to see a number of small whitehouses, dotted about on the green grass-land, appearing like so many tents. They are not tents, however, but wood and iron structures, strong and durable enough. Between each of these workshops an iron screen is firmly fixed in the ground, so that if an accidental fire were to occur in one shop, its next-door neighbour would be, comparatively speaking, safe. The factories fall into two divisions. They are explosive and non-explosive.

The first shop which we enter belongs to the non-explosive division—it is, indeed, a store-room. At first, we doubt whether it is not a kind of general shop for the village—in one corner we see boxes of bobbins, plump with red, blue, yellow, and green twist; in another, huge piles of paper, brown, white, and variegated; and elsewhere are bales of flannelette, unbleached calico, and white calico, while the ceiling is curiously ornamented with strings of little wooden discs, appearing very like necklaces. These, we afterwards learn, are to form the interiors of Catherine-wheels. Almost touching these wooden necklaces are goloshes, large enough for any giant about whom we have ever read. 'You shall see them being worn, presently,' our guide assures us, and so for the time we leave off puzzling about them.

In another corner, curiously-named labels invite our attention. 'Grasshoppers,' 'Snakes-in-the-grass,' 'Midgets,' and many more fanciful titles recall to our minds favourite and harmless fireworks.

Leaving the store-room we make a tour through the adjoining 'case-room.' Every boy knows which is the firework case, or cardboard body containing the coloured fire, or gunpowder.

These cases vary in form from a rocket to a squib, or from a shell to a Jack-in-the-box.

Squib-cases are made very simply. A woman takes a piece of brown paper, pastes it over, and then rolls it round a spindle; drawing out the spindle, she goes on to make the next.

When these tubes are dry, one end is put under a kind of pressing machine, which is said to 'choke' the case.

If you take a squib and look at it carefully, you will notice that at the opposite end to the touch-paper there is, to all appearance, a little waist, tied round with string. This waist is not there until the case has been placed in a 'choking machine.'

Without the waist or 'choke,' as it is really termed, there could be no loud report. Thus 'golden rains,' 'trees,' 'pots,' 'Prince of Wales' feathers, and so on, are very quiet fireworks, for they have no 'choke,' and so there is no explosion when they are let off.

You must remember, then, that the explosive sounds are in reality partly due to gunpowder, and partly to 'choking.'

Cases for 'midgets'—a pretty little firework used indoors—quick matches, Roman candles, coloured lights, and so on, look like sticks of macaroni, some as thin as vermicelli, others as large round as rolling-pins, all differing in length.

The cases for rockets are made each in three pieces. There is the body, which is merely a tube with a



smaller tube glued on to one side to hold the stick. Then there is the head, consisting of a 'neck' and cone. The neck is made first, and that, too, resembles a short piece of tubing; the cone is glued on to the neck and a strip of strong calico pasted over the join. The completed 'head' is afterwards glued on to the 'body' when the latter has been carefully filled.

One of the most interesting buildings in the series of small factories is the 'shell-room.' Many of you, perhaps, have seen at large firework displays the enormous shells, fired from mortars or strong stands, which, when they burst in the air, set free a number of brilliant stars of all colours and tints. Now, boys and girls, and even grown-up people who think about the matter, are often puzzled to understand how these shells are filled—one needs to get behind the scenes to know all about that.

Each shell is made in two pieces or halves. The first thing necessary is a stone mould. This resembles a square block of stone, cut in half, with a hole scooped in either half. Taking a large sheet of very strong brown paper, the shell-maker tears off a small strip, dips it into the paste, and places it against the sides of the hollow mould. She then tears another strip and repeats the process, until none of the mould is to be seen. But this is not enough. She lays eight or nine coverings one over the other until she has quite a thickness. Each layer is rubbed against the sides of the mould with a wooden ball to make all nice and smooth. Half of the 'shell' is thus made. It is hung up on a rack to dry for about a fortnight, and resembles the half of a large coconut. When dry, the rough edges, known as the 'collar,' are cut off evenly, and the two halves are glued together, a hole having first been punctured in one half. Through this the shell is filled with small cases charged with composition, which, when lit, changes into myriads of beautiful stars of all colours and tints. The shell is then covered with string and canvas, and several outside layers of paper. Over these a smart paper, or a quieter-coloured one, is pasted, as the case may be; a long tail of paper, really a quick-match, is left hanging down from the punctured end, and so the shell is finished.

'How are those wonderful set pieces made?' asks a thoughtful boy. We reply the secret is all in 'the knowing how.' The artist first draws the design to scale; then the carpenter makes a large wooden framework, with wooden bars across and across. If the design is intended for a very large 'set piece,' the framework is made in sections. The drawing pinned out flat upon the ground, the framework is laid over it and carefully traced out in cane which is tacked on to the frame. In order that the cane may readily bend, it is previously soaked in water for a long time. When the design is completed in cane upon the wooden framework, small iron pegs, placed four inches apart, are driven into the cane, about half an inch being left projecting. Upon these projectors are fixed little lances, i.e., small tubes of coloured fire. A number of quick-matches are joined together and pinned into each lance, a long end of quick-match piping being allowed to hang down from one corner. All the frames which go to complete the piece are tied together by strong ropes in their proper order, and then the whole is raised by pulleys

into position, and nothing remains but to gather together the various tails from as many sections, set light to them, and a brilliant set-piece is the result.

Of course, any design may be worked out; the more elaborate it is, the longer it will take the artist and the carpenter to prepare it.

'Yes, I understand all that,' replies some one, 'but what is a quick-match—how is it made?' The answer is simple. It is just a long cotton twist, much like the wick of an ordinary tallow candle, dipped into a paste of crushed gunpowder. This twist, before dipping, is in the form of a large ball of cotton. After it has been run in and allowed to soak all night, it is wound on to a wooden frame, six feet long, to dry. When dry, it is cut into lengths and threaded through paper tubes. If left untubed it burns very slowly, but when confined in the case it goes off quickly. After tubing it is ready to be pinned on to the lances forming the set-piece, or for other uses.

Leaving the non-explosive factories, we cross the danger-line, and find ourselves amidst the charging shops, but must reserve the account of our visit for another chapter.

(Concluded at page 70.)

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

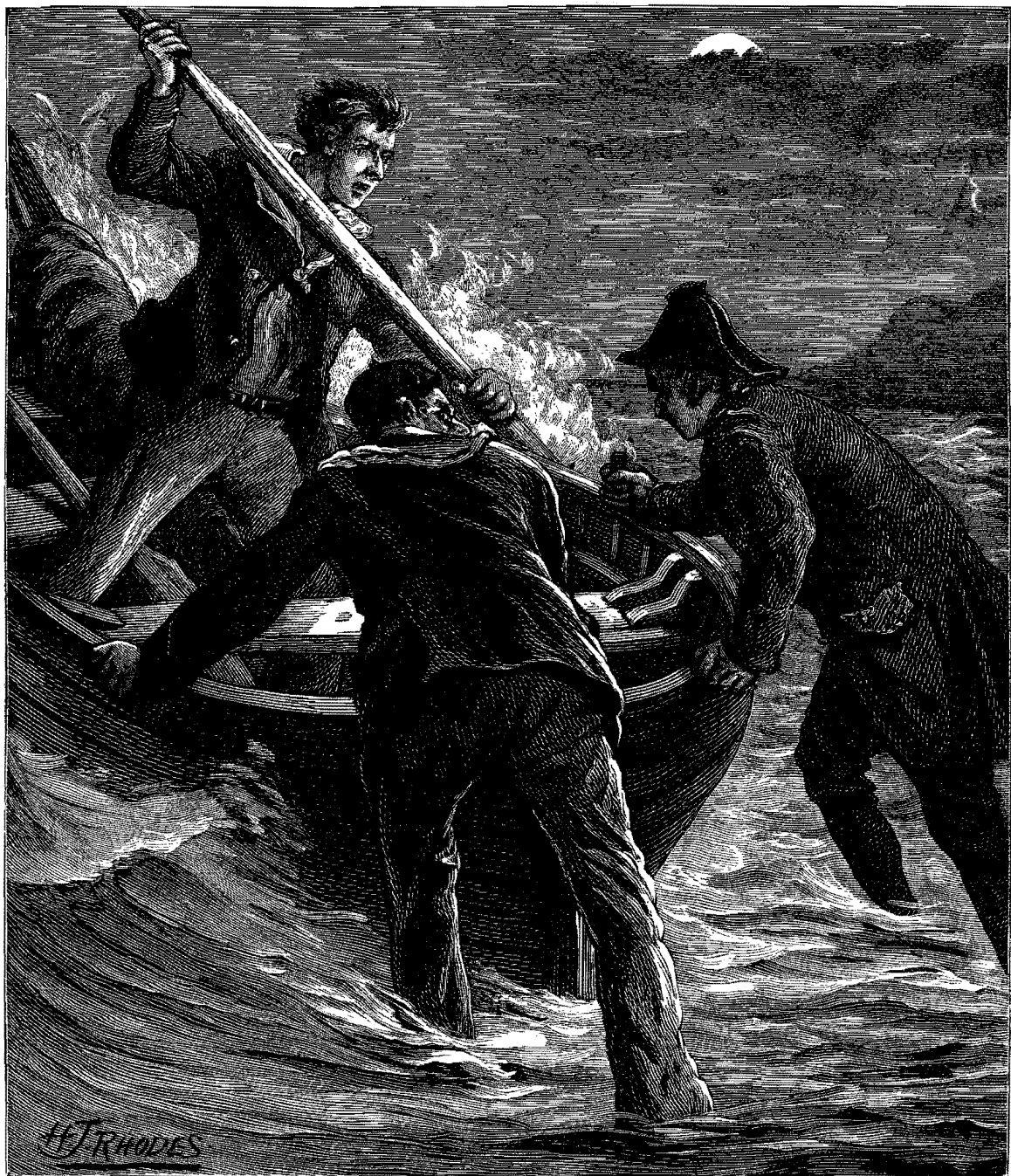
(Continued from page 54.)



FROM dawn to dusk the fugitives lay without anything occurring to alarm or disturb them, watching the distant sea, and wondering by what means they would be able to cross it to the dear ones on the other side.

In spite of almost intolerable thirst, they did not dare to leave their hiding-place until about nine o'clock at night, when they moved cautiously on towards the village. On the out-skirts, the captain, relying on his knowledge of the French language, left his companions in concealment, whilst he went forward to the little white-washed Customs office. Here, only the officer, with his wife and family, resided. His subordinates occupied a low white-washed range of buildings some three or four hundred yards away. As he approached the old fellow's house, Captain Dunwich increased his precautions, pausing to listen at every few steps, lest he should suddenly come upon an enemy and be challenged to give an account of himself. At last, after a careful scrutiny all round, he ventured up to the little door, and listening intently to hear if any strangers were within first, then gently tapped with his knuckles.

'Entrez!' shouted a cheery voice from within, and the next moment the old Customs officer was grasping the hand of Captain Dunwich in his own. In answer to M. Roquette's look of astonished inquiry, the captain explained the situation in a very few words.



"The fugitives quickly launched the little lugger."

'And now,' said he, 'what are we to do in order to escape? I was sure you would help us, but, understand me, my friend, at no risk to yourself will I accept your services.'

The good old Frenchman, after carefully pulling down the blinds of the window, and turning the key of the door, sat down to think out the situation. He had taken a great liking for the unfortunate ship-

wrecked commander, and would have been very willing to help him back to his own country, even at some risk to himself, but, on the other hand, there was his own official position to consider. He pressed some refreshment upon his unexpected guest, and by the time he had eaten and drunk, M. Roquette had made up his mind.

'My dear captain,' said he, 'I do most truly pity

your misfortune and sympathise deeply with your wish to get back to your own country. This is what we must do. You will bring your two men here, and will remain for a few days in hiding. Then, as soon as I can, I will buy you a boat—one of the little fishing luggers which are so much used on this coast. In this you three will start one fine night, when I shall take care to send Jacques, and Pierre, and Armand, my men, on particular business in the opposite direction. Then I must commend you to the care of the good God, and the mercy of the wind and waves. It is not a great journey to cross to your country, not much more than eighty miles, if the wind allows you to reach all the way, and we wait for a fair wind; that is, unless the people at Verdun should trace you here. In such a case, you must go directly I can provide the boat, and without waiting for a fair wind.'

'A thousand thanks, my excellent friend. Rest assured that my first act on arriving in England will be to remit you every franc you have spent upon us; but for the kindness of your heart, and the goodness you are showing in aiding one of your natural enemies to escape, no words or deeds of mine can ever thank you enough.'

Soon after, the two men sallied forth in quest of Herrick and Batson. They met no one by the way, and it was not long before they found them, and were all soon seated at the Frenchman's hospitable table, and doing full justice to the excellent supper which his good wife set before them.

A week had nearly elapsed from the night when the three men had broken out of the gloomy fortress, when one evening a tramping of feet outside, and a quick rapping at the door of the Custom House caused old M. Roquette to spring to his feet, and in silence point to the inner door, signing to the Englishmen to leave the sitting-room noiselessly. As soon as they had crept out, the Customs officer went to the outer door, unlocked it, and threw it open.

A corporal and file of men were standing outside. The former, with a formal greeting, entered the house, and at M. Roquette's invitation, took a seat.

'You are the head Customs official here, I believe, monsieur?'

'I have that honour, Monsieur le Caporal.'

'Then it is my duty to give notice to you, monsieur, that three prisoners of war, all well-known and desperate characters, have escaped from Verdun about a week since, and from a piece of information given us by a peasant belonging to the village of Audry, not far from here, we believe it to be very probable that they are hiding somewhere near this spot on the coast, waiting for a chance to get back to their so horrible country of always fogs and rain. I suppose it is the attraction of their rosbif—ha, ha!' and the fat little corporal roared with laughter over his own small joke, M. Roquette also joining in, from motives of policy. The corporal resumed.

'Yes; Père Grosjean, as they call him, came up to the barracks and said he wished to speak to the *sous-officier*. I asked him what he wanted. He said that he had been in the little *cabaret* near, talking politics—old Grosjean, ah! he is such a politician—

when a well-made man with the walk of a sailor—our fugitives are all sailors, monsieur—came in. He gave the landlord to understand that he was deaf and dumb, this man that Grosjean watched so carefully; but our fat friend is very shrewd—oh, very shrewd, monsieur!—and although this fellow's address was most peculiar—certainly not that of a naval officer—he saw much to arouse his watchfulness. He concludes that the man was not deaf and dumb, because when Grosjean dropped a glass upon the table, the man looked round, having evidently heard the noise. So the excellent peasant trotted off to the barracks and gave information, as I have already told you, monsieur. We went in the wrong direction after them and so lost several days; but to-morrow, I and my men outside here will search the sand-hills and any other likely spot for fugitives to hide in, and if they are anywhere within ten miles of where we sit now, monsieur, depend upon Le Caporal Bideaux to find them, and here the fat little man slapped his chest, and tried to look very martial. 'I am a good ferret, I assure you. I believe I could actually smell a prisoner a mile off! You, on your part, will keep an active look-out upon the sea-coast. We shall find them, never fear.'

'No doubt, no doubt,' responded the old Customs official with a grim smile. 'Le Caporal Bideaux is already a man of mark, and is not likely to fail in such a quest as this. If the military duties of the corporal permit, after to-morrow's hunt, will he honour me by taking a place at my dinner-table at six o'clock?'

'With the profoundest of pleasure,' responded the corporal, who, in truth, had been expecting and waiting for some offer of hospitality such as this. He liked a good dinner when he could obtain it at another's expense, as his own resources were slender. Then he rose to go.

'And, Monsieur le Caporal, your file of men, they will be heartily welcomed at the Customs barracks, by my men, at the same hour. They will be fatigued with their exertions, doubtless, by that time, and a little entertainment will do them no harm either. I will tell my men to expect them.'

Corporal Bideaux made a profound bow, shook M. Roquette warmly by the hand, and departed, accompanied by his little band outside. With true military tread they marched away, and once more all was silence.

M. Roquette stole to the inner door to tell his guests the particulars of this unwelcome visit. They listened with deep attention, and then Captain Dunwich said: 'You have a plan, M. Roquette, I am sure, and that plan is connected with the invitation which you have given to the corporal to dine here. Am I not right?'

The genial old fellow smiled, and the smile presently broadened into a hearty laugh.

'You are right. I have a plan. Briefly, it is this. The boat, which as you know, I bought only this morning, is coming round to-morrow. The man from whom I bought her will sail her here, and, by my orders, will leave her lying on the beach. I shall take care that she is so close to the water's edge that the three of you can launch her by yourselves, without further aid. You will find in her a cask of water, plenty of

bread and biscuit, a ham, and a roast turkey, all of which we will prepare at once. At 5.30 you will take your dinner here: at 6.30 the little corporal will arrive to do the same. As soon as he is safely inside and comfortably seated at the meal, you three will slip out by the back door, and in the darkness will easily reach the place where the lugger will be lying. I will take care that the corporal shall know nothing, whilst his men will all be dining in company with my own. Thus, we shall have them all in hand, and you will have then to trust yourselves to the water, whatever wind is blowing. It is a very light one now, from the south-west, and that would suit for your journey fairly well.'

The captain warmly pressed the old man's hand.

'Thanks, my friend. You are a man in a thousand, for your head is as good as your heart is great.'

Next day they made every preparation for their departure, though, in fact, there was but little to prepare. They had no personal belongings, and all they could take were the things so kindly furnished them by their staunch friend and host.

At 5.30 they sat down to a substantial meal, and half an hour later they betook themselves to a back room to wait quietly until the little corporal should make his appearance and tuck his short, fat legs under the hospitable table which they themselves had just left.

Punctually at the hour named, Corporal Bideaux tapped lightly at the door and was at once welcomed in by his host. M. Bideaux, as he was going to dine in the presence of a member of the fair sex, had waxed the ends of his moustache, and combed his hair straight up on end like a blacking brush. In less than ten minutes from the time of his arrival, the soup appeared upon the table, and the corporal was thoroughly in his element at once. He chattered first to madame, praising her cooking; then to monsieur, recounting his own deeds of heroism and manly daring. Then he took more soup, and when at length he was safely plunged into the middle of a very choice little dish of chicken, Monsieur Roquette called out loudly, 'Lizette, bring me another fork!'

It was the signal agreed upon before-hand, and with silent footsteps the three Englishmen took their departure by the back door of the little white-washed house. The night was a light one, with a steady breeze blowing off the land, making a calm sea inshore. The fugitives stole quietly down to the beach, and quickly launched the little lugger.

'No, no; I have not caught the rascals yet, Monsieur Roquette,' rattled on the corporal, 'but I shall do so: you will see all in good time—all in good time. Ah! I ought to have been a detective—a prefect of police; then my talents for finding out criminals—and he who breaks out of prison is a criminal, is he not?—would have had more scope. I will wager that I pounce upon these three men within a week, now, at the outside: that is, if they really did come this way. I have the opinion that they did not. I think our friend Grosjean wrong. Ah, how these men who fancy themselves so sharp are often such fools!'

'They are indeed,' replied M. Roquette, looking hard at the boastful little Gascon as he spoke.

'Yes, monsieur, I have the reputation of never failing when on work of this kind. I'm a regular bloodhound. Once let me get within miles of what any ordinary man would call a fair scent, and it is all up with my prey. Nothing escapes me, monsieur, nothing!' and here the little corporal laid one finger along the side of his nose cunningly, whilst he blinked his watery blue eye at the Customs officer, and swelled out his chest to almost bursting-point.

(Continued at page 66.)

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE WATER BEETLE (*Dytiscus*).



THIS genus embraces a large number of insects, whose lives are passed in the water. There they find their food and bring up their young. But modern observers, who have watched them minutely, have separated them into many groups. Although their favourite element is the water, the *Dytiscus* can survive for a long

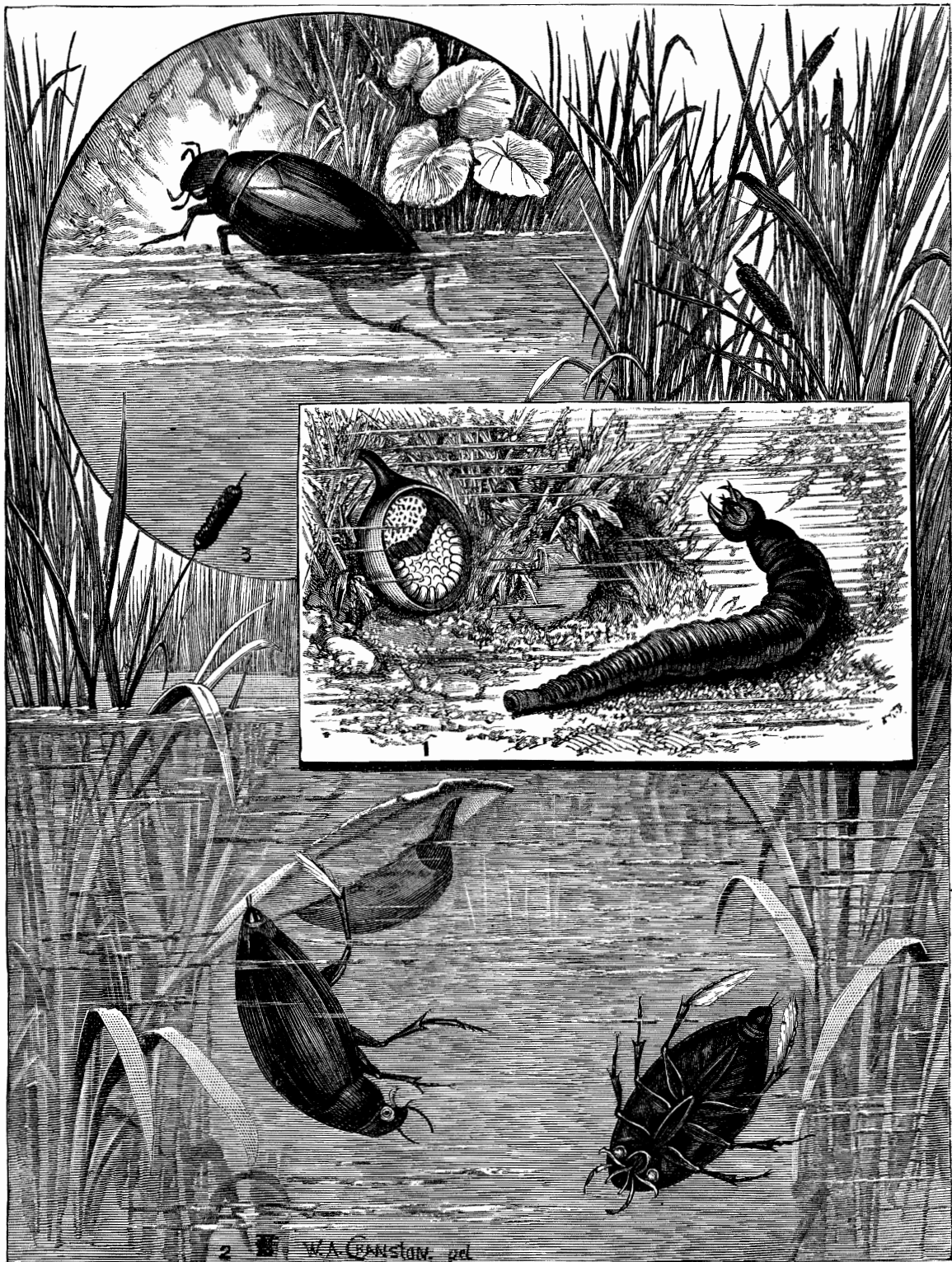
time on land, and many of them, in the evening at dusk and even after dark, may be seen and heard flying about, and making in their flight that low, droning hum of a deep bass, which on a summer night is not unpleasant to the ear.

According to their species they vary a good deal. In their habits they are fierce and voracious. They cannot live under water, and in order to carry on the process of breathing they frequently rise to the surface. They rest there for a time, their legs well apart, their heads below the water, and the hinder parts of their bodies exposed to the open air, and as the openings on each side of the abdomen are placed there and above the water, it is in this way that they are enabled to take in through these openings fresh air to the lungs.

No. 1 (see illustration) represents the eggs and larva of the *Dytiscus*, and No. 2 the *Dytiscus* itself.

Another genus of the same family, No. 3, are known by the name *Hydrophilus*. They are found in the stagnant water of lakes, marshes, and ditches, and may be seen sporting about in the water in groups, with the most surprising swiftness and agility. They resemble the *Dytiscus* in many ways, yet still they are marked by some peculiarities, which show that they are a distinct genus. Some of them are of large size. A drawing is given of this water beetle (No. 3) at the left-hand corner of illustration.

They are also found in marshes and ponds, and at the approach of night they rise from these ponds and fly abroad, transporting themselves from one pond to another, and making a humming sound similar to the *Dytiscus*. M. Miger mentions that he has seen this water beetle devour water snails and aquatic larvæ with great apparent relish, but its principal food consists of aquatic plants. W. A. C.



2 W.A. GANSTON. del

The Water Beetle.

1.—Eggs and Larva.

2.—Dytiscus.

3.—Hydrophilus.



"Just after the day broke a sloop was sighted."

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 63.)



THE little officer's boasting severely tried the gravity of both Monsieur and Madame Roquette, when they thought how neatly the mice had escaped from beneath the very paw of this clever cat. The fat little man continued to vapour on, always about his own prowess, throughout the evening, and finally, when

he had once more adjusted his shako on to his bristly hair, he turned to wish his host and hostess a 'good night' in the following words:—

'*Au revoir, madame—au revoir, monsieur*; a thousand thanks for your so great hospitality. And now, mark well my words, I will never leave this district alive except with those *misérable* Englishmen.'

Monsieur Roquette bade him good night, and then closing the door he sat down, and, with his wife, burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

Without either delay or difficulty, the lugger was quietly floated off the beach, the mast stepped, and the sail hooked on ready for hoisting. The tide being against them, the fugitives got out a couple of sweeps and pulled her until, about a mile from the shore, the land breeze blew strong enough to make it worth while to hoist their lug-sail. They ran it up, and as it drew well, they were soon travelling over a star-lit sea at a fairly rapid rate.

Captain Dunwich had a small pocket compass which had been given him by Monsieur Roquette, and by this he made his course. By midnight they came in sight of the lights of Cape la Hogue on their port bow, and then, passing to leeward of a fleet of fishing smacks and hookers, they got fairly out into the open Channel, and once away from the shelter of the land the sea began to get a little choppy.

They calculated upon first seeing English land at the Isle of Wight, but this, of course, would depend entirely upon whether the wind shifted at all, or continued in the same direction. To them it mattered little where they landed, or whether they were compelled to run up or down Channel. About three o'clock in the morning a slant of the wind led the captain to change his direction and abandon the Isle of Wight in favour of Portland, to the great delight of Herrick, who would thus the sooner get home to his anxious family.

'Herrick, my lad,' said his commander, 'you were wrongfully impressed when they brought you on board the poor old *Necate*, and I am not the man to stand in your light when you express the very natural desire you have to get home. But although I give you leave to quit the service, I want to say a few words to you. We have passed through some dangerous times together, and I have had ample chances

of observing your conduct in trying situations. That conduct, it will be my pleasing duty to bring under the notice of my superiors, who will, I hope, see fit to reward you by some promotion. Now, as this is the case, is it not a pity for you to leave the service? Before now, men have served before the mast in their youth, and yet have died as admirals. I don't wish to unduly influence you, but this only will I say—the King wants men, and he wants such men as you.'

Young John Herrick was deeply affected by these words of encouragement. In spite of the adventures and misfortunes which had come so thickly crowding upon him during his apprenticeship to the Royal Navy, he had got to love the sea and all its glories. Holding by the simple faith of his forefathers, all religious and loyal men, that 'Kings are by God appointed,' he had felt an honest pride in wearing the uniform of the British sailor, and now that his kind and able captain foreshadowed promotion, and in this short time, too, Herrick quickly made up his mind about his future career.

'I thank your honour with a full heart. I shall always try to do my duty, and I am too proud of the King's uniform to give it up lightly. I will continue in the service, though I should like a short time ashore to visit my home.'

'Very natural and proper, my lad. You shall have your leave directly we step ashore. In these war-times I shall not be long before getting another ship, and, if possible, I will arrange to take both you and Batson with me. I will take care that he also shall be rewarded for his faithful service.'

Just after the day broke a sloop was sighted, reaching over in the same direction as their own lugger, but some little distance astern of them. They regarded her with looks of serious anxiety for some little time, visions of re-capture and a return to the interior of a French prison rising before their minds; but as the light grew stronger they saw, with feelings of joy impossible to describe, that she was one of their own country's vessels. Half an hour later the sloop lowered a boat for the purpose of inspecting the little French lugger. Great was the astonishment of the officer sitting in the stern to be hailed by an English voice, and that the voice of an English naval officer. A few words of explanation sufficed, and then Captain Dunwich, turning to his two fellow-fugitives, said kindly: 'Now, my lads, if ever two men deserved a holiday after their troubles, it is yourselves. I will go on board the sloop, but you two can sail the lugger into Portland, lay her up there and go ashore. Batson will report himself to the authorities, and can then go on furlough for a month—and so can you, Herrick. I have your address, and be assured I shall not forget either of you,' and with these words Captain Dunwich stepped over the gunwale and into the boat alongside. They shoved off, and were quickly rowing to the sloop.

To say that Herrick felt like a schoolboy just going home for the holidays, is to use but a faint expression for his feelings of joy at the thought of seeing his home and family once again, after so many changes of fortune. As for the boatswain's mate, he, too, was glad to look forward to a spell ashore, especially

as he felt sure of promotion and of sailing again under the captain whom he believed to be the very best seaman in the service. So they sailed contentedly on until they almost imagined that they could catch a faint glimpse of Portland Bill.

With the rising of the sun came also an increase in the force of the wind. It blew already pretty strongly, and came in nasty puffs from all parts of the compass by turns. Then it settled into the E.N.E. varying to N.E., and an hour later blew in squalls of fitful and varying strength, soon knocking up a rough and cross-running sea.

'I don't like this, Jack,' presently exclaimed the old salt, as he sat at the tiller, his eye resting now on the lug-sail and now looking out to windward. 'We've got the wind just about where we don't want it, I'm thinking. We might run for lower down Channel, but I don't want to get the full force of it across the West Bay, if we can help it. We shall be bound to ship more water than I like in an open boat. It would be quite another thing if we were decked, or even half-decked. Hallo, that was a nasty one!' as a curling, ragged-looking wave broke over the weather quarter, and set Herrick to work bailing vigorously.

After encountering two or three more similar seas, the old boatswain's mate shifted the tiller and said: 'It's no good, my boy—no good at all—trying her up against these seas. We have just got to run for it and that's all about it. We must try for Brixham or Dartmouth now, and think ourselves pretty lucky if we make either of them.'

Stronger and stronger came the wind, and the sea was now running in threatening crests and curving hollows, whilst to make matters worse, every now and then a blinding snow-shower came on, in which the two men could hardly see a boat's length in front of them. They were being rapidly set down to the westward by the tide now as well as by the wind, and it was with feelings of great relief that in one of the intervals between the gusty snow-showers they espied a vessel, lugger-rigged like themselves, but very much larger, bearing rapidly down upon them. To hail her was worse than useless, but untying his kerchief from around his throat, Herrick held it out to the wind, and they soon saw that those on board the bigger vessel had seen them. Skilfully handled, she ran down close by their stern, throwing a light coil of line to them as she passed. This was caught by Batson, and the two hauled on to it until they got on to their little craft a stouter rope which they quickly made fast, at the same time lowering their own sail and swinging along in tow.

In this way they continued for the whole of that day, it being impossible to get them on board the big lugger in such a sea. The little vessel made better weather of it, partly protected by the other and without any sail on her, and towards nightfall the wind partially dropped. It was a very dark night, and although they could see what Bill Batson guessed to be the rough outline of the Cornish coast, he was quite at a loss to know what part of it it was. Suddenly they ceased to feel the tossing motion of their boat, and, as well as the intense darkness permitted, they saw that they were running up either a cove or a regular harbour. By the

absence of lights they guessed that it was a cove.

Before very long they could hear the creaking of the blocks as the lug-sail on the big boat ahead was run down. Then, as their pace slackened, the noise of oars, working in rowlocks, came upon their ears, evidently from a boat which had come out from the shore to meet the vessel. A confused sound of talking followed on board her, and then, first one, and then three or four moreship's lanterns were lighted and swung about in the darkness. Soon a boat came to the little French lugger, and a man clad in oil-skins and sou'-wester, and speaking in the broad Cornish dialect, thus addressed the two in her:—

'Our skipper wants ye to come aboard with me now.'

Without saying anything in reply, Herrick and Batson climbed over the gunwale of their vessel, and dropped into the Cornishman's boat. Sculling with one oar over the stern, he quickly laid them alongside the larger boat, and they all clambered on to its deck.

Standing with his back to the mast, one hand resting on a wooden bale, and the fitful light of a ship's lantern flickering about his hard, cruel-looking face, was the skipper. When our seamen came aboard he picked up the lantern, held it up so that the light fell full upon them, and then said, in hoarse tones, 'Who are you, and how came you out there?' jerking his thumb in the direction of the open sea.

Herrick explained in a few words, and had there been light enough, he would have seen an ugly look come into the skipper's face when he heard that they were man-o'-war's men.

'If I had known what you were you might have stayed out there, for me. I don't hold no parleys with those king's uniform men. There's too many of them for my fancy, and I might have made it two less, anyhow, by not picking you up,' he snarled. 'It's such as you that prevent a man picking up a fair living, nowadays. Do either of you know whereabouts we are now?' he asked, turning sharply upon them.

Bill Batson answered for both. 'Well, no, skipper, can't say as how I do, though I should reckon it's somewheres on the Cornish coast, and west of Fowey. Aren't that about right?'

'Right or wrong, that's nothing to you,' retorted the skipper, in coarse tones. 'While you're with us, you had better shut your mouth and not see too much either. Jump into that boat now, and go ashore; that little craft of yours will just do to pay for your board and lodging. Get on!' And the two men turned away to the boat awaiting them, not at all sorry that their interview with the brutal master was over.

No word was exchanged between them in the presence of the man who was sculling them ashore; but when they were landed upon some great flat rocks, facing a huge cave in the overhanging cliff, and told to walk on ahead, Bill Batson seized the chance of being for a moment alone with his friend to say—

'Jack, my boy, I don't like this here business. I shouldn't mind talking to this gentle man if I had a



"Please eat this cake—it is my own,
My mother gave it me."

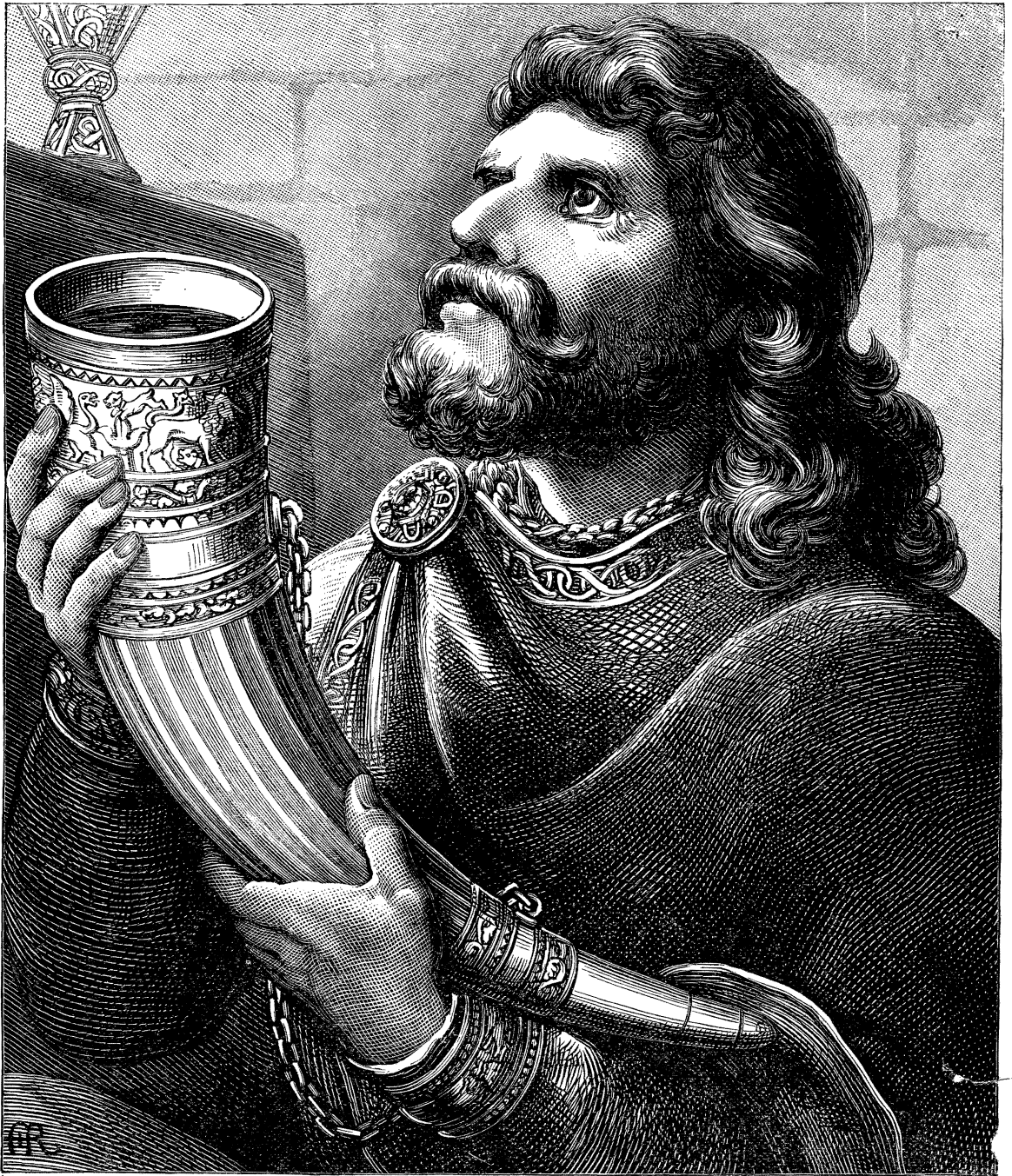
cutlass in my hand and a good boat's crew at the back of me; but just alone as we are, it seems to me he gets all the fun and we the kicks. These chaps is smugglers, no sort of doubt about it, and that's why they doesn't fancy a sight of the King's uniform hereabouts. But I don't see why they should have our boat, my boy, and if they only gives us half a chance——' and here he broke off abruptly, as they were overtaken by the man who had sculled them ashore.

(Continued at page 74.)

KINDNESS AND SYMPATHY.

POOR boy! your story is so sad—
No home, no mother dear;
And, oh! you look so thin and white,
You must be ill, I fear.

'Please eat this cake—it is my own,
My mother gave it me;
But you shall have it, for I am
Not hungry now, you see.



The Horn of Ulphus.

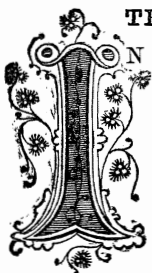
'Besides, to tea I'm going home,
And mother dear is there;
If you'll come with me, you shall have,
I know, an ample share.

'So will you come, poor boy? She'll mend
Your thread-bare clothes to-day;

She'll let you sleep in Harry's bed,
For he is far away.'

With gentle words like these, she led
The wanderer to her home;
And from that day the orphan lad
Was never asked to roam.

THE HORN OF ULPHUS.



In ancient times, the hollow horns of animals were used as drinking vessels, and there are pictures in Saxon manuscripts, of men feasting and drinking from the horns of oxen. These horns were sometimes richly ornamented with silver. Great chiefs prided themselves on owning magnificent drinking horns, the largest being made from elephants' tusks which had been brought to the north by Arab traders.

In the old days, when reading and writing were not so common as they are now, the kings frequently conferred lands on their subjects by the gift of a horn, hence called a 'charter horn.' Many owners of large estates, which had been conferred on their ancestors, had no other evidence of their right but the charter horn. Several of these charter horns are still in existence, a very remarkable one being preserved by the Pusey family, and known as the 'Pusey Horn;' but the largest and most beautiful is 'the Horn of Ulphus,' preserved in the treasure-room of York Minster. This famous horn is formed from the entire tusk of an elephant, and measures two feet six inches along the curve, and would hold a vast quantity of liquor. It came into the possession of the See of York in this wise.

Ulf, whose name was Latinised into Ulphus, was a powerful Danish jarl, or earl, who lived some time before the Norman Conquest, and ruled over a large portion of Yorkshire, who, as it is said, to prevent dissension between his two sons after his death, determined to bestow his lands on the Church.

Going to York Minster, and taking with him his mighty drinking horn, he filled it with wine, and kneeling before the altar, he solemnly drank off the prodigious draught; then, laying the horn on the altar, he therewith endowed the See of York with all his lands and revenues. The endowment was confirmed by Edward the Confessor; but it appears, from authentic documents, that he did not give all his lands to the Church, but only a portion, and that there were extensive estates remaining which his two sons, Archil and Norman, afterwards inherited. Whether Ulf was the better for his monstrous drink, history does not say, but there are very few men at the present day who could empty that horn at a single draught.

In an old Latin poem of the twelfth century, describing the various gifts made to York Minster, the Horn of Ulphus is spoken of as being very beautiful and white. With the lapse of so many centuries, the ivory has darkened till it is now of a brown colour.

The horn is decorated with sculpture in low relief, representing unicorns and fabulous winged animals, whose tails terminate in grotesque heads. They are divided from each other by objects intended for trees; and above them a dog, with a collar on, appears to be hunting one of the winged animals. At the base there are three dogs' heads, which have been supposed to be wolves, and to allude to the owner's name, 'Ulf' being equivalent to 'wolf;' but

as they wear collars, they must have been meant for the heads of dogs. Below the sculpture there is a Latin inscription, but as this was probably added by the Cathedral folk after the horn came into their possession, it has been omitted in the accompanying drawing. A. R.

DYING FOR HER BROTHER.

A TOUCHING story is told of a French girl only eleven years of age, who succeeded in saving her little brother from wolves. It was during a severe winter, in a remote village of France, and wolves were constantly seen prowling about. One day a wolf with five whelps burst into the girl's cottage, attracted by the smell of the bread which she had been baking. By means of a heavy stick the little girl had almost succeeded in driving the she-wolf off, when, seeing one of the cubs about to attack her brother, she seized the boy, thrust him into a cupboard, and buttoned the door. That gave the wolf time to fly at her throat, and in a moment she was the prey of the wolves. Her brother remained quite safe, and was released by some neighbours from the cupboard. He lived to be an old man, cherishing the thought of the mother-like sister who had died to save him.

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

FIREWORK FACTORIES.

(Concluded from page 60.)



BEFORE we enter any of these,' says Mr. Pain, 'we will spend a few minutes in the "composition" factory.' We are surprised to hear that very little gunpowder is used in the preparation of fireworks.

But we are now within the 'composition' room. Saltpetre, sulphur, charcoal, a reddish-look powder and other chemicals — ground gunpowder, technically termed 'crushed meal' — stand about in casks and bags all over the place. Boys rub the saltpetre through bright copper sieves, the rest of the ingredients are already in powder, the bright yellow powdery sulphur being imported already prepared direct from Sicily.

An aged man is mixing together the dusty ingredients in a kind of copper sieve.

'Ah!' he says, shaking his head gravely, 'this is very different work to manufacturing gunpowder.'

'But, surely,' we reply, 'saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur are all the ingredients required for making gunpowder?'

'True,' replies the old workman, 'but there is much machinery used and many processes gone through in a gunpowder factory before the dangerous explosive is made, which are altogether dispensed with in preparing "composition." Besides, we do not subject

these dry powders to a high temperature, as they do who manufacture gunpowder.

About forty different kinds of 'composition' are made from the chemical substances we have mentioned. These are stored in small casks in an 'expense' magazine: a small building made of corrugated iron, and lined inside with match-boarding. In case of accident, and to make all as secure as possible, a broad earthwork bank is thrown up around the expense magazine, and outside that runs a moat.

As we enter one of the numerous 'charging' shops, our guide points to a pair of giants' shoes or overalls, and following his example we slip our booted feet into them.

'The shoes,' he explains, 'are to prevent any particles of grit being brought in, which might cause friction.'

We notice how beautifully clean everything is and recall the tale we once heard another well-known firework manufacturer tell.

He said that a cobweb which had escaped notice in a corner of a charging shop had cost him 15*l*. It is the custom of a Government Inspector to call at any time he may deem best upon proprietors of firework factories to inspect these places. Now, the 'Explosives Acts' are very strict, and one forbids dirt or dust of any kind. The factories are therefore carefully dusted twice a day, sometimes oftener. The cobweb betrayed to the inspector the fact that this rule had been neglected, or that the dusting had not been properly done.

'It was a cheap cobweb after all,' said the manufacturer, 'for it taught my workpeople a good lesson.' 'In this charging-shop,' said Mr. Pain, 'they are filling rocket bodies.'

A small metal stand, with a sharp spindle attached, has placed upon it the rocket body—*i.e.*, the case without the cone-shaped head. A tiny scoopful of composition is thrown in, and rammed down with a hollow wooden handle which fits on to the spindle running up through the case; thirty blows are given with a wooden mallet on to the head of this rammer every time a scoopful of composition is thrown in—the scoop used is very little larger than an ordinary saltspoon—so that it takes some time to fill even an ordinary sized rocket body. The last scoopful is powdered clay. This is hammered down firmly and the body is filled. In another charging shop we found them busily employed in making the coloured stars for filling rocket heads. These are formed of a tiny quick-match, a grey moist-looking composition, punched in a tiny wooden mould, and turned out to dry upon a stand; they resemble in appearance a succession of miniature suet puddings.

Nothing remains, when both parts of the rocket are filled, but to glue them together, and cover them, when dry, with pretty paper.

'Roman candles we are filling here,' Mr. Pain informed us, as we entered another charging shop. The method is much the same, but the composition is alternated with gunpowder. To make this clearer, a scoopful of composition is followed by one of gunpowder, followed by a star, and this order is repeated until the Roman candle case is full. The number of stars depends upon the size of the candle, and corre-

sponds with the number of scoops of gunpowder. The firework is capped with blue touch-paper, and the whole covered with paper of various tints.

In another charging shop we see them filling small round tins, very much like blacking tins in appearance, with granulated gunpowder. This the workmen are puffing out of a leathern pouch into each tin. A small tripod stand, fitted with three percussion caps, is placed in the centre of every tin, the lid is put on, a narrow strip of what looks like whalebone, but turns out to be lead, having been soldered across, the whole is sealed round with red paint, the tins being afterwards dipped in red paint, and then—well, can you not guess what we have? Nothing more nor less than a fog-signal.

The strip of lead is, of course, necessary to fasten these fog-signals securely on to the rails. The wheels of the carriages passing over the percussion caps cause the report which is so startling to passengers in a fog.

A very useful firework is the Trawler's Light, popularly known as 'red flare.' The card-board cases are glued on to wooden handles, they are then filled with a composition of coloured fire, a scoopful of clay being knocked in with a wooden mallet as a commencement. When full the end is sealed with a composition wetted with methylated spirit and resin, a piece of rag being pasted over the top, and above this a narrow band of straw paper. The whole is covered with a blue, red, or figured paper. The top is coated with a sort of phosphorus, to all appearance like that on a safety matchbox. Over this is fitted a lidless box, the bottom of which has another sort of phosphorus. The two being rubbed together a light is immediately kindled, and the firework burns. A leaden capsule, similar to that sometimes seen upon wine-bottles, keeps everything safe.

Before this improvement of self-kindling was introduced, there was often much delay, sometimes leading to sad accidents, and even to loss of life.

All trawlers burn these 'red flares' as signals to warn other ships off their nets.

But the sun sinks in the west, so, turning our backs upon Messrs. Pain's interesting industry, we hurry homewards, the wiser for our 'peep' into the busy world of fireworks.

JAMES CASSIDY.

A DOG'S HUMANITY.

A CORRESPONDENT sent to the *Spectator* the following anecdote illustrative of a dog's 'humanity':—The servant-man of one of my friends took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog was with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it back safely to land. A second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the man tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, running all the way home with it, and safely depositing it before the kitchen fire; and 'ever after' they were inseparable, sharing even the same bed!



A Dog's Humanity.



Herrick rescues Sylvia from her perilous position.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 68.)



HE man led the way for nearly half a mile over a wild-looking waste of down land, dotted about here and there with huge boulders of rock, and interspersed by tiny rills of running water. Their guide trudged on in silence; the only thing to be seen on the dreary landscape being the light from a bonfire, made on a high mound, and to which two sturdy Cornishmen were attending. The fierce wind, which had moderated for a brief interval at sundown, was now blowing harder than ever, and the incessant roar of the breakers, far below their feet, showed on what a terribly grim coast they had been landed. A few hundred yards further on, they came to what looked like a fisherman's cottage. A light burned brightly in the window, and, without ceremony, their conductor flung open the door, and disclosed an unexpected scene.

Instead of the humble fittings most suited to such an edifice, the whole interior exhibited signs of comfort, and even of luxury. Round a well-lighted and heavily-laden table sat a curiously mixed group. A weather-beaten man, of between sixty and seventy years of age, occupied the head of the table. His beard and hair were long, shaggy, and unkempt; yet, from beneath his heavy, bushy brows, peeped eyes of great observation and intelligence, and his whole countenance seemed cast in a mould far superior to his apparent station in life. Fronting him, sat an elderly woman, whose dress of stiff black silk seemed strangely out of keeping with her surroundings. A large piece of costly foreign lace was fastened across her shoulders, and secured by a handsome brooch of pearls upon her bosom. Two young men, attired in rough blue jerseys and high sea-boots, pulled on over their tar-stained trousers, completed the supper party. But what immediately arrested the attention of young John Herrick was the figure of a girl, of about sixteen, who stood at one corner of the old-fashioned chimney-piece, and gazed absently at the brightly burning logs. She was dressed in dark blue serge. Her fair hair fell loosely down her shoulders, and the young sailor thought that never before had he seen a sweeter face.

In a few words, the new comers were introduced to the party in the room, and then the old man questioned them sharply.

'Do you know this part of the coast at all?' he said, fixing his keen eyes upon the boatswain's mate.

'Well, no—I think not,' replied Batson; 'but look here governor, we're both—my mate and I—nearly starving for something to eat and drink—'

'You shall have it,' answered the old man, testily, and he motioned them to places at the table, whilst he and his wife rose.

'So you belong to the King's service, eh?' continued he, suspiciously.

'Yes, governor, yes,' mumbled Bill, with his mouth full of meat pie.

'Well, we here belong to a service that's a little more free and easy than that. You two will have to remain here with us until we find it suits us to let you go, and that won't be until we have a lugger going "up along." Just now we're busy here, so you will have to wait, and if you want your heads broken you'll go prying about into things that don't concern you. If not, you had better not be too curious about what you see; ask no questions, and you will get told no lies. Do you understand? Very well then; when you've finished your supper, Jan here, indicating an old seaman who had just entered, 'will show you where you are to sleep; and, with these words, the speaker, followed by his wife, left the room.

Nothing disconcerted by the unfriendly speech, Bill merely nodded his head and ate stolidly on.

'I've got a lot of leeway to make up in this here line,' he explained to Herrick, who was trying to hurry him, seeing that Jan, the old Dutchman, was evidently getting impatient to conduct them to their sleeping-place.

'I think we had better be moving though, really,' urged Herrick, whilst the girl, with an amused expression on her face, was watching the old fellow's stupendous exertions at the supper-table.

'What, and leave such tack as prawns and soft tommy, when you're as hungry as a hammer-headed shark? You don't know Bill Batson, my boy, that you don't!' and he munched on.

At length even his appetite was appeased, and rising up from the table with a sigh of satisfaction, and addressing the fat old Dutchman opposite, he said, 'Now, old square-starn, we're ready to turn into our hammocks; if so be as *you're* ready to show us where they're slung, we'll just up-anchor and slip along now we've got our cargo—and a good cargo it is, I will say—aboard.'

The Dutchman signed to the two men to follow him, and opening the outer door, he passed into the darkness of the windy, blustering night again. In silence they moved along, battling against the storm for about a hundred yards or so. Then they came to a long, low hut, passed along its back wall, and presently entered a small door. Here, their guide paused, whilst he drew a box of wooden matches from his pocket and struck a light. Two rough tallow candles, stuck in bottles, were standing on a deal table, and, these being lit, something could be seen of the apartment itself.

It had very little furniture of any kind: the table was a long one, and stood in the middle of the room; chairs there were none, but two or three heaps of old tan-coloured sails, and sundry empty boxes and packing-cases, evidently did duty instead of them. Boarded bed-places, with rugs and blankets thrown carelessly over them, were fitted up all along one side of the wall, giving sleeping-places for about a dozen men. Ten or twelve wooden lockers and a couple of sea-chests completed the fittings of this uncomfortable room.

Jan nodded his head at the two end berths, and grunted.

* Higher up the coast, eastward.

'Are we to sleep here?' inquired Herrick, not much liking the prospect.

'Yah,' said the Dutchman, without withdrawing the pipe from his lips.

'And to-morrow—are you coming here to tell us what we're to do?'

'Yah,' repeated the Hollander, in the same tone. Then, without another word of any sort, he turned on his heel and stumped off again.

'Well, my hearty, this is not what you would call a cheerful billet, is it?' exclaimed Bill. 'But there's a lot to be thankful for, anyways. Thank God, first of all, that we weren't drowned; thank God we're in our own country again; and thank God for being able to go to sleep after a jolly good meal without having to turn out for the middle watch!'

And with these words the hardy old salt turned in, and in five minutes his snores might have been heard outside the hut.

Tired out also with the adventures and dangers which he had just come through, young John Herrick very quickly followed his friend's example.

When Bill Batson awoke from a heavy slumber day was slowly breaking, and by the grey, uncertain light, he saw that the large room was no longer tenanted only by himself and his companion, as it had been when they retired to rest. Eight or ten stalwart forms lay asleep, in various attitudes, on the long settles, or wooden benches, most of them having merely removed their heavy sea-boots and jackets before turning in. Soon after, one by one, they slowly stretched themselves awake, and by the time the boatswain's mate and Herrick had dressed themselves the whole roomful of seamen, English and foreign, were chatting and laughing together.

A young fellow they addressed as Sam acted as cook, and very soon he had on the long deal table a substantial breakfast of coffee, bacon, and fish. The two 'King's men' were invited to fall to, and they did so with a right good will.

Jan presided at the head of the table—that is to say, he munched steadily on throughout the meal, and replied to every question in monosyllables. He never volunteered a single word.

Bill Batson, in the intervals of 'stowing cargo,' said, 'Do much fishing hereabouts?'

'Yah,' replied the Dutchman, with his mouth full of bacon.

Bill turned to the man on his left hand.

'Were you fishing when you picked us up yesterday?'

The man addressed was about to reply when the Hollander struck in.

'Yah,' he drawled again.

'It was jolly rough to be out fishing, wasn't it?' went on Bill.

'Yah,' again from Jan.

Bill Batson gave it up. The fat old Dutchman was too many for him, and evidently he was determined that he should get no information as to the doings of the band if he—Jan—could help it.

After breakfast the two were told that they were at liberty to stroll about the place, but must not go farther than a certain line of boulders. A horn would be blown for them to return at dinner-time; till then they might do as they liked.

They strolled off, walking past the old man's cottage, where they had been first received on landing. Herrick looked in vain for the girl whose face had struck him the night before. She was nowhere to be seen. Then they walked along the edge of the cliffs, conversing as to how long they would have to wait until a boat went 'up along,' as their hosts called it, and anon as to what was the exact calling of these people amongst whom they so unexpectedly found themselves.

'I can't quite make them out,' said Bill, scratching his head with one hand whilst he held his hat with the other. 'They're not fishermen, spite of what old square-starn said when I axed him. They're smugglers—leastways they does a bit of smuggling, there's no doubt of that—but there's something more behind, I'm sure there is, that we have not got at yet, and may I swing at the yard-arm if I can get at the bottom of it! But it's something that seems to pay pretty well, anyhow.'

'It is a puzzle to me, I admit,' replied Herrick, thoughtfully. 'They seem rather a lawless set by the way they claimed our boat.'

'Yes, my lad. I call that a pretty piece of impudence, and if I could just get to know whereabouts they've put her we would have a try to get off with her;' and here the old tar craned his neck to enable him to see over the cliff-edge on to the shore below.

As he did so a cry broke from him, and he beckoned Herrick to come to the edge and look over. The young man obeyed, and there beheld a sight which set the blood rushing to his cheeks.

Half-way down the cliff stood, on a projecting ledge of rock, the girl of the smuggler's cottage. She was looking helplessly around her, and the situation was patent at a glance. She had ascended to her present position from the rocks below, and now, perched upon a dangerously narrow ledge, she was fearful of moving, either up or down.

'You stay here,' exclaimed Herrick. 'I can scramble down to her from that point over there,' and, suiting the action to the word, he started off on his mission.

Truth to tell, it was by no means an easy task. Twice he had made dangerous slips, before standing, unharmed, except for a grazed shin, on the rock beside the girl. He then began to cast about as to how they should descend to the beach below. Herrick went first, and half-supporting, half-carrying the young girl, they, not without many a slip and many a false step, had the satisfaction of finding themselves safely on the hard beach.

And here, the old salt, who had been watching the two from above, became entirely puzzled. Making an impromptu telescope of his two hands, he thus gave vent to his thoughts aloud: 'Ah, they've run into the harbour at last. Now he'll cast off and sail round to me again. No, he don't. They're standing off and on, off and on!' he exclaimed, as the two began to slowly pace up and down the beach. 'What does he want, speaking that little craft for, I wonder? What can they find to talk about, them two? Why don't he cut his cable?' At this juncture the sound of a horn was heard, summoning the men to dinner, but the young couple below, eve

if they heard, heeded it not, and Bill Batson's eloquence again broke out.

'Bil—ow, there!' he roared, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands. 'Pipe all hands to dinner, up-anchor and clap on all sail, or the Dutch lubbers will make short work of the cargo! Bless my eyes, he don't hear a word of it! What's to be done? I must heave half a rock down; that will wake them up,' and, suiting the action to the word, he rolled a stone over the cliff-edge, so that it fell close to the feet of the young couple below.

Herrick looked up and laughed. He shook his fist playfully at the old man, and then slowly walked with his companion to a rough chine, which afforded a path up to the table-land again. Here, with a promise to meet him again on the morrow, the girl left him and climbed up the steep, rugged path which led in the direction of the old smuggler's cottage. Herrick watched her out of sight, and then quietly rejoined his messmate.

'Avast there, my lad. It's dangerous work, this standing off and on and laying to, alongside that pretty smuggling craft there. Maybe she's intended for the wife of one of these foreign sailor chaps, who'll be for boring a hole in your hull with a long knife. Now, take care how you sail. I don't want to see no harm come to you, and we're only two amongst all this lot. If it should come to a fight by any chance, why Bill Batson's your man; but let's get away from these thieves as quick as we can, say I. If it comes to fighting, we'll fight, and what's more, we'll give them a good show for their money—but that's quite another thing. And now let's pipe to dinner.'

Next day, at the appointed hour, the girl and Herrick met below the cliffs, to keep their tryst. Her eyes lighted up with a smile of welcome as they fell upon the young fellow's honest face.

'I feel as though I had known you ever so long,' she exclaimed, and then they fell to talking about her strange surroundings. 'I will tell you as much of my story as I know myself,' said she, as she leant against a rock, whilst Herrick seated himself on another close by. 'I have been living with these people for about four years. My father was a colonel in the English army, and my mother was going out abroad, I know not to what part, to join him, taking me, her only child, with her. We sailed from the mouth of the Thames one day. I remember the ship was very crowded; there were many soldiers on board as well as other passengers; the whole of the next day it blew terribly, and after that the wind suddenly dropped, and a thick fog came on. We drifted down the Channel, until the captain thought we must be off the extreme end of the Cornish coast. Then another sudden change of the weather came on, and when the captain and officers made out the coast-line, they determined to run in for shelter from the gale then blowing up. It was night, but two bright lights showed plainly from the shore, and the captain said it must be the harbour he was looking for, though he could not quite make out the position of his ship. He ran in for the middle of the two lights, and, too late, discovered that he had been tricked, and that the lights were false ones. Within a minute of the horrible dis-

covery, we on deck could hear the angry breakers roaring, and then I remember little else. There was a fearful sound of crashing timbers as the ship ground herself to destruction on the sharp-pointed rocks beneath her; then, when I came to my senses after what I suppose must have been a long faintness, I was lying on the beach where we now stand, clasped in my mother's arms, and—and she was dead!'

(Continued at page 82.)

THE SORCERER ACQUITTED.

A FORTUNE-TELLER who lived in Paris was one day arrested and carried before the police. 'You know how to read the future?' said the magistrate, laughing at the same time.

'I do, sir,' replied the sorcerer.

'In this case,' continued the magistrate, 'you know what judgment we intend to pronounce?'

'Certainly,' replied the man.

'Well,' said the magistrate, 'what will happen to you?'

'Nothing,' replied he.

'How do you make that out?' again asked the magistrate.

'Because, sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune.'

The magistrate, taken aback, turned to his brother judges, smiled, and the sorcerer was acquitted.

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

PAUL DOMBEY.*



HERE once lived a wealthy merchant, his wife and little daughter; his name was Paul Dombey, and he carried on his business, as his father had done before him, under the title of Dombey & Son. There was one thought which clouded his brow and made him sad: it was that when he died Dombey & Son would be a name but not a fact, for his only child was a daughter.

Her mother loved her dearly, but her father despised her. How could a girl, he thought, carry on his name and business?

When Florence was about six years old, the glad news was brought to her father that he had a little son. He lost no time in going to the baby's cot and looking at him. To a stranger the baby appeared much the same as other babies as he lay in his small basket bedstead, his tiny bald head covered up with flannel. Mr. Dombey, who thought of the days

* The beautiful story of little Paul and his sister Florence is to be read at length in Charles Dickens' book, *Dombey & Son*. The tale is a thoroughly interesting one, and very much more is told about Florence and her father. It may be procured for sixpence through any bookseller.



"I want to know what they have done with my mamma."

when the little one would be a man, felt that there never had been such a baby.

'He will be christened Paul,' he said to his wife, 'the same as his father and grandfather.'

'Of course,' she replied, feeling, as she answered, that she would never live to see the christening—as indeed she did not.

Little Paul had an aunt, his father's sister, Mrs.

Chick, and she was in the house when Mrs. Dombey died.

The first thing Mrs. Chick did was to find a nurse for her nephew. This nurse, whose name was Richards, was a poor woman with a large family; the eldest was nicknamed 'Biler,' and the youngest 'Baby.' One day when Mrs. Richards was sitting in her own room with Paul upon her lap, the door was

slowly and quietly opened, and a dark-eyed little girl looked in.

'It's Miss Florence come home from her aunt's, no doubt,' thought Richards, who had never seen the child before.

'Is that my brother?' asked the child, pointing to the baby.

'Yes, my pretty,' answered Richards. 'Come and kiss him.'

But the child, instead of advancing, looked her earnestly in the face and said:

'What have you done with my mamma?'

'Lord bless the little creetur!' cried Richards.

'What a sad question. I done? Nothing, miss.'

'What have *they* done with my mamma?' inquired the child.

'I never saw such a melting thing in all my life,' said Richards. 'Come nearer here, my dear miss. Don't be afraid of me.'

'I am not afraid of you,' said the child, drawing nearer. 'But I want to know what they have done with my mamma.'

'My darling,' said Richards, 'you wear that pretty black frock in remembrance of your mamma.'

'I can remember my mamma,' returned the child, with tears springing to her eyes, 'in any frock.'

'But people put on black to remember people when they're gone.'

'Gone where?' asked the child.

'Come and sit down by me,' said Richards, 'and I will tell you a story.'

'Once upon a time there was a lady, a very good lady, and her little daughter dearly loved her. When God thought it right that it should be so, the lady was taken ill and died.'

The child shuddered.

'Died, never to be seen again by any one on earth, and was buried in the ground where the trees grow. The warm ground where the ugly little seeds turn into beautiful flowers. Where good people turn into bright angels and fly away into Heaven! So; let me see, when this lady died, wherever they took her, or wherever they put her, she went to God; and she prayed to Him, this lady did, to teach her little daughter to be sure of that in her heart: and to know that she was happy there and loved her still: and to hope and try—oh, all her life—to meet her there one day, never, never, never to part any more.'

'It was my mamma!' cried Florence, springing up and clasping Richards round the neck, her tears falling fast, and sobs shaking her violently.

After this conversation Florence saw Richards many times, and was often called in to play with her baby brother, who, as he grew older, laughed and cooed when his little sister clapped her hands or played bo-peep with him.

Susan Nipper, the servant whose duty it was to look after Florence, was a girl with a snub nose, and black eyes like jet beads; she had a sharp way of speaking, but she was not bad at heart. Susan and Richards talked together a good deal about 'Miss Florence,' and it was all owing to the efforts of the kind-hearted nurse that the little sister was allowed to come and play with tiny Paul.

Once when Richards, anxious to interest Mr. Dombey in his neglected little daughter, wished her

to go and bid her father 'good-night,' the timid child drew back, and spreading her hands before her eyes as if to shut out the sad fact, said, 'Oh, no, no! He don't want me! He don't want me!'

Some time after this it happened that Richards, anxious to see her own children, whom she had neither looked upon nor spoken to since little Paul had been her charge, arranged with Susan Nipper that they should both take a peep at Stagg's Gardens, where was Richards' home.

It was a special occasion in the Richards family, for 'Biler' had been nominated by Mr. Dombey to a charity school, and he would be in his new dress, and Richards had not yet seen it.

The two nurses, Florence, and baby Paul set out quite early for Stagg's Gardens, and arrived there in the course of the morning, greatly to the delight of Mrs. Richards' young family. The charity boy was not home from school, but Jemima, Mrs. Richards' sister, suggested that as they returned to Mr. Dombey's they should go down City Road, where they would be sure to meet him on his way back.

Now, as ill-fortune would have it, Mrs. Richards, following this advice, came upon her young son surrounded by a crowd of street boys, all yelling at and tormenting him on account of his charity dress—blue baize tail-coat, cap turned up with orange-coloured binding, red worsted stockings, and strong leather smalls. Handing Paul over to Susan, Mrs. Richards ran to her boy's rescue, and in the confusion that ensued Florence missed them, and becoming terrified she cried, 'Oh, where are they? where are they?' A very ugly old woman asked, 'Where are they, indeed? Why did you run away from them?' and then clutching Florence, she led her along until they came to a dirty lane, and then into a shabby house. She told the child to strip off all her good clothes and put on some wretched rags instead. Little Florence tremblingly obeyed, and the old hag—who called herself 'good Mrs. Brown'—then led her to the public streets and bade her find her way home, which she happily did.

This adventure was the cause of Mr. Dombey's dismissing Richards for having dared to take his son into so low a place as Stagg's Gardens. Baby Paul cried lustily that night for the loss of his second mother, and Florence too had lost a true friend.

(Concluded at page 85.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

5.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. How would you divide five shillings into twenty-four coins?

2. A man bought ninety-six apples at three a penny and the same number at two a penny, and sold them at five for twopence. Did he gain or lose?

3. A and B play at marbles: they begin with the same number; when A has won twenty he has then twice as many as B. How many had they at first?

4. Two boys had a bag of nuts: the first took half; the second took three-quarters of the remainder; there where then fifteen left. How many were there at first?

C. C.

6.—PUZZLES.

Wise sayings of different nations.

TRANSPOSE the following words so as to make sentences of the nature of proverbs.

1. Himself chastens that is happy he.
2. Your hedge your neighbour pull not down but love.
3. Much worth little cost but are words good.
4. Gift a wicked man's of his master a touch hath.
5. Always a fool sometimes one every none is.
6. Are found fish great great rivers in lest be drowned you but heed take.
7. Waters still take heed of away pass quick the.
8. On work but ease of think.
9. An oak fells not stroke one.
10. A fool that a service child's despiseth is he.
11. Sweet the bee stings the honey but is.
12. An ass you that throws a horse that carries than you better is.

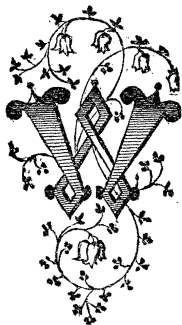
C. C.

[Answers at page 102.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|----------------|----------------|------------------|
| 4.—1. Soldier. | 6. Breakfast. | 11. Theatre. |
| 2. Unicorn. | 7. Neighbour. | 12. Patience. |
| 3. Crystal. | 8. Ocean. | 13. Feather. |
| 4. Creature. | 9. Earldom. | 14. Earthenware. |
| 5. Saltpetre. | 10. Anchorite. | |

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.



TRAP-BALL, TENNIS, TIP-CAT.

WE do not know who was the inventor of the game of trap-ball, and, if he deserved a medal for his discovery, it is certain that he did not get one. But, as he would not have expected it, he was none the worse off. Most likely he had no idea he was starting a game which was to last on for hundreds of years.

We see by old figures in books that it was known in the fourteenth century, but probably it is of much older date.

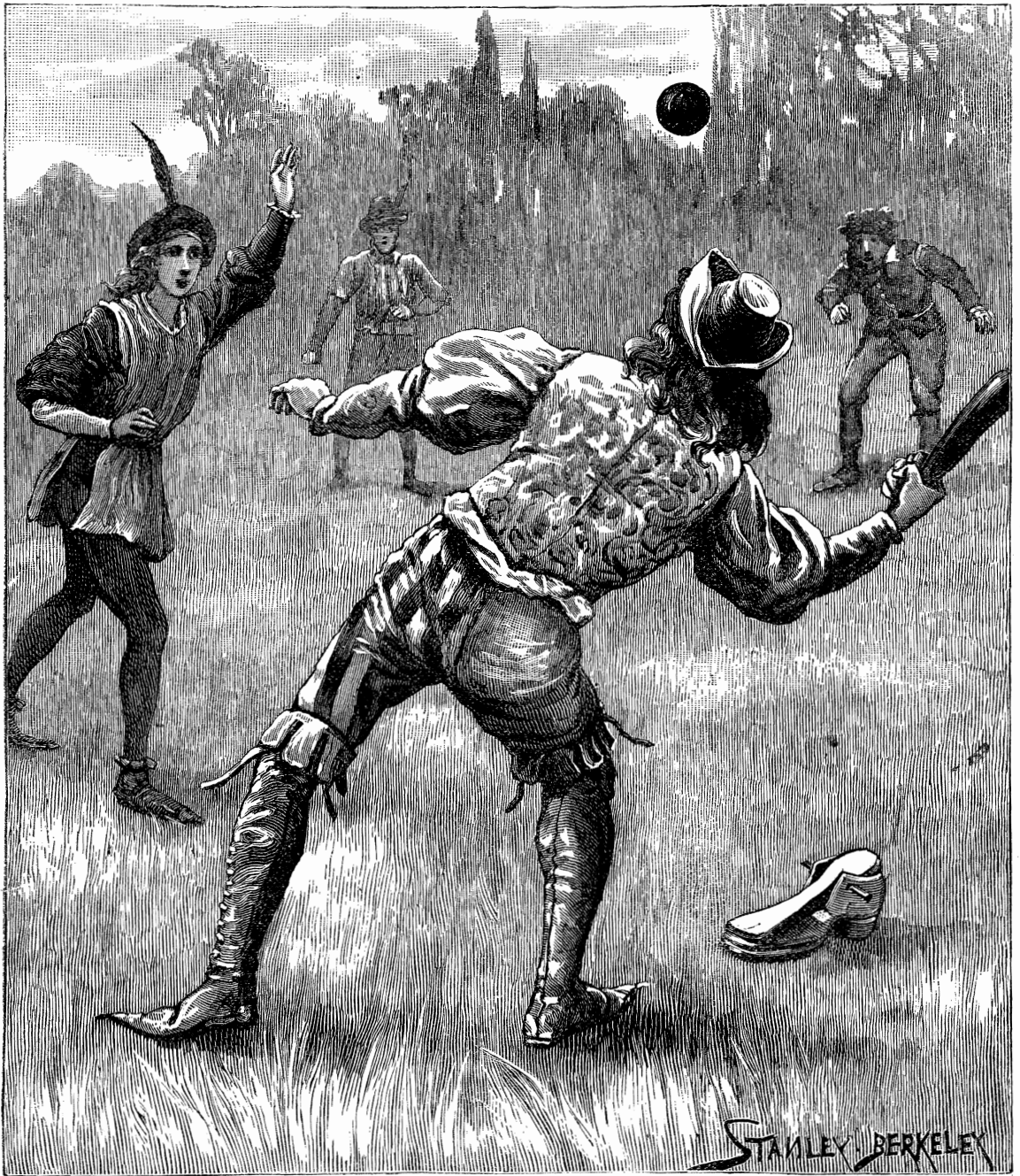
For a long time it was very popular amongst the Londoners, though they did not always play the game in one way. The earliest picture we have of the trap shows it as raised upon a leg or stand, which is two, or perhaps three feet high. This was an advantage to the batsman, since it saved him the trouble of stooping. The trap we usually see is like a shoe, the ball being put in the heel part, and it is placed on the ground. Then, in the old picture, the player holds a bat so large that it would be indeed clumsy of him if he failed to hit the ball when it rose. Some people think that, at the old game of trap-ball, they played as many as six, or even eight on a side, the object being to make the largest score, not of runs but of strokes, which were counted as good when the ball went through two boundaries,

marked a little distance from the trap. It would seem that the batsman could not have a long innings, for some of the players stood round, and if they caught the ball, then he was out; and also if, in throwing the ball back to him, the trap was struck. Some of the poor folk who had no trap had a contrivance to do without one: they made a round hole in the ground, and put across this hole either a broad smooth bone, or a flat piece of wood—whatever it was, being made slanting, it made a rest or lever for the ball. When striking it from the ground in this way, the players had to use a stout stick, not a bat. Some could send the ball, by such a stick, to a long distance off, and one game with it was, that he who was in had to guess how many lengths of the cudgel it had gone. After it was measured, if he had guessed under the number, all of them were put to his score, but if he had said more than the number really was, then he lost all of them. Sometimes they played a game in which a long cord was fastened to the trap, and every stroke was measured by this, and the batsman who hit the ball farthest away from the trap was the winner.

It is likely that the beginning of the favourite game of tennis was a sort of ball play, in which they sent the ball backwards and forwards with slaps of the open hand. This game must have made the hands of the players tingle rather, so they guarded them by gloves, or, now and then, by cords tied round; and one advantage of striking with the hand shielded was that the ball bounced more forcibly. Somebody then thought that it would be an improvement if the stroke was given by something held in the hand. It is supposed that the racket was contrived by a French gentleman, for the game of tennis was a great favourite in France. It was brought from that country to London about 400 years ago. During the times of the Tudors, tennis-courts were common in London and other towns, some of them covered in, so that people could play in wet or in cold weather. We have a rough picture in an old book which shows one of these courts; and there is across the middle, not as now netting, but a line stretched, over which all the players had to strike, or to pay a forfeit. And from this arose a saying, 'You have gone under the line,' meaning that a person had not succeeded in something he had been trying to do.

Henry VII., and his son, Henry VIII., were both fond of the game, and often played at Whitehall with English nobles and visitors from abroad. In the accounts about the king's dresses, we find entered tennis coats and slippers. We do not know what were the old rules of the game, but they did not always have the same number of players. In the thirteenth year of his reign, Henry VIII. is said to have played eleven games one day against the Prince of Orange, each having two companions, and they left off equal. James I., in a book of good advice which he wrote for his son, tells him to play at tennis, since it was a proper game for a prince.

Those who live in London, or come to it frequently, are aware that the boys have certain times for certain games, which come in their turns. There is a season when cat, or tip-cat, is a favourite one, and it is not pleasant to those who may happen to pass while street urchins are playing at it on the pavement,

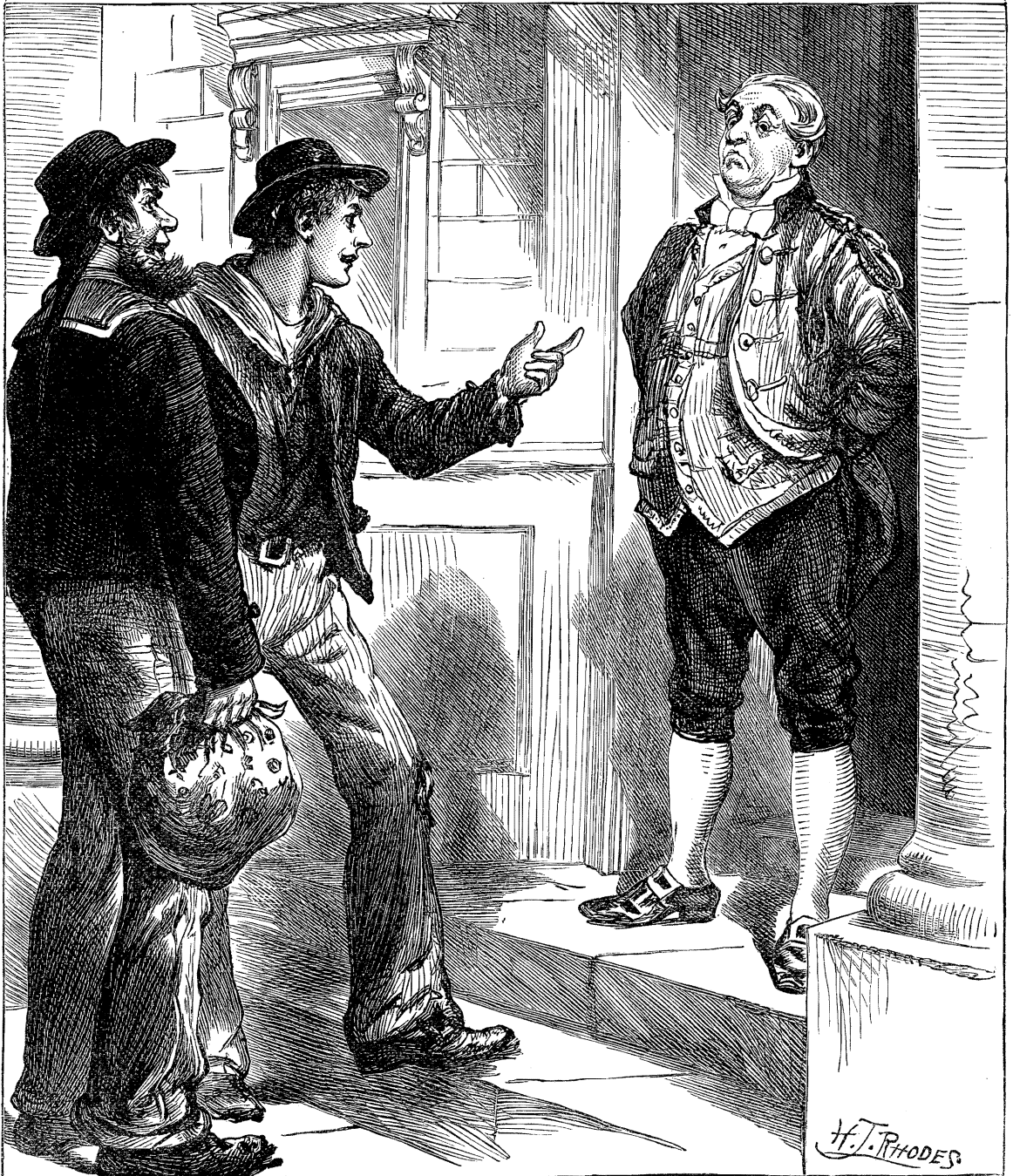


Trap-ball.

because a chance stroke may send the 'cat' into a person's eye. This game is an old one, but in former times the Londoners were wise enough not to play it along the streets, having plenty of open spaces near. In shape, the cat is what we call a double cone, both ends being pointed. It answers the purpose both of trap and ball, rising sharply when one end is struck with a stick. One way of playing it

was to make a large ring upon the ground; the player stood in the middle, and tried to knock the cat out of the ring. If he managed it, then the distance between the centre of the ring and the place where the cat fell was measured, and this was put down to his score; and so he went on till he failed to send the cat beyond the ring, and was 'out.'

J. S. CLIFFORD.



"The Port Admiral does not receive common sailors."

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 76.)



OR some minutes after telling her sad story, the poor girl sobbed silently, whilst Herrick turned away with a lump rising in his throat. When he again faced her, his own eyes were wet, and his voice trembled.

'Poor girl, poor girl!' was all he said.

Presently she dried her eyes, and, with an effort, she resumed her story.

'The old man you saw at the cottage took me to his wife—she is a cold, hard woman, but she has always treated me well and kindly. I suppose I am wicked to complain, but oh, how I long for just one kind heart to whom I can pour out my sorrows, and who will feel for me and be my real friend.'

'Let me be your friend,' Herrick exclaimed, earnestly. 'I am a prisoner here for as long as they choose to keep me, but I will remain here always to protect you, if you only say the word.'

'No, no. I do value your friendship, but I could not bear that any one I liked should have anything to do with the lawless men here. They are far worse than smugglers; they are the wretches who lured our ship to destruction, and they are the murderers of my mother!'

'Wreckers!' exclaimed Herrick, aghast.

'Yes, it was they who lighted the false fires that brought the ship on to those breakers there, and since that awful night, two other wretched ships have been wrecked there, to satisfy their craving for plunder!'

Herrick stood there horrified. For smugglers the young man-o'-war's-man had always felt a certain respect, as all brave men feel for a brave foe; but that this should be a community of wreckers that he found himself amongst was an awful thought. Such wretches were murderers on a wholesale scale, whose lust for plunder was only to be satisfied by an appalling sacrifice of human life, so reckless as to make the blood run cold at thought of it. And when he reflected that this helpless girl was thus doomed to live out her life amidst such surroundings, his heart was deeply stirred.

'Tell me your name,' he said abruptly to the girl.

'Sylvia Clive.'

Herrick thought a moment, and then said, 'Have you no relatives with whom I could communicate, if I either escaped or waited till they took me up the coast and set me free?'

'Yes, my father still lives, I fervently hope, but he must long since have thought me dead—drowned in the ship with my mother. I cannot tell you where he is; but surely an officer in the British army should be easy to find?'

'Quite easy, and I will find him. It grieves me to leave you here, though but for a short time, but I fear I must do so. In return for picking us up at sea, and feeding and lodging us here, I would gladly have forgotten their hiding-place, had they been only

smugglers; but wreckers are villains of such deep dye, that I should disgrace the uniform I am proud to wear if I let pass one single hour without informing the authorities, and myself helping, if they see fit, to destroy such a brood of vipers before they can betray another hapless vessel to her doom. My first care shall be to save you, and take you, I most earnestly trust, back to your father's arms.'

Soon afterwards, and with renewed protestations of friendship, they parted, lest some of the marauding band should catch them, and suspect mischief. To arouse their distrust would be, in effect, to frustrate the scheme just then dimly forming in the young sailor's active mind.

A week passed slowly away, and each day, at some period or other, Herrick contrived to meet Sylvia, and discuss his plan for escape with her. Briefly, it was this: that Batson and he should await a favourable chance to seize their own little lugger, row her down the estuary, and then, when fairly outside, set their sail and make the best of their way up the coast. This would necessarily have to be done at nightfall, so as to give them a fair start, for Sylvia, shuddering fearfully as she spoke, warned the young man that the wreckers were quite indifferent to the taking of human life, if they thought their own safety in any danger. Herrick promised to be careful for her sake, if not for his own, and then he resumed the telling of his plan. He would, if he succeeded in escaping, try to make his way to either Falmouth or Devonport, and there give information of the whereabouts of this gang of desperadoes, and crave leave to himself form one of the attacking party which would doubtless be dispatched to punish or capture them. He implored Sylvia to trust everything to him, and promised that, at the first possible moment, he would find out her father and acquaint him with the joyful news that his daughter still lived.

Each day did these two bid each other a half-sorrowing farewell when they parted, as neither knew when the attempt at escape could be made. Everything must be left to the chances of the hour. By this period John Herrick had arrived at the stage of being very terribly in love, and the difference in station between himself and the object of his affections caused him much trouble and worry. True, he belonged to a glorious service, and these were stirring times. But he was a 'foremast hand,' and she a high-born gentlewoman. Oh, that he might in some way distinguish himself, and rise so high in his profession that boldly he might go to her father and claim her as his bride! Then a flood of bitterness would almost overwhelm him, and he would murmur sadly to himself, 'All dreams, John Herrick! all dreams!'

All this time old Bill Batson had been what he called 'keeping his starboard eye' on the shore, and one fine day, with many nods and winks, he informed Herrick that he had marked down exactly where their boat lay, with only a little kedge anchor out to hold her.

'And so, my lad, if the boys are the boys, the night is the night!' he concluded, somewhat obscurely. 'We can slip down directly after eight-bells supper. Mind you line your hold well, for we shall

not be able to take anything in the boat with us. We shall not be many hours slipping up the coast to Falmouth or Plymouth with this strong westerly breeze, if it holds on, and it has got every appearance of holding, or I don't know my own rating. Mind, now, we get up from the table at different times and stroll out by opposite doors, so as to look quite innocent-like; then, once you're out of eye-shot, off with you down the face of the cliff, and look out for me at the creek-head. Nobody's at all likely to be there, except perhaps old Jan. If he is, well, we must contrive that for some hours he does even less talking than he would do naturally, that's all!

In vain did Herrick try to see Sylvia, for just one last word of farewell, and he had to be content to gaze at her window, and breathe a fervent prayer to Heaven for her safety in the present, and a speedy rescue from her surroundings. Then he repaired to the long, low hut, and made what preparations he was able for the coming attempt to escape.

When, at the sound of the horn, the men assembled, as was their wont, at supper, both Batson and Herrick noticed with uneasiness that the burly Dutchman was missing from his usual place. However, all the rest were there except those then at sea, and this in itself was some consolation.

Batson was the first to rise from the table. He, with much show of deliberation in his movements, lighted his pipe, stretched his arms upwards over his head, and strolled out of the back door. Herrick allowed some ten minutes to elapse, and then he also slowly rose and made his way outside by the other door. Bill had, the moment he got outside, promptly extinguished his pipe, as likely to tell tales of his whereabouts. Then, silently but swiftly, he strode away, and in a few moments' time he was hidden in the darkness of the night.

Within a quarter of an hour Herrick had joined his messmate at the foot of the cliff. Without speaking, they walked quietly along the beach, until suddenly Batson gripped his companion's arm, and silently pointed seawards. Herrick raised his eyes to follow the direction of the old seaman's stretched-out hand, and just made out in the deep darkness a burly human form, stooping down over the gunwale of a small boat, hauled high up on the beach.

Beckoning to his friend to follow him, the boat-swain's mate, step by step, approached the stooping figure from behind. When within five yards of it he made a sudden rush, and, with a violent shove, bundled him neck and crop over the side and into the bottom of the boat, where he lay for a moment face downwards and speechless with sheer astonishment.

'Quick! rip that sail down; that's it. Now throw that over his head, so—pass along that bit of line. Now help me to get it round his figure-head—right over, right over, man! Don't be afraid of suffocating him. It takes a lot to choke a Dutchman, you know! Slip that cord round his legs; now make the other end fast to the thwart. That's it; he'll lie there nice and comfortable till somebody comes across him in the morning.'

Having thus secured the Dutchman, the two

sailors quickly waded into the water to where their own small lugger lay. Herrick quietly got out the oars, whilst Batson hauled in the slack of the anchor line, and then, with a vigorous jerk, he heaved the little ledge out of the sandy bottom. Directly he had got it into the boat each of them seized an oar, and muffling the sound as well as they were able by tying handkerchiefs round the parts working in the row-locks, they rowed silently down the cove.

Fortunately for the fugitives there was no moon. Hardly had they cleared the mouth of the estuary, and felt the welcome rolling of the Atlantic beneath them, when a dark mass loomed up against the skyline, and the distant sound of voices warned them that some of the smugglers were returning from sea. They ceased rowing, and in perfect silence lay to, whilst the larger vessel stole past them in the darkness and turned into the mouth of the cove.

'All's well that ends well,' whispered the old tar. 'I had clean forgot, to tell the truth, about the rest of the gang being at sea, and likely to come back. If they had been a little bit sooner and caught us in the cove, it would have been all up with us, I expect. We couldn't hope for them to have missed us there.'

With a steady, favouring breeze blowing briskly from the westward, and on top of a strong tide, the lugger quickly slipped along up the coast. The cold, especially towards morning, tried them, but the weather remained fine and dry, and they reckoned upon making Falmouth in the course of the coming day. The two men took alternate spells of an hour each at the tiller. In this way they had sailed until about noon, when they were sighted by a dispatch boat. This vessel bore up for them, upon a handkerchief being waved, and the two were soon taken on board her, whilst their boat was towed astern.

To the lieutenant who commanded her they soon told their story. He was bound up-channel, and offered to put them ashore anywhere they chose, advising them, nevertheless, not to go into Falmouth, as just then there were no war-ships there, but to go on to Plymouth and see the Port Admiral himself. He was in a better position than any one else to send a force promptly to capture this band of thieves and murderers.

Herrick and Batson at once agreed to take this course; and then, after a hearty meal below, the two turned in to get some greatly needed sleep.

Standing in until close to the Eddystone rock, the dispatch vessel put the two survivors of the *Hecate* on their own little lugger once more, and left them to run easily into Plymouth. This they did safely in less than two hours' time; and then, after mooring their boat alongside the quay, they at once started for the official residence of the Port Admiral.

At that important mansion fresh troubles began. The flunkey who opened the door informed them, with an air of great loftiness, that the Port Admiral did not receive 'common sailors,' nor did his secretary do so either. No, it was no use their stopping on the doorstep 'argufying.' He should certainly not take in a message—he had other things to do. Besides, how did he know but what they might take



Pretty Puss.

the coats and hats if he left them alone in the hall? Would they please to step aside, as here was a gentleman who had an appointment with the Port Admiral. As the sailors turned away in bitter mortification they came face to face with Captain Dunwich!

(Continued at page 91.)

PRETTY PUSS.

I AM a perfect beauty! So I'm told
By every one who has the sense to see;
Although the master thinks me somewhat bold
Because I like to jump upon his knee.

My temper is so gentle and so sweet
That all the little children love me well,
And when they see me scamper down the street,
Their happiness is more than tongue can tell.

But here I must confess that I can spit!
And show my teeth, when boys are rude enough
To cry, 'Here comes a cat! Let's torture it—
'Tis jolly fun to see it in a puff!'

But, boys, if you are only kind to me,
And stroke with gentle hand my pretty fur,
My teeth and claws you'll never, never see,
Although you'll often hear me gently purr.

M.



"Well, sir, how do you think you shall like me?"

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

PAUL DOMBEY.

(Concluded from page 78.)

WHEN Paul was five years old he was a pretty little fellow, with a wan and wistful face, and a strange, old-fashioned, thoughtful way. After dinner

his tiny chair was carried down from the nursery into his father's room and placed by the fire, where Mr. Dombey was sitting, stiff and starched, thinking of the days when his son would be a man.

'Papa,' said Paul on one of these occasions, 'what's money?'

Mr. Dombey, whose thoughts had been running upon money-making, was quite startled by the

abruptness of the question coming from the little child beside him. 'What is money, Paul?' he answered. 'Money? . . . Gold, and silver, and copper. Guineas, shillings, and halfpence. You know what they are?'

'Oh, yes, I know what they are,' said Paul. 'I don't mean that, papa. I mean, what is money after all?'

'What is money after all?' said Mr. Dombey in extreme surprise.

'I mean, papa, what can it do?' returned Paul.

'You'll know better by-and-by,' he said. 'Money, Paul, can do anything.'

'Anything, papa?'

'Yes; anything almost,' said Mr. Dombey.

'Why didn't money save me my mamma?' returned the child. 'It isn't cruel, is it? . . . It can't make me strong and well, papa, can it?' asked Paul, after a short silence.

'Why, you are strong and quite well,' returned Mr. Dombey. 'Are you not?'

'I am so tired sometimes,' said little Paul, 'and my bones ache so, that I don't know what to do.'

'Aye, but that's at night,' said Mr. Dombey, drawing his chair closer to his son's, and laying his hand gently on his back. 'Little people should be tired at night, for then they sleep well.'

'Oh, it's not at night, papa,' returned the child, 'it's in the day; and I lie down in Florence's lap and she sings to me. At night I dream about such curious things.'

This conversation alarmed Mr. Dombey, and he asked Mrs. Chick what she thought of Paul's health; then it was decided to send him to a school at Brighton kept by a Mrs. Pipchin. Florence was to go too, and Wickham the nurse. In a few days little Paul saw his aunt Mrs. Chick drive away from Mrs. Pipchin's, and heard that lady asking him, 'Well, sir, how do you think you shall like me?'

'I don't think I shall like you at all,' replied Paul.

'I want to go away. This isn't my house.'

'No; it's mine,' retorted Mrs. Pipchin.

'It's a very nasty one,' said Paul.

'There's a worse place in it than this though,' said Mrs. Pipchin, 'where we shut up our bad boys.'

Every day Paul would sit or lie in a little carriage, that had been bought for him, beside the sea, listening to the noise of the rolling waves, and asking Florence what they kept on saying; and very often in the midst of their talk he would break off to try and understand what it was that the waves were always saying.

When Paul had been at Mrs. Pipchin's about a year, his father decided to send him to an expensive school in Brighton kept by a Dr. Blimber. Florence was to stay on at Mrs. Pipchin's and that lady was to look after little Paul. On Saturdays at noon Florence came to fetch her brother, and that always delighted him. He could scarcely bear the parting on Sunday evenings, for she was to him everything that was beautiful. He did not care to play with any other children; he was happy only with her. Paul's lessons were hard to learn, and often the child was sorely puzzled over them. He had been handed over to Miss Blimber to teach, and she certainly kept him 'at it.'

He told his troubles to his sister, and she, seeing how tired he was, coaxed Susan Nipper, her maid, to buy a set of books like those from which Paul learnt, and then, when Mrs. Pipchin and all the household were asleep, she would study the same lessons as he had to prepare, so that she might be able to help her young brother.

High was her reward when, one Saturday evening, as little Paul was sitting down as usual to 'resume his studies,' she sat down by his side, and showed him all that was so dark, made clear and plain before him. It was nothing but a startled look in Paul's wan face, a flush, a smile, and then a close embrace, but her heart leaped up at this payment for her trouble.

'Oh, Floy!' cried her brother, 'how I love you! How I love you, Floy!'

'And I you, dear.'

'Oh, I am sure of that, Floy!'

He said no more about it, but all that evening he sat close by her, very quiet; and in the night he called out from his little room within hers, three or four times, that he loved her.

Among Paul's friends at Dr. Blimber's school was a four-footed one, a rough, shaggy dog, called Diogenes. There was also a youth named 'Toots,' a good-hearted but not very bright lad, one of whose amusements was to address letters to himself, from imaginary people of title, asking him out to dinner and tea. Big Toots and little Dombey were quite friends; Toots would have done anything to please his small, delicate companion.

Just before the midsummer vacation, little Paul, who was eagerly looking forward to the time when he would be with Florence daily, was sitting in the room of Mr. Feeder, one of the masters, when his head began to droop lower, and lower, until it rested at last on Mr. Feeder's knee. Paul Dombey had fainted! Everybody was very kind to him. Dr. Blimber came to see him; Toots carried him tenderly upstairs; and Mrs. Pipchin looked in to inquire about him.

The break-up day a rived at length, and there was to be an evening party to which each of Dr. Blimber's young gentlemen had been politely invited by a special card. Florence was to be there, and Paul felt so proud and happy as he thought how all the boys would admire his beautiful sister for her goodness and sweet ways.

Several times he heard people speak of him as 'old-fashioned,' and when Florence came, dressed in her simple ball-dress, with fresh flowers in her hand, and knelt down on the ground to take Paul round the neck and kiss him, he asked her, 'Tell me, dear, do you think I have grown old-fashioned?'

The party over, the time arrived for leave-taking.

'Good-bye, Dr. Blimber,' said Paul, stretching out his hand.

'Good-bye, my little friend,' returned the Doctor.

'I'm very much obliged to you, sir,' said Paul, looking innocently up into his awful face. 'Ask them to take care of Diogenes, if you please.'

The boys were all so sorry to see Dombey go; they could not refrain from taking quite a noisy leave; waving hats after him, pressing downstairs to shake hands with him, each one crying out, 'Dombey, don't forget me!'

The little boy was not to be taken home as soon as he expected; for days and nights he lay in bed at Mrs. Pipchin's with Florence sitting by his side, and everything happening as though he were in a dream. He could not remember whether he had often said to Florence, 'Oh, Floy, take me home, and never leave me!' But he thought he had.

When the old coach had rumbled along for many an hour, Paul reached his father's house, and there upon his own bed, with his aunt and Susan beside him, he said, 'I want to speak to Florence by herself for a moment.'

She bent over him, and the others stood away.

'Floy, my pet, wasn't that papa in the hall when they brought me from the coach?'

'Yes, dear.'

'He didn't cry and go into his room, Floy, did he, when he saw me coming in?'

Florence shook her head and pressed her lips against his cheek.

'I'm very glad he didn't cry,' said little Paul. 'I thought he did. Don't tell him that I asked.'

One night he had been thinking of his mother, when he asked, 'Floy, did I ever see mamma?'

'No, darling. Why?'

'Did I never see any kind face like a mamma's looking at me, when I was a baby, Floy?' he asked, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

'Oh, yes, dear!'

'Whose, Floy?'

'Your old nurse's often. . . .'

'Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!'

'She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow.'

They sent for Mrs. Richards, and the loving-hearted woman wept over the dying boy, the little baby she had nursed and dandled on her knee. His father was by his side, and in the room were faces that he knew.

'Now lay me down,' he said, 'and, Floy, come close to me and let me see you!'

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them locked together. . . .

'Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face. . . . The light about the head is shining on me as I go.'

And those who looked on little Dombey saw upon his face the old, old fashion—Death!

SERVED OUT.

A SOMEWHAT amusing incident is told of a woman whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole of the property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made. Accordingly he was closely muffled in bed, as if very sick, and the lawyer was called in to write the will. The shoemaker, in a feeble voice, bequeathed half of all the property to the widow.

'What shall be done with the remainder?' asked the lawyer.

'The remainder,' replied he, 'I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbour and a deserving man,' thus securing a rich bequest for himself. The widow was thunderstruck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare to expose the fraud, and so the two rogues shared the estate.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

OUR BLACK CAT, PHIP.

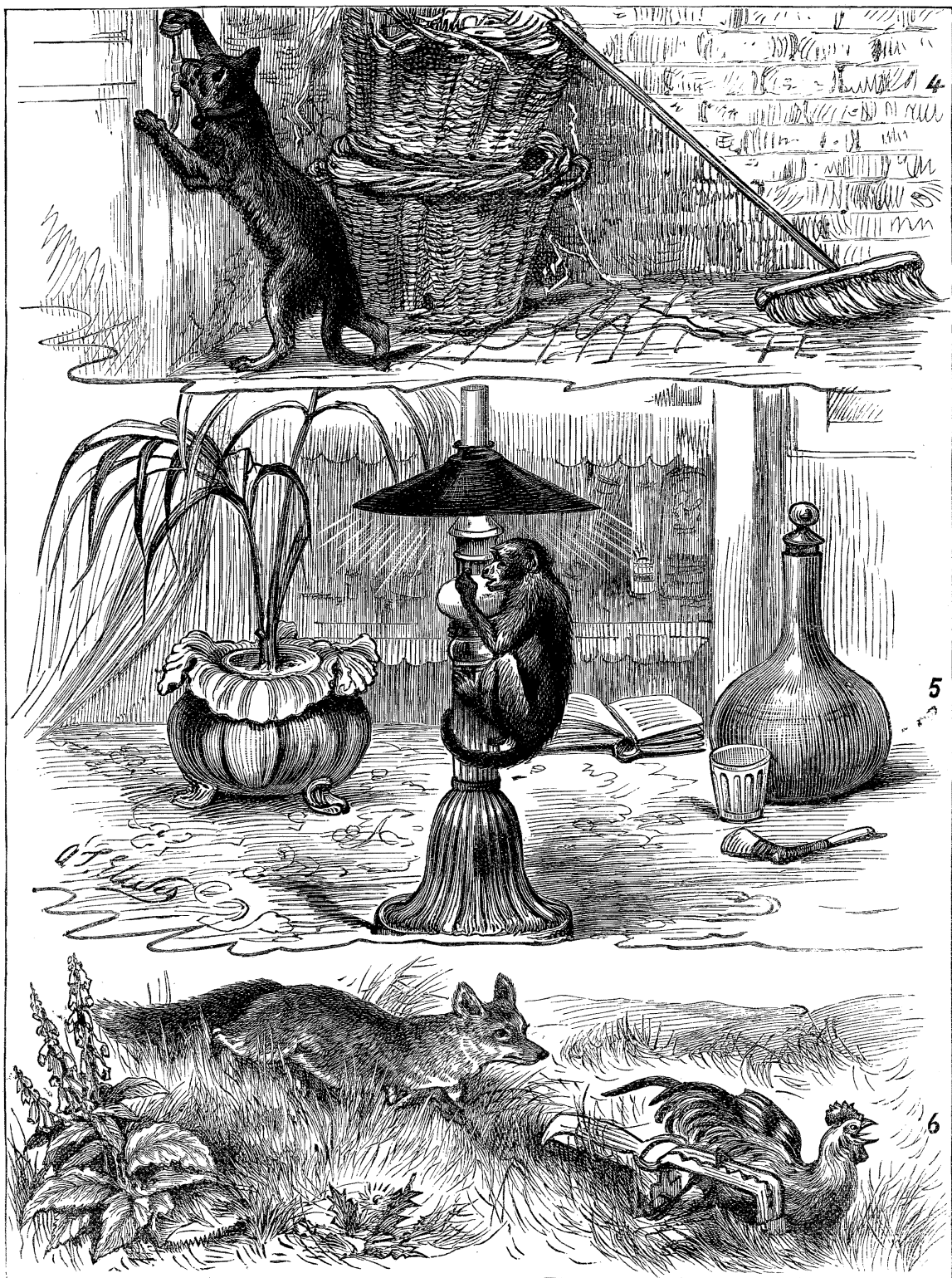
WE call him the demon, he is always up to such mischief. Here we represent him anxious to get out into the front of the house. We had carefully kept him at the back, as we were afraid of losing him. But now he unfastens the door for himself, and walks out whenever he gets the chance, and sometimes he comes in again the same way. He prefers to come in like a gentleman at the street door. He gets the door opened by giving it a succession of taps with his paws, as he can't reach the knocker. He is the terror of all the cats at the back, and he keeps them well out of his garden when he gets a chance.

THE SICK MONKEY.

THE late Mr. F. Buckland tells an interesting incident of monkey life. A certain little monkey was a sad thief, and was constantly getting into trouble for his thefts. Mr. Buckland says: 'I turned his thieving to good account. Master Jack showed signs of consumption, and was prescribed cod-liver oil. I placed it on the table before him, but he refused to take it at any price. But I found by placing a saucerful out of sight, so that he might find it by accident, he took it, but for a time only; afterwards I found my little friend with his long tail and arms tightly clasped round my lamp, stealing the colza oil as it dropped down from the wick. He managed to get one of his long spider-like fingers through the brass-work of the lamp, and held it there, catching the drops as they fell; he then put his finger in his mouth and sucked it off, as a child would sugar-candy. How he managed to gaze at the strong light I can't imagine, but so he did with many a frown. I placed colza oil before him: yet he would not touch it; nevertheless, he had no objection in stealing it for himself, and I thoroughly believe that it saved his life.'

FOX AND TRAP.

A TRAP had been set on a farm in Lincolnshire, as a fox was lurking about, and destroying and carrying off many of the hens in the poultry yard. After the trap was set, a foolish cockerel got himself caught, so that when Master Reynard appeared he found a supper already laid for him, which he quickly enjoyed. Not long afterwards he was caught himself, but he managed to get away, leaving one of his paws behind him. As no record came to hand that a three-footed fox had been caught in the neighbourhood, it was supposed that the poor animal must have died in some hole, unseen and forgotten.



4. — Our Black Cat, Phip.

5. — The Sick Monkey.

6. — Fox and Trap.



Seth Baldur encounters two Braves.



SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. II.

YOU want to know how I got away when I was found out trying to pass myself off as a Blackfoot brave, eh? Well, I'm agreeable. It was just this way: General Soutar had engaged me as scout, and he was keen to find out what direction the Blackfeet meant to go in when they started on the war-path. The General came to me and said:

'Seth, it will save us a sight of trouble if we could get information of their movements. How is it to be done?'

I thought a minute, and then I answered: 'If you will leave me a half-hour to cypher it all out, General, I'll find a way.'

Well, half an hour later, after I had had a big think, I went up to him and told him I had got a scheme.

'Out with it, Seth,' he says.

'Well, sir, it's this: I'll just stalk through their camp, dressed as a Blackfoot brave, and chance whether they discover me or not.'

'And if they do?' says he.

'That must be left to circumstances, General. I shall save my scalp if I can, you may be sure.'

He was a hard old fellow, General Soutar, and thought very little of the risk I was running. To be just to him, though, I will say that he never flinched from any danger himself; if he was hard on us, he was just as hard on himself.

So, next day, I started off on foot, fully rigged out, and, I flatter myself, looking the character to the life. I hung about on the outskirts of the Indians' lodges till I saw a big hunting party go in; then, as it was dark, I judged that they would never notice me, and I joined them and walked into camp, as bold as brass.

No one seemed to see me for an hour or two, and as talk was going on pretty freely amongst the squaws, I soon picked up all I wanted to know. Then I reckoned that it would be better for my health if I took a walk, and put some miles between me and the Redskins as soon as ever I could. I sauntered, sort of lazily, around, getting nearer to the outskirts all the time. Just as I had nearly reached the furthest lodge, two young braves came out of it and walked straight up to me.

I thought I was done. The first Redskin peered into my face, and then turned and gave an ugly grin at his companion. The next moment, he had me by the hair with one hand, while his scalping-knife glittered in the other.

I judged it was time for me to go, and go in a hurry. I hit him so sharp in the stomach, that before he could let go a war-whoop, he was doubled up. I dashed past the other, who fired his rifle at me at twenty paces and clean missed; then I lit out and legged it, for all that I was worth!

There was over five miles of prairie—I forgot to tell you, we were at the head-waters of the Missouri River then—between me and the camp, and part of the ground was scattered pretty thickly with prickly pear. I had only the thinnest mocassins on my feet, and the pear was through them every other step. Still, when there's a matter of three or four score of yelling Indians close behind, you don't stop, as a rule, to take a thorn out of your foot!

Well, sir, I am not sure that I ever travelled quite so fast as I did that day, in all my life, before or since. I should think I ran more than a mile before daring to take a glance over my shoulder to see how near they were. I judged it to be about fifty yards, but I didn't stop to measure! Every now and again a rifle bullet whizzed past me, or fell short with a dull 'plug' into the ground. About the end of two miles, I had outrun the main body, all in fact, but four or five, and one of these—the leader—I could see was my master for pace and last, too. When he got to within twenty yards, he stopped to hurl his spear. I jumped on one side and escaped it. I picked up a big stone and let fly with it, full in his face. I heard a howl, so guessed it had struck him, but I never stopped to look. The others began gaining on me, and, just then, we came to a cotton swamp. I dashed through it, and into the river beyond. I swam quietly to a little island, but dared not land. I found a lot of driftwood against the 'current end' of the island, and, diving beneath it, came up again about the middle. Here I was completely hidden, as I thought. Still, the moon kept shining out as it had been doing all through that terrible chase. On came the copper-skins, whooping and yelling like so many red fiends. They searched both sides of the river, and all along the banks of the island. Then—well, if such a thing is possible, which I'm told it isn't—I knew what it was for my heart to stand still! One of the Redskins, laying flat on his face, on the bank, pulled two or three pieces of drift-wood away, and looked straight into the place where I was. If it hadn't been that a small cloud drifted across the face of the moon at that minute—well, I shouldn't be telling you this story. In the darkness, I held my breath and quietly sank under the surface. I kept below as long as my lungs held out, and when I rose again, the Redskin was gone and I was safe! They gave me up soon after, and, next morning, when I saw the coast was clear, I made the best of my way into camp again.

'Well done, Seth; you've hurried back I suppose?' said General Soutar when he saw me.

'Yes, General. I reckon I hurried back!' I answered—and then I told him the story, just as I've told it to you.

FOX RUSSELL.

POLLY PUTOFF.

POLLY PUTOFF! Wasn't that a dreadful name for a little girl to have? Of course it wasn't her real name—that was Polly Putnam—but everybody called her by her other name, so that it might as well have been the only one she had.

Of course you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off doing everything as long as she possibly could, and the consequence was that very frequently she didn't do things at all.

If any one sent a letter to the post-office by Polly it was pretty sure to be too late to go in the mail; if mother wished anything for dinner, and sent Polly for it, it was sure not to come in time to be cooked for that day's dinner.

'Oh, you can depend on Polly for one thing,' Uncle Will would say, with a merry twinkle in his eye. 'You can depend on her putting off everything, but that is all you can depend on.'

And I am sorry to say he spoke the truth.

'Polly, Polly!' mother would say in despair, 'how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?'

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her mother and father intended to give her. There were many things which she wished, but she didn't know which of all these she was going to get. She rather thought that a music-box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and shown them to her father and mother, and Polly had gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle, but she was afraid that they didn't mean to get her one.

'Polly,' mother said that morning, 'here is a letter that I want you to post before school. Be sure to start early, so you will have plenty of time.'

'Yes, mother,' answered Polly, putting the letter in her pocket, and off she started.

As she passed the schoolhouse she saw the girls playing, and she stopped 'just a moment.' Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to some man in the next town.

'Oh, it hasn't got very far to go; it will do if I post it after school.'

After school she forgot all about the letter, and took it home again.

'Did you post my letter, Polly?' asked mother, when Polly was studying her lessons that evening.

Polly's face grew very red, and she put her hand in her pocket. There was the letter, and she drew it out and laid it on the table.

'I will post it in the morning,' she said, faintly.

'It is too late,' answered mother. 'The man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday.'

'Oh, mother!' exclaimed Polly. 'Is it really too late? Can't I have one?'

Mother shook her head. 'No, I don't know where he is now. If you had not put off posting the letter, he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late, now.'

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though, and she has nearly lost her old name. She forgets sometimes, because bad habits are not easily broken off, but I think that before long she will conquer her old habit of putting off.

THE THRUSH IN SPRING.

THEAR a herald blithely tell
How Winter's on the wing;
The voice is like a silver bell,
The hour is earliest Spring.

Throned high above the quiet stream,
And last year's withered rushes,
Sits he, and when he's culled a theme,
Out, out the anthem gushes.

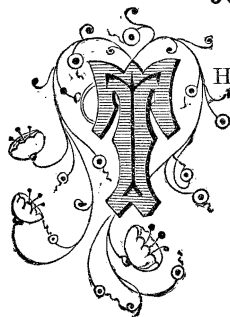
Dear bird, what is the song that thou
Dost so divinely sing?
What cheer to us, what gospel now,
Do thy clear wood-notes bring?

We shall not know, try as we may,
All thy bright warbling means;
But thoughts awaken at thy lay,
Soft thoughts of fairer scenes.

And some deep chord is harped upon,
And vibrates at the strain;
We may be sure, when thou art gone,
Thou hast not sung in vain. G. S. O.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 84.)



HE greeting between Captain Dunwich and his men was so cordial that the flunkey began, for once in a way, to regret his unauthorised rudeness — for the Port Admiral himself, Sir Charles Normanhurst, was the very pattern of an old-world courtesy, now, alas! only too rarely found — and to wish that he had not taken quite so much upon himself. Captain Dunwich listened with great interest to their story of the events which had happened since he parted with them in mid-channel. Then he said: 'You have done well to lose no time in giving information. You must repeat your story to Sir Charles now, and I will conduct you to him. I will also take upon myself to communicate, without an hour's delay, with Colonel Clive, whose whereabouts I can quickly ascertain.' Then, turning to the flunkey, he said: 'Be so good as to inform Sir Charles Normanhurst that Captain Dunwich is here, and would be glad of an interview as soon as possible.'

'This matter must be seen to at once,' was the Port Admiral's comment, after listening to the recital of the seamen. 'If these wretches were only smugglers I should leave the Preventive service to deal with them, merely affording such aid as their officers stood in need of. But wrecking is a terrible danger to every mariner on the coast, and human life may be sacrificed if we delay. I am sure I can intrust no



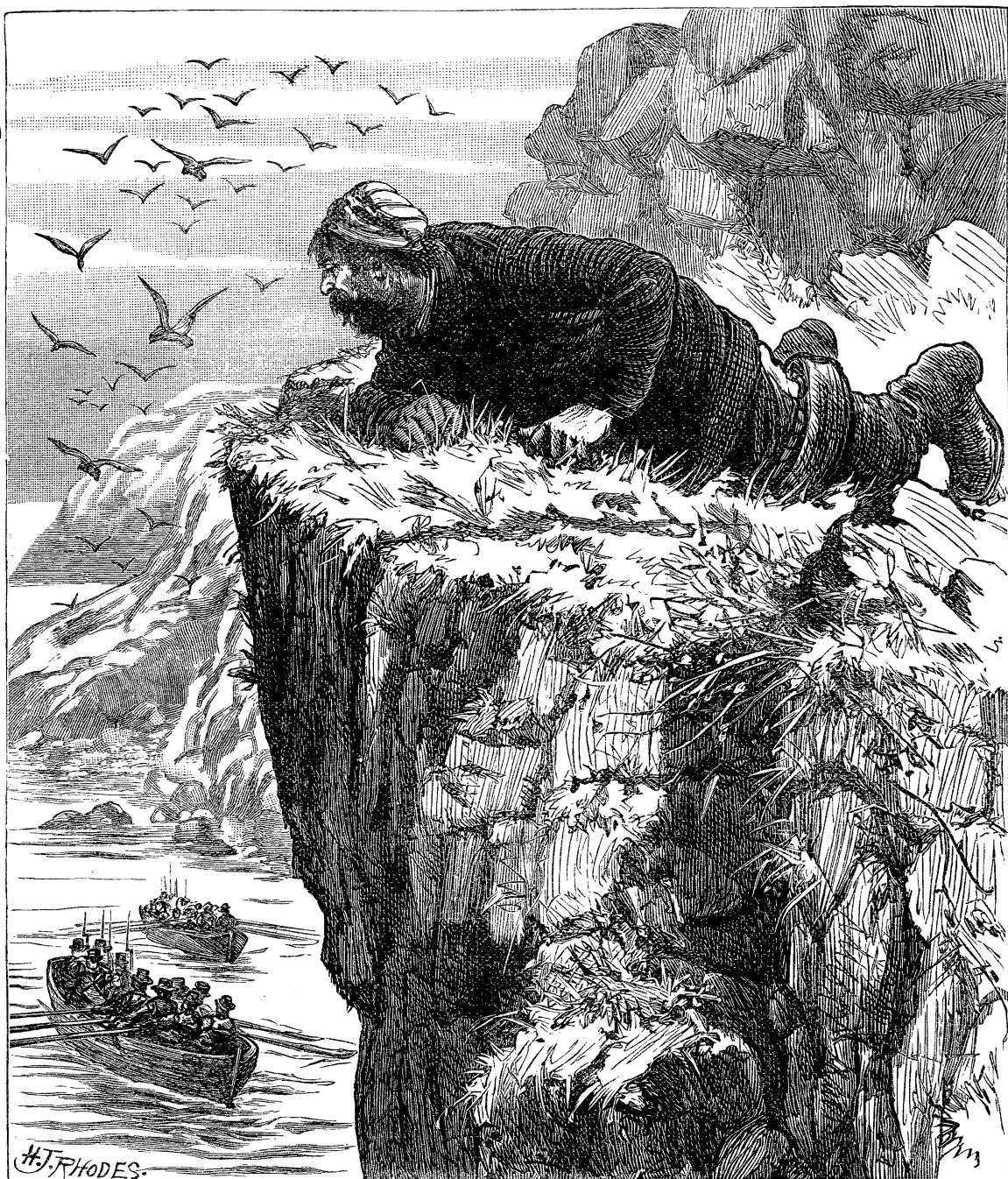
The Thrush in Spring.

abler officer with the command of the expedition than you, my dear Dunwich. Your new ship will not be ready for commission for another week or ten days, and a man of action like you will be glad of a little bit of service in the meantime. The *Viper*, lying here, shall take you and a picked party of men down channel. These two—indicating Herrick and Batson—must act as pioneers, and a file of marines shall go to aid the blue-jackets you take. You must break up their stronghold, and then the Preventive

men must see to putting some of their people permanently on the spot to prevent the rascals returning to renew their schemes of destruction.

Captain Dunwich bowed himself out of the Port Admiral's presence, after a little further talk, very well pleased with the result of the interview. Herrick and Batson followed him downstairs, and when out in the street again, he said,—

'Batson, you will join my new ship, the *Agamemnon*, as boatswain; for you, Herrick, I have still



Jan watching from the Cliffs.

better news. Acting upon my urgent request, the authorities at the Admiralty have been pleased to confer upon you a commission in recognition of your gallant conduct in risking your own life to save mine on the night the *Hecate* was lost. You will be appointed to my ship. I congratulate you with all my heart!' and his captain warmly shook him by the hand. Then, telling both of them to repair on

board the *Agamemnon* for the present, as they were without lodgings in the town, he hurried away.

Bill Batson softly whistled to himself.

'And so I'm bo'sun of the *Agamemnon*, am I? and you, you're a real, ready-made officer, are you? Well, tip us your flapper, mate!' and he gripped Herrick's hand in his own great horny palm, and wrung it heartily. 'I looks towards you! My Lords

of the Admiralty have done the right thing by us. You've got education, and they make a officer of you, and send you to walk the quarter-deck. I've no education, so they makes a bo'sun out of me! Well, well, they couldn't have done better. And now, as we're to sail with the old skipper again, I suppose we may say good-bye to our leave ashore?'

These words reminded Herrick that his own plans for journeying to his home would now probably be frustrated, as he must first accompany the expedition against the Cornish wreckers, and afterwards join his new ship, which Sir Charles had said would be ready for sea in about a week or ten days' time. Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but to bow to the demands of the service, and, quickly going to a neighbouring tavern, he called for pen and paper and wrote a long letter home, whilst Batson amused himself by laying in a stock of tobacco to last him on his next voyage.

That night the newly made officer and the boatswain went off in a shore boat to the *Agamemnon*, a splendid-looking frigate which lay straining at her anchors in the harbour. Captain Dunwich had, very properly, been acquitted of all blame in the matter of losing the *Hecate*, and was, moreover, too good a seaman to be left long on the unemployed list in those war-times. The *Agamemnon* was being fitted out for sea with all possible dispatch, and he was immediately appointed to the command of her. Meantime he had, as we know, much to do.

A long interview took place between the captain, Herrick, and Batson, at which was discussed the situation of the wreckers' lair, and the question of how best to attack them. Captain Dunwich also informed Herrick that he had written a letter to Colonel Clive, then stationed at Woolwich, telling him of his daughter's whereabouts, but that some days must elapse before he could receive an answer. Both Herrick and the boatswain declared that they could find the mouth of the wreckers' cove with little difficulty. This all-important point being settled, the captain went on to say that a force of marines and blue-jackets would be embarked upon the *Viper*, dispatch boat, in the course of the following day. Herrick, Batson, and he himself would join them, and start, without delay, westward. Upon the journey down they would settle upon the details of the assault to be delivered, and the commander especially invited any suggestions that either Herrick or the boatswain could make.

The one idea expressed by the latter worthy was that he should 'get the rascals aboard ship and hang the lot of them at the yard-arm!' but how to 'get them aboard ship' was a problem which the bluff old seaman did not even attempt to solve.

Herrick asked the captain's permission to 'sleep upon' the situation. He wanted time to think, and also he wished to make sure that, whatever plan of action should be determined on, it should not involve the chance of Sylvia Clive being either injured or abducted in the flight of her captors.

Herrick, as he retired that night, felt a proud man indeed, when, instead of the fore-castle, he repaired to the officers' sleeping quarters. He had not yet arrived at the dignity of owning the new uniform, but Captain Dunwich had kindly borrowed one for

him, and although the fit might not have been quite first-rate, yet it served its purpose very well aboard ship.

Early next morning he sought the captain's cabin, and there he set forth to him the plan of attack which he thought would be best under the circumstances. Briefly it was as follows:

That a force of twenty-five or thirty men should be landed two miles east of the cove-mouth, and, guided by the boatswain, should approach the wreckers' huts from the rear, but should make no demonstration until a signal rocket was fired from the ship. This signal would not be given until the rest of the attacking party had been landed from boats sent up the cove, when both forces would advance, thus taking the enemy both in front and rear. By this means their retreat would be cut off, and there would be less chance of an obstinate resistance if they had two foes, as it were, to cope with instead of one. Herrick went on to beg, as a great favour, that he might be permitted to go with the boat party. This Captain Dunwich very readily granted; in fact, the young officer's presence would be very valuable, on account of his previous knowledge of the place, and of the ways of its inhabitants.

The *Viper* made bad weather of it all the way down-channel. Foul winds and head seas made the journey a long and tedious one. At last, however, Herrick, who had stationed himself in the bows with his glasses to his eyes for some time, exclaimed to Batson who stood by his side:

'That's the big rock, Batson, surely, that we passed soon after coming out of the cove?'

The boatswain took the glasses and looked intently at the rock where the white sea-gulls were rising and circling about.

'Yes, that's it, right enough; but where are we to put ashore, I should like to know? There will be no place to land for miles, I'm thinking; and besides, we're within a mile of the mouth of the cove here!'

Herrick walked quickly aft. Saluting the captain, he said, 'I am afraid we must go about, sir; we have overshot the mark where the land force should have been put ashore, and, as near as I can judge, we must be within a very short distance of the place itself.'

Captain Dunwich thought for a moment. Then, drawing his watch from his fob, he answered:— 'I am sorry for this. Nevertheless, I fear we must abandon your plan now; we have none too much daylight as it is, even by going straight on, whereas, if we were to wear ship, and then have to beat back again, it would be nearly dark before we reached the cove. If we waited until to-morrow, they would have seen us. I fear we must push on, and deliver our assault in one party, and from the sea.'

'Yes, sir, I fear so. I trust, sir, that you will still permit me to go?'

'You shall have command of one of the boats, Mr. Herrick,' replied his commanding officer.

The young man flushed with mingled feelings of pride at the thought of his first command and the delight of so soon seeing the sweet Sylvia, into whose presence he might now proudly step as an

equal, an officer in the navy of His Majesty the King.

'Be kind enough to tell the boatswain to pipe all hands on deck. I wish to say a word or two to the men.'

Herrick touched his cap and went forward. A minute later the shrill note of the whistle brought the men aft, and the captain, standing by the wheel, thus addressed them :

'My lads, we are just going ashore on a risky duty, but, nevertheless, being a duty, it has got to be done. The wreckers we are going to rout out are a pack of scoundrels who only deserve shooting or the yard-arm. But, for all that, you must take no life when you can make a prisoner. Their dwellings I mean to burn down at any hazard. Once we have destroyed the burrow, the fox will not return. Remember, however, that there are women amongst them, and I solemnly charge every man here to do them no harm. I shall command the first of the four boats, and once inside the cove we must lose no time, but make a dash for the landing-place, and climb the cliffs if possible before they have time to arm and fire upon us. If we can but gain the higher ground without much opposition, there will be no doubt about the result. We must beat them, remember, be the cost what it may. You understand?'

A cheer was the reply.

'Very well, then; pipe away the boats, boat-swain!'

And to the whistle of Bill Batson the men jumped with alacrity to their respective places by the davits. The ropes flew out through the blocks (the *Viper* meanwhile being hove to) and as soon as they touched the water a stream of blue-jacketed seamen, armed with cutlasses, intermingled with the bright red uniforms of the marines, began to man them. The officers then quietly stepped into their places and they shoved off.

Meantime these movements had been furtively watched from the top of one of the cliffs overhanging the little cove by no other than Jan, whose attention had first been attracted seaward at the unusual sight of a vessel so close in to that inhospitable shore. The Dutchman scanned her closely, and when he saw four boats lowered, rapidly filled with armed men, and rowed vigorously for the mouth of what the wreckers had fondly hoped was a completely hidden inlet, the truth burst upon his dull brain in a moment.

(Continued at page 98.)

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE ANT-LION.

THE habits and instincts of this extraordinary creature (the larva of the ant-lion) are so remarkable that if they had not been attested by some of the most scientific entomologists we might well hesitate in giving credit to so wonderful a story. The ant-lion is very slow in his movements on the ground, and can only get along by walking backwards. One would think from this circumstance that

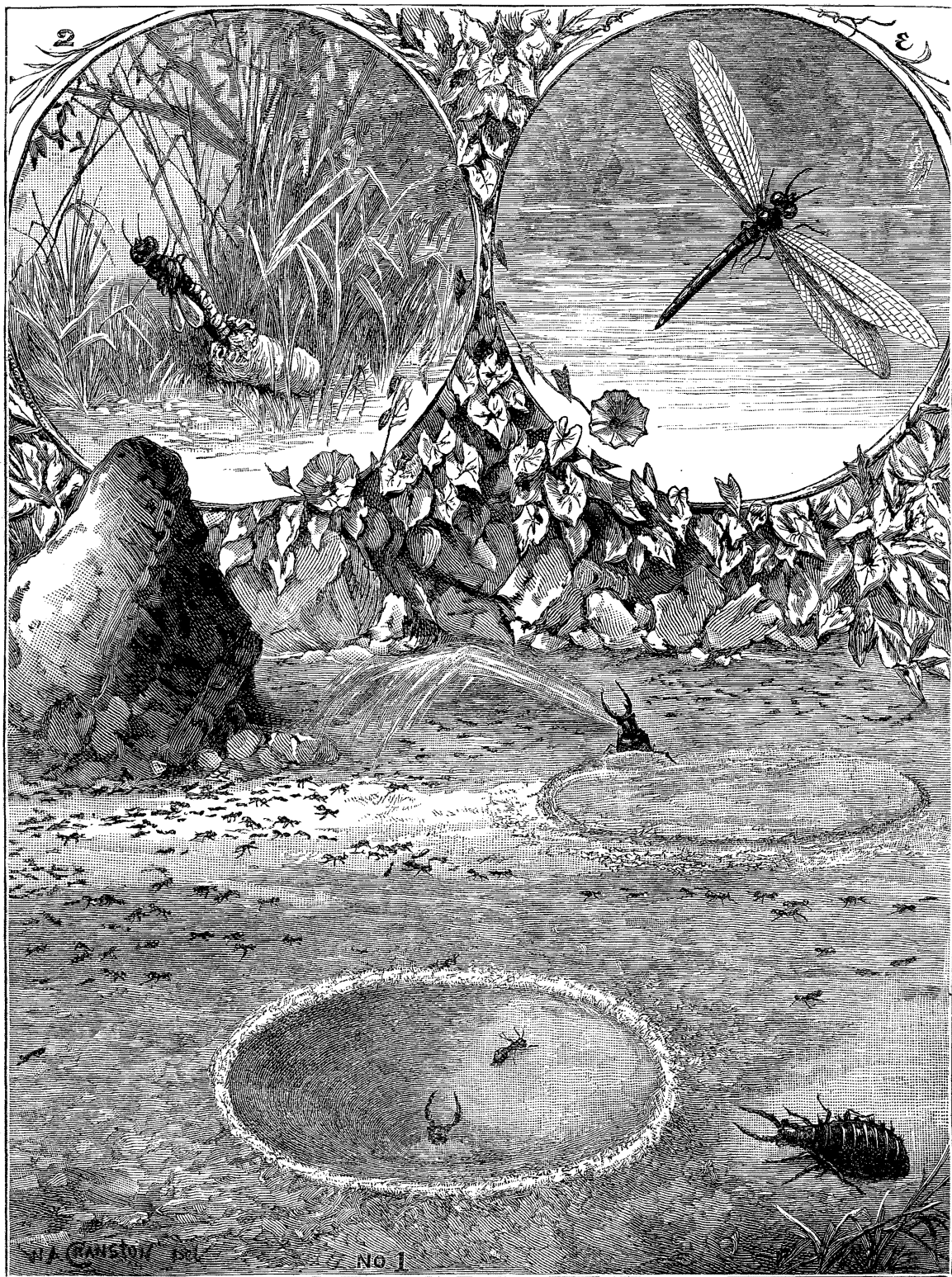
he could not be a very formidable creature as a hunter in pursuit of his prey, but, strange to say, that is not the case. His appetite is enormous, and he has all the caution and ferocity of the leopard.

In the larva state the ant-lion openly revels on the blood and juices of his fellow-creatures, especially upon ants, and has thus acquired the name of the ant-lion. In order to procure his prey he resorts to the most astonishing artifice: he digs a pit, conical in shape, in fine, loose sand. When completed, it is about three inches wide at the top, gradually sloping about two inches to the bottom, so as to form a kind of funnel. In this trap he conceals himself, ready to seize with his powerful jaws the victim, who, unguardedly approaching the edge of the pit, slides down the sandy side to the bottom and is lost.

The ant-lion's mode of excavating this pit is curious. He first of all traces out the size of the circle required, placing himself in the inside of it. He thrusts his hinder part under the sand, and, with one of his fore legs serving as a shovel, he places on his flat, square head a load of sand, which he instantly throws over the outside of the circle with a jerk strong enough to carry it to the distance of several inches. Walking backward and repeating the process over and over again, he soon completes the circle. He then traces a new furrow, and proceeds in the same way as before, and by a repetition of these operations, the trap or pit is at length completed. Here then, says Mr. Kirby, lurks the ant-lion at the bottom of his trap, thinly covered with fine sand. The only parts visible are his expanded forceps. The ants are swarming around, and in a short time one of them makes its appearance at the edge of the pit, when lo! the sand gives way, and down it slides into the jaws of the destroyer. Sometimes the ant is able to stop itself before reaching the bottom; it endeavours to re-ascend, being fully aware of its danger, but in vain. The eyes of the treacherous foe are upon it, and in a moment he throws a shower of sand on the struggling ant, overwhelming it at once, and thus brings it within his reach. And now begins the feast; his jaws, which are formidable claw-like instruments, are hollow, and 'furnished with a lateral piston,' for sucking up all the juices of the body. These he drives into the body of his prey, and gluts himself on the blood, leaving the carcase dry and shrivelled. This he afterwards jerks out of his den, and, covering himself as before, waits for another victim.

Thus, for nearly two years, does the ant-lion lead a life of artful rapacity. When about to change into a pupa, it constructs a cocoon of sand, and lines it with a beautiful tapestry of silk, the whole being less than half an inch in diameter. When it has remained in the cocoon about three weeks, it gnaws its way out. Having arrived at the outside, it only requires to expand its wings and its body to complete the transformation; but this process is very amazing, for, though on emerging the creature is not more than half an inch in length, it quickly stretches out to an inch and a quarter, while its wings, which did not exceed the sixth of an inch, expand to nearly three inches. At last he has reached the glorious state—the perfect insect!

W. A. C.



The Ant-Lion.

1. — Larvæ.

2. — Cocoon Stage.

3. — Perfect Insect.



"The fugitive boat's crew were immediately thrown into confusion."

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 95.)



AH! we are found out!' growled the old Dutchman to himself. 'Dey are King's men!'

As fast as his unwieldy figure would permit, he waddled off towards the long hut, shouting as soon as he got near enough to be heard, in order to give the alarm. But the boats' crews were pulling their hardest, and ere the excited Hollander's first shout got to the hut, and aroused its few occupants, the captain's

boat was run smartly up the pebbly beach between two giant rocks, and headed by the commander, her crew of blue-jackets and marines were ashore in a trice. Almost at the same instant the second boat, commanded by young John Herrick, grated on the stones, and the young officer leapt ashore. Without giving the wreckers time to bring up a shooting party, the men clambered up the rugged cliff pathway, and gained the top. Here they found themselves confronted by a straggling body of stalwart Cornishmen, armed with anything they had been able to pick up.

'Hold, my lads!' cried the captain, raising his hand with an air of command, and his eager followers at once obeyed. Turning to the men in front of him, he said, 'You must all surrender; in the King's name I demand it. Rightly or wrongly, you are all accused of the crime of wrecking, in addition to that of smuggling, and it is my duty to take you, dead or alive. If you surrender, you will be fairly tried by the Civil Courts, and discharged if our information proves to be wrong. What is your answer?'

A pause ensued, and then followed a hurried consultation between the leading spirits amongst the Cornishmen. They seemed to be unable to agree for some time, but at last, the old man, he to whom Herrick and Batson had first been introduced, advanced to the front of the rest, and said: 'At present there are many of us who are inclined to surrender, but we want ten minutes to talk things over. Will you give us that time?'

'That is a reasonable request,' answered the captain, drawing his watch out and consulting it. 'I agree. In ten minutes you will return here?'

'We will!' they shouted back, and then they disappeared into the old man's hut.

Captain Dunwich stood, watch in hand, awaiting the verdict as to whether there should be a fight or no. Herrick could not conceal his anxiety on account of his beloved Sylvia. What would the decision be, he wondered. To surrender was not like them, but perhaps the overwhelming nature of the armed force opposed to them made the wreckers unwilling to risk a fight. Still, they must be well aware that if convicted— But at this moment, a confused noise of shouting arose from the beach, and in a moment all the men were on the alert. For a

few seconds, Captain Dunwich doubted what he should do, as he had promised to wait for ten minutes where he was. Then, as a further Babel of sounds came floating up towards them, he saw that the prescribed time was up, and leaving half his men to hold the position on the cliff-head, in case this should be a treacherous ruse to lure them away, he and Herrick headed the rest, and moved rapidly down the chine to the beach.

As soon as they had got within sight of the boats, they saw that they had been tricked. The main body of the wreckers were in full retreat in their boats, and rowing down the cove with the desperate energy of men who knew that their lives were forfeit. In what way they had succeeded in gaining the beach, we must tell by-and-by.

Two men of the attacking force had been left in charge of each of the man-o-war's boats, and it was they whose shouts had given the alarm to their comrades on the cliff. Of course, these could not attempt pursuit, as two men could not paddle such heavy boats with any chance of stopping the fugitives.

Captain Dunwich, with the activity of a lad, leaped into the nearest boat, and was quickly followed by his men, all tumbling over each other in their eagerness to capture the ruffians, who were now rapidly gaining the mouth of the cove. There were three large boatloads of them, each boat pulling ten oars. As the captain's boat shoved off in pursuit, he cried, 'Go back, Herrick, and search for the girl. I expect they have left her behind in the hut; but in case she should be in the boats, I will take care not to fire upon them until I have found out.'

'Thanks, sir—very many thanks!' shouted Herrick, gratefully, in response to his commander's thoughtfulness at an exciting moment. Then he turned, and quickly retraced his steps up the chine.

When the wreckers had found themselves confronted and surprised by a powerful armed force, they had seen at a glance that the game was up. They well knew that either fighting or surrender meant equally heavy disaster for them. If they fought, they saw that defeat was inevitable, whereas if they surrendered, they could not hope to escape the gallows—a fate which they richly deserved. Therefore it was that they determined to play the last card left them, and to do this they deluded their foes with the idea of wanting a short space of time for deliberation. Upon this being granted them, they retired to the old man's hut, and quickly shut the door.

'The caves! it's our only chance,' gasped one of them, kicking a heavy mat away from beneath the table, and disclosing a large iron ring, let into a trap-door in the floor. 'Get hold of the cash-box, and bring it along with you, Jacob!' he continued, addressing the old man and tugging away at the ring. With the help of another man, the trap-door was raised, and first one man descended some roughly-cut steps; then the old man and his wife were passed down, and after this, all of the members of the gang quietly descended, the last one pulling the trap-door over him as he disappeared. Step by step, with but a solitary candle held up by the leader, the silent party descended lower and lower, until they reached a cold, damp cave, facing the sea, and about three-

quarters of the way down the cliff. From this point, well hidden by giant rocks and boulders, they made their way swiftly but noiselessly on to the beach. Seeing the man-o'-war's boats with their occupants, and well knowing that they would at once give the alarm to their comrades on the cliff, the smugglers made a bold dash for their long, ten-oared boats, and shoving off, were well under weigh before the astonished boat-keepers thought of shouting. By the time their cries had brought Captain Dunwich's party to the beach, the Cornishmen were almost clear of the cove, and within very few yards of the open sea.

Then ensued a desperate stern chase, the fugitives rowing for life and liberty, the pursuers for duty and inclination combined. For over half an hour did that wearing tug at the oars continue, before Captain Dunwich saw plainly that he had a chance only with the stern boat; the other two were slowly but surely drawing away from him. The third boat was not so well manned, and to that he now devoted all his attention. Ordering the Marines to be ready to fire when he should give the word, he urged his rowers to increased exertions, promising a guinea to every man who pulled an oar if they overtook their prey within a quarter of an hour. Stimulated by the thought of the promised reward, the men bent their backs and swayed over the oars until the boat seemed to fairly jump through the water, and very soon it became no less evident to the fugitives than it was to their pursuers, that but for some unforeseen accident, the man-o'-war's boat must ultimately prove victorious in the struggle. Thereupon, a movement was observed in the smuggler's stern, and a moment later a shot was fired which pierced the back of the unfortunate man who was pulling the bow-oar, and, without even a groan, he dropped forward on his face, dead.

A cheer from the wretches in front told that they had witnessed the triumph of their shot, and quickly another one was fired at the pursuing party, but this time the bullet went a long way wide of its mark. Captain Dunwich stood up in the stern-sheets, intently scrutinising those in the boat they were chasing, for a few moments; then, with a sigh of relief as he satisfied himself that no women were there, he turned to the Marines, saying, 'Are you ready?—fire!'

An instant later, half a dozen flame-coloured flashes leaped from the muzzles of as many muskets, and the fugitive boat's crew was immediately thrown into confusion. The steersman let go the tiller, and fell heavily upon the man sitting next him; the stroke-oar was also evidently hit, and unable to continue rowing. With a few vigorous strokes, the man-o'-war's men pulled their boat up and laid her alongside their enemies.

'You must surrender at once,' said Captain Dunwich, sternly. 'If not, I shall order my men to cut you down without mercy.'

Resistance being worse than useless, the wreckers, with sullen, vindictive looks, intimated that they would give themselves up, and half an hour later they were all alongside the *Viper*, which had made sail, and stood on after pursuers and pursued. First, the prisoners were handed over the side, and then the dead and wounded were taken on board. This

accomplished, the captain lost no time in again making for the mouth of the cove.

We may as well at once say that the other two boats, containing the rest of the fugitives, escaped scot free, and reached Rotterdam, where their confederates in the smuggling business gave them a ready shelter—especially as the refugees had by no means come there empty-handed.

Herrick, as may be well imagined, had lost no time in regaining the head of the chine, and thence running on to the old smuggler's cottage. Flinging back the door, he soon found traces of the hurried flight that had taken place, but, to his deep anxiety, no sign of Sylvia. In vain he searched every room and called aloud. The house was empty.

Without the loss of a single moment, he rushed off to the only other habitation on that desolate spot, the long sleeping-hut. Entering this in hot haste, he was again doomed to disappointment. Sylvia was nowhere to be seen.

'Could they have taken her away with them in the boats?' thought Herrick. 'Surely not. Why should they burden themselves with this girl?' Half distracted, the young man ran to the edge of the cliff and anxiously followed the now distant chase with his eyes, painfully wondering whether Sylvia was indeed there, or what possible fate could have overtaken her, when suddenly he heard a sweet voice calling him by name. He turned, and to his delight he saw Sylvia coming down the cliff.

The girl had wandered far away that day, as she so often had done. She had heard nothing and knew nothing of the flight of the wreckers. She had but that minute returned, and recognising her former friend, despite his officer's uniform, she had hastened up to bid him welcome.

'Dearest Sylvia, how thankful I am to see you once again, and in safety! I feared some harm must have befallen you, or else that they had indeed carried you off with them in the boats. Hark! that was surely the sound of a musket-shot! Ah, more firing! The boats must be engaging at pretty close quarters. And yet I thought by the start the fellows got, and the speed of their boats, that our men would never get near them. And now, dearest, let us return to the cottage. It will be my duty to overhaul all papers or documents of any kind which may throw any light upon the past doings of these wretches. But I had forgotten, in the delight of again seeing you, to say that your father is alive and well, and has been told that you are only waiting to fly to his arms.'

Herrick busied himself in searching the hut until the return of his commander's boat, shortly followed by the others—the crews of the latter wearied out and disheartened by the fruitless stern chase they had just rowed so bravely. As soon as Captain Dunwich reached the head of the chine, Herrick presented to him Sylvia. The captain spoke a few kindly words to the young girl, telling her that it should be his first care to restore her to her father, with whom he was already in communication, and then he asked her to prepare herself to go on board the *Viper*, which would at once return up-channel to Plymouth.

The captain, accompanied by Herrick, then made

a careful inspection of the contents of the wreckers' huts, and, after bringing away sundry documents with him, ordered the men away to the boats again, first leaving four marines and a corporal in charge of the cottage, until the Preventive men should be enabled to take over the place from them. Then the man-o'-war's party, accompanied by Sylvia, embarked and speedily pulled off to the *Viper*.

The gallant captain gave up his own cabin for Sylvia's use, and, with a favouring wind, they were soon reaching up past the Cornish coast to the fair county of Devon.

Within a very short time of the *Viper's* anchor being dropped in Plymouth Sound a boat was lowered and manned, and into it stepped Captain Dunwich, Sylvia, and Herrick. They were pulled ashore, and the trio quickly made their way to the residence of the Port Admiral, Sir Charles Normanhurst.

In due course, they were ushered into his presence, when Sir Charles, with a slight raising of his eyebrows as he caught sight of Sylvia, greeted the captain cordially. 'Ah, my dear Dunwich, you have come to tell me the result of your little expedition. Well now, I am all attention; but, first, you must present me to this young lady,' he exclaimed, with a bow to Sylvia.

Captain Dunwich, having complied with his superior's request, then briefly informed him of the result of his mission to the cove.

'You have done well. I have no doubt but that the gang has been effectually dispersed by your raid, and will give no more trouble. When the Preventive men establish a post there, it will make matters quite safe. And now, what do you propose to do with this young lady?'

'I trust, Sir Charles, that a letter may arrive from her father, Colonel Clive, very shortly, or, better still, that he may come in person to take his daughter. Meantime, the situation is somewhat awkward, and I was about to beg Lady Normanhurst's kind offices.'

'By all means, my dear Dunwich; consider the matter as settled. The young lady will remain here, under the charge of my wife, who, I will answer for it, will be only too charmed to have her until her father can claim her. Now for my, I fear unwelcome, news. Indeed, it cannot fail to be unwelcome, and especially to you, young gentleman,' turning to address Herrick, 'something of whose history has reached my ears. I know and feel that leave to enable you to visit your family roof-tree, which you were obliged to quit in a somewhat unusual fashion, is more than your due; but an officer of the King, as we in the service know full well, must always give up his private interests, and even his family affection, for the sake of the flag he sails under. It was only last night that a messenger spurred his way here in hot haste from Whitehall, bearing a command that the *Agamemnon* should be commissioned for sea without the delay of an hour. The French have gained a success over one of our line-of-battle ships, which may readily give them encouragement to attack us more boldly than they have hitherto done, and perhaps strike us in a vital spot. Therefore, every ship, of any sort or description, is to be despatched on service, to try and crush out the

hopes of the Buonapartists as quickly as possible. It only remains for me to wish you, gentlemen, plenty of prize-money and all success. But I am, as you know, unable to do anything for you by way of leave. In short, you will be expected, my dear Dunwich, to weigh anchor and leave for the French coast in the course of to-morrow.'

His 'dear Dunwich' looked for a moment somewhat gloomy, but the expression quickly passed from his face as, splendid seaman that he was, he saw that the interests of his country and the service demanded this sacrifice at his hands. 'Very well, Sir Charles,' he said, 'you may rely upon me to do my best to have the *Agamemnon's* anchors catted as soon as possible. I believe, as a matter of fact, that she is already practically ready for sea. And now, if you will permit me, I will take my leave.'

'Fare you well, then. Ah! here is Lady Normanhurst, just in time to see her old friend, Dunwich, before he goes. You will be able to tell her of the charge we have imposed upon her during her absence.'

(Continued at page 106.)

AN INTERRUPTED PICNIC.



HE long-lipped or sloth bear of the East Indies is the animal so often led about by Indian jugglers. It is not a fierce creature by any means; indeed, it is more easily tamed than any other kind of bear. Bears, as a rule, are easily tamed, with the exception of the Polar bear, and the huge grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, neither of which can be tamed.

The sloth bear has a strange appearance: its hair is very long, its limbs very short; the back is arched, and the muzzle projects very much more than is the case with other bears. Its appearance is so uncouth that we need not wonder at the alarm shown by the young people whose picnic on the grass was suddenly broken up by the arrival of four of these creatures from the recesses of the wood, where doubtless they had watched the preparations for 'good cheer' with much interest.

The young folk must soon have been relieved, for on glancing back, during their flight, they saw that the bears, though hungry enough, had no idea of attacking them, but only of enjoying the provisions which lay so conveniently on the grass beside them.

If, among the good things lying there, these thievish animals found any fruit, sweets, or honey, their delight would be great, for, like all bears, they are fond of everything sweet, and especially honey.

The strange appearance of these sloth bears, coupled with their actual gentleness of disposition, makes them very effective in the hands of jugglers, for while they are too submissive to attack their employers at any time, they look fierce enough to keep spectators at a distance while they are being exhibited. They are of smaller size than any other kind of bear.

B. K.



An Interrupted Picnic.

THE CAPTAIN'S PUDDING.

HERE is an old story of a Yankee captain and his mate. Whenever there was a plum pudding made, by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it.

Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain.

The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands, as if merely examining the china, he said, 'This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,' and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself.

'Is it possible?' said the mate, taking up the dish. 'I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling.' And, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself.

The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, and the mate laughed. 'I see, young man,' said the captain, 'that you've found me out. So we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7.—NURSERY RHYME.

THE Royal dame, whose sway all hearts confessed,

Now, fainting 'neath the noonday's sultry ray,

Slow to unwonted task her hand addressed,

And soon appears an orderly array
Of fruits delicious on the board outspread,—

Her fair hands mingling in proportion due,

And varying colours, black, or white, or red,

Crust and confection, tempting to the view.

Too tempting—for, alas! a heartless thief,

Long time her gentle toil had watched unseen;

She looks around—oh, sight of bitter grief!

The place is empty where they once had been.

The robber hastens homeward with his prey,

But not for long the royal vengeance sleeps;

With bitter blows his falsehood he must pay,

And now in penitence sincere he weeps. C. C.

[Answers at page 127.]

ANSWERS.

5.—1. One shilling, three sixpences, five threepences, fifteen pennies.

2. Lost three and one-fifth pence.

3. Sixty marbles.

4. One hundred and twenty nuts.

6.—1. He is happy that chastens himself.

2. Love your neighbour, but pull not down your hedge.

3. Good words are worth much but cost little.

4. A wicked man's gift hath a touch of his master.

5. None is always a fool, every one sometimes.

6. Great fish are found in great rivers, but take heed lest you be drowned.

7. Take heed of still waters, the quick pass away.

8. Work on, but think of ease.
9. One stroke fells not an oak.
10. He is a fool that despiseth a child's service.
11. The honey is sweet, but the bee stings.
12. Better an ass that carries you than a horse that throws you.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE STORM.



AMONGST the residents of St. Stephen's, a small rocky island in the tropical West Indian seas, were an English family named Grey, consisting of father, mother, and two children of twelve and fourteen years of age.

Mr. Grey had come to the island only a few weeks before to manage a coffee plantation, hoping that his wife, who was in delicate health, would benefit by the change. The two children, Charles and Catherine, were delighted with the new life, of which, for some little time, they saw only the bright side.

But a change came over the hitherto brilliant weather; the air grew still and oppressive, and there was a fierce heat, almost like the breath of a furnace. Everything felt dull and heavy, and the usually rough sea became strangely calm. To the people in Mr. Grey's employ, who knew the climate well, all this told of a coming storm.

Next morning as the family met at the breakfast-table, and looked out of the window towards the sea, they saw that the waves which had been so strangely quiet were now lashed into a perfect fury.

'Look, father,' exclaimed Catherine, 'at those terrible high waves! Is it the wind which blows them up so?'

'I am afraid it is,' returned Mr. Grey, with an anxious glance at his wife. 'The servants seem to expect a hurricane, but I trust they may be mistaken.'

Even as he spoke there was a knocking at the door, and a confused sound of frightened voices.

'If you please, sir,' said one man, speaking for the others who were crowded together outside, 'you had better have the shutters closed, and all shut up tight; there will be wind enough to blow the house down directly.'

Mr. Grey rose hastily and went out, while the children and their mother stood near the window, unable to take their eyes from the great rolling waves.

But the united efforts of master and servants were powerless to fasten the window-shutters. More than one of the party were blown down in the attempt, and they were glad to beat a hasty retreat. Even to close the house door again required the greatest possible exertion.

The hurricane was indeed upon them—a tremendous out-burst of wind and rain, soon made more terrible by the long roll of thunder and the flashing of intensely vivid lightning.

Parents, children, and servants were together in the breakfast-room, but the dreadful gusts of wind soon carried away the shutters, smashed every pane of glass in the windows, and left the torrents of rain free to pour in, to the destruction of the furniture and the terror of the assembled household.

To stay in the room seemed impossible, but every other apartment in the house was exposed to the same dangers. The only safe place would have been the cellar, but this was entered from outside the building, and to venture outside in such a storm meant certain death.

Mr. Grey, more anxious for his wife, in her weak state, than for any one else, directed that she should be carried to one of the bedrooms, and desired the children on no account to stir from her side. Then he and two or three of the men went almost in despair about the house, to see if anything could be done.

But it was of no avail. Windows crashed in, breaches were made in the walls, nothing but ruin was to be seen, and still the force of the gale did not abate.

Mr. Grey made up his mind that all was lost. He felt that in a little while his family and their dwelling-place must be literally blown away.

He went back to the sad party in the bedroom, and, as calmly as he could, he told them the painful truth.

Even as he spoke there was a tremendous crash, heavier than any which had gone before it. Part of the roof of the house had fallen in. A beam was forced through the ceiling of the bedroom, and it must have fallen upon Mrs. Grey, had it not been marvellously arrested by the heavy woodwork of the four-post bedstead.

The walls of the room were still standing, but the rain came in like a deluge. The very greatness of their danger gave the poor sufferers calmness; even the children waited in stillness for the end.

But after being for some time in this terrible position, they noticed an abatement in the fury of the storm.

By-and-by some people from outside were able to come to their rescue, and Mrs. Grey and Catherine were carried to a place of safety. Charles and his father followed on foot—thankful, indeed, to be in safety once more, though their refuge was only a wet, cold cellar, with rain still pouring in, and nothing to comfort them but the thought that here the fearful wind could not reach them.

The worst was past, however. In two or three hours' time they were seated, warm and comfortable, in the house of a neighbouring planter, whose house had escaped with trifling damage owing to its sheltered position.

It was long before Mrs. Grey recovered from the shock which she had sustained, and, though during their lengthened stay upon the island the Greys were not again called to endure so terrible an experience, they could not help being glad when they returned to England.

If they had lost the brilliance and splendour of their tropical home, they had lost, too, the dread of storms more sudden and alarming than any which the dwellers in temperate regions ever know.

C. J. BLAKE.

THE BOASTING TROUT.

O H! catch me if you can,
You deluded, simple man!
Pray do your very best,
Since you'd like to see me drest
And laid out upon a dish,
As a fried or well-boiled fish.
Ah! it makes us fishes smile
To observe your crafty wile,
As you sit through tedious hours
Disregarding drenching showers,
While we dart and skim about
And go diving in and out;
You, who catch and eat us after,
Are yourself our food for laughter.

'I think you, when your bait is seen,
That we're all so very green
As not at once to look
For the horrid, jagged hook?
There is not a cautious roach
To your line would e'er approach;
There is not a simple dace,
Though he's dull and commonplace,
That your bait would try to snatch,
Lest your hook its prey should catch;
There's no pike, both rash and fierce,
Whom its point would ever pierce;
There's no olive-tinted tench,
Though its hunger it would quench,
And no palish-yellow bream
That has ever swum our stream,
And no chub that ever knew
But can quickly see through you!
All the tricks that you think best
Are so plain and manifest,
You'll ne'er catch us with such chaff,
Which can only make us laugh.
It would drive the cross-grained gudgeon
Into quite a fit of dudgeon;
And the restless, wriggling eel,
Though there's not much he can feel,
Would, like every other fish,
Treat with scorn your foolish wish.

'But this eloquent oration
Has brought on such great prostration,
If I cannot find a fly
There's some danger I shall die:
Oh! good luck!—there's one ahead,
Just beneath the rushes' bed!'

Ah! alas! what pain doth gnaw
Through my torn and bleeding jaw!
'Tis the hook I scorned to dread—
In a moment I'll be dead!
All kind friends must bid good-bye
To the trout who needs must die.
Thus I sing my own sad knell,
And to life I bid farewell!

EDITH C. RICKARDS.



The Boasting Trout.

"Think you, when your bait is seen,
That we're all so very green

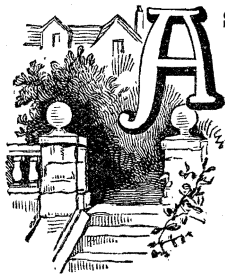
As not at once to look
For the horrid, jagged hook?"



"A hearty British cheer rends the air, rising high over the din of battle."

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 100.)



STATELY white-haired lady had entered the room. She greeted Captain Dunwich warmly, and he then presented to her, first, Sylvia, and then John Herrick. 'One of my most valued officers, my Lady, though but young yet in our glorious service. I have been asking your excellent husband if I might so far trespass on your kindness

as to beg you to take charge of this young lady—the daughter of a gallant officer, Colonel Clive—for the present. The Port Admiral has just informed me of the decree of my Lords of the Admiralty, that we start again within twenty-four hours on our sea wanderings, and I am sure, when your good husband has acquainted you with Miss Clive's strange history, you will do for her what you would do for a daughter. Sir Charles, farewell. To-morrow morning I will call upon you for my final instructions. Madam, your most obedient!' and with a graceful bow, and a final pressure of Sylvia's hand, the captain turned to leave the room, followed by Herrick, who had paused for a second to clasp the girl's hand. 'The fond look exchanged between the two told what was passing in their minds.

Lady Normanhurst smiled at her husband, who turned away and took a pinch of snuff out of a silver box, which he drew from the pocket of his long-waisted coat.

It certainly seemed that the fates, which had so favoured John Herrick up to now, were changing for the worse. That duty should call him away again, just when his dream of returning home seemed likely to be realised, was hard enough, but that he should be forced to go without the chance of seeing more of Sylvia, and of meeting her father, seemed to be cruel indeed. Silently joining his captain, he walked along to the landing-stage, revolving these things in his mind, and determining that he would, at least, write her just a hurried line and send it to the Port Admiral's by special messenger before they sailed.

In his cabin that night the young sailor took pen and paper and thus wrote:—

'DEAREST SYLVIA,—

'Forgive me for writing to you. I felt that I could not leave England without declaring to you my affection. The world will never hold any other woman's face for me but yours. Farewell, and may God bless you, my only love. JOHN HERRICK.'

It was not a long or polished love-letter, but it spoke from the heart, and Sylvia had no doubt of its truth.

Towards evening of the following day the *Agamemnon* weighed anchor, and, shaking her canvas to a smart breeze just coming off the land, stood out to sea. The Channel was dangerously full of French

ships, and English coasting trade was almost at a standstill, so terrified were the little merchant-ships by the sight of the tricoloured flag on these lurchers of the ocean. The Port Admiral had told Captain Dunwich that probably his first duty would be to convoy a small fleet of coasters, before 'letting loose the dogs of war' at the French in mortal combat. The *Agamemnon* was, by order, now sailing to Spithead for instructions.

Sir Charles Normanhurst's guess came true, and the *Agamemnon's* first duty was to act as watchdog to a number of small merchant vessels from Portsmouth as far as the Nore. Arrived there, such were the straits to which Captain Dunwich was put for men that he was forced to press some thirty or forty from the merchant ships. Returning to Spithead, they picked up a few experienced men-o'-war's men, and then sailed on a cruise in company with the line-of-battle ships—*Royal Sovereign* and the *Collingwood*.

After cruising—without incident—for nearly three weeks, the *Agamemnon* parted company with her consorts, and leaving the North Channel, stood over to the English coast again. Picture her, then, on a clear, bright morn, with the rippling blue waters glinting in the sunlight, the noble headland of the Start lying directly astern of her, every stitch of canvas set and drawing, as she glides over the sea, dashing the light foam from her bows; picture also, lying but a mile ahead of her, a splendid frigate of rather larger size, over whose stern flies scornfully the tricolour of France. She is calmly awaiting the *Agamemnon's* approach, whilst those on her decks are busily beating to quarters and preparing for action.

At ten o'clock in the morning the two ships approached within close range. After the English commander had spoken a few words of encouragement to his men, they all stand to their guns. Then ensues that terrible nerve-trying hush of expectation, in which many a fervent prayer has gone up to God, for the sake of the dear ones at home, from many a rugged heart. All eyes are turned upon the captain. Herrick stands at his side. All his attention is fixed upon the carrying out of his commander's intentions. The latter, with one last glance around, satisfies himself that all is ready; then, by preconcerted signal, he raises his hat, and in a moment flash after flash leaps from the black muzzles protruding from the frigate's side, and a thunderous reverberation tells that the battle has begun. Before the sulphurous clouds of smoke have blown clear, the French vessel pours in a reply from her broadside, which comes crashing into the stout oak timbers of the *Agamemnon*. Fiercely does the fight go on, fast and furious grows the cannonade; both ships now running before the wind and gradually closing with each other in a death-grapple. The decks are strewn with the dead and dying, the latter being carried down to the cockpit as fast as willing hands can take them. Poor Bill Batson is badly wounded, and Herrick has been struck with a splinter in the left arm. At the expiration of two hours' hard fighting, the Frenchman's mizzen-mast and wheel are shot away, and a hearty British cheer rends the air, rising high over the din of battle. The enemy

have now lost all control over their ship, and she swings round with her stern to the *Agamemnon's* broadside. Amid the confusion caused by the sails of the two great ships partly interlacing, the Frenchman's jib-boom pushes across her enemy's deck, and catches against the mizen-mast. Then, seeing his chance, the captain, in a voice of thunder, roars out:—

'Boarders away!'

In a second Herrick has seized the Frenchman's jib-boom above his head and swung himself up on to it. He quickly works his way along, and, carrying his sword in his teeth, drops on to the enemy's fore-castle. Followers he has in plenty, whilst another party are climbing through the main-deck ports, and fighting their way on to the Frenchman's quarter-deck. For the first time Herrick finds himself fighting for his own life, and craving for that of his enemy. It is a new sensation to him; he fights like one possessed. Wherever the battle rages fiercest and hottest there may be seen, with cut and thrust, with shout and slash, young John Herrick, rallying his men, fighting for the honour of his country and his flag.

So determined is the onslaught of the boarding party, that the French are gradually driven back, and step by step, fighting always, they are forced down below, the hatches thrown over them, and sentries duly placed. The scattered remnant that are still left upon deck at once surrender, seeing that further resistance is useless, and then, with a splendid cheer, down comes the tricolour, and in its place up goes the Union Jack. Again bursts forth the ringing cheer, answered this time from the decks of the *Agamemnon*. The French ship is theirs, and glorious indeed has been the well-won victory.

When Herrick returned to his own ship he was overwhelmed with the congratulations of his brother officers upon the part he had taken in leading the boarders that day. Truth to tell, there had been some feelings of jealousy on their part, up to this time, of the young fellow's good fortune, but, like the generous-hearted British sailors that they were, all this was quickly forgotten in their hearty admiration of his daring and bravery in leading the way on to the enemy's decks, and setting such a splendid example to his men. Praise from such critics was, indeed, sweet. Then, for the first time, he had leisure to think of his torn left arm, now stiffening and growing painful. He, however, resolutely refused to speak to the surgeon about it, on the ground that that gentleman could be better employed elsewhere, on cases much more serious than his.

Nevertheless, by next morning, when they were nearing Portsmouth with their prize, the arm and shoulder had swelled and stiffened to such an extent, that the surgeon deemed it needful to cut out the splintered particles and order Herrick to keep his berth, and remain for the present in quietness.

Having anchored for one night at Spithead, the *Agamemnon* made her way into Portsmouth harbour on the morning tide for repairs, of which, after her recent engagement, she stood sorely in need. The wounded were put ashore, with the exception of Herrick and one or two more, whose injuries were not such as to wholly unfit them for duty. In less

than a week, the young officer was well on the road to convalescence, and then he applied for, and obtained, his well-earned leave at last.

'I am only sorry I cannot spare you longer, Mr. Herrick,' said his captain, kindly. 'We shall be sailing again, I hope, in ten days from now, at the latest, so I have no choice in the matter. You can take a week, and you are heartily welcome to it. The way in which you led the boarding party on to the *Impérieuse* ought to have earned for you a year at the least. But in war-time, I am sure you understand that any prolonged absence from your ship is out of the question.'

Herrick bowed his agreement with the captain's words. A week was certainly not a long time for his spell ashore, but it would, at least, enable him to visit his family, a thing which he had longed to do ever since the day he was impressed into the service. He also hoped that, at the same time, he should hear some news of Sylvia, even should he fail to see her.

Behold, then, our hero waiting at the sign of the 'Blue Posts,' in Portsmouth, for the coach which would bear him part of the way homewards to Reforme. With the blast of the horn, the four good nags draw up in front of the well-known hostelry, and Herrick climbs up into the dickey. Having taken up its passengers, the 'Rocket' clatters off through Portsmouth town, and rolls along the country road.

How beautiful the green fields, how pleasant the lanes and soft close-cropped downs looked to the young farmer's son after his spell at sea, it is needless to tell. All who have been a single long voyage know well the sensation. Suffice it to say, that not a feature in the bright and sunlit landscape passed his notice. He drank it all in with keenest pleasure and content.

From where the coach set him down, the young sailor had a long tramp of nearly fifteen miles to the spot where the old familiar farm-house nestled under the shelter of a high hill. So short had been the time between his getting leave and starting on the journey homewards, that he had no means of letting his family know of his visit. This, therefore, would be a surprise indeed. Passing across the hill, he was half-way down into the vale below, when he came across a man at plough. Herrick knew him well as a villager there, but, changed as he was by a sea-bronzed face, hidden as to the lower part by a short, well-trimmed beard, and dressed in the uniform of a naval officer, the young man saw that he was safe from recognition.

(Continued at page 114.)

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.

CLUB-BALL, BANDY-BALL, PALL MALL.

I DARE say very few of the young folk who play at cricket and tennis think of how they had their beginning hundreds of years ago, when some one found out that, by hitting a ball with a stick, he could make it go farther and straighter than by



Golf in the Seventeenth Century.

striking it with hand or foot only. At first, it is likely that the London boys who used sticks in driving a ball about, broke off part of a branch that happened to be handy when they were out playing in the fields, but after a time they took more trouble to prepare a stick or club suitable for their game. In old books they tell us of two sorts of sticks which

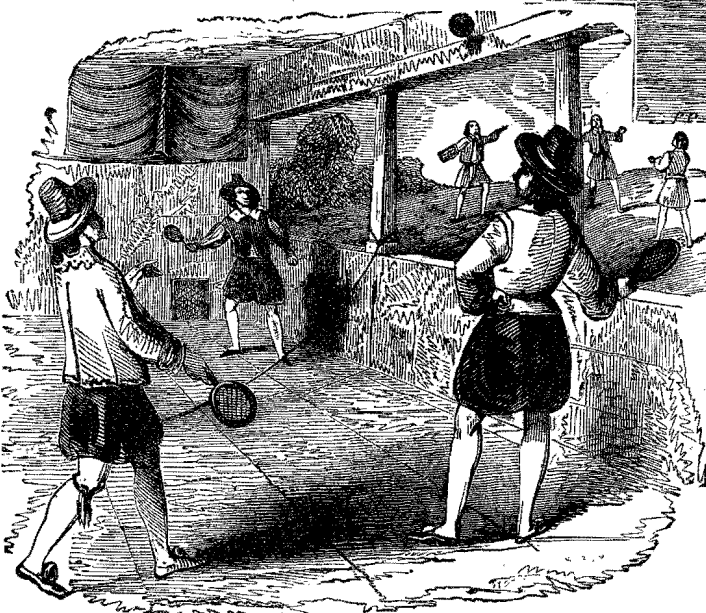
were used by Normans—perhaps by Saxons, too—in ball games; one was straight, the other bent. Drawings made in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries show us persons playing at Club-ball; the club was short and stout. The game seems to have been played in two ways, at least. One picture represents a young man holding both the club and the ball;

he is evidently going to strike the ball when he has tossed it, and another stands a little way off to catch. But there is another picture which gives a different view of the game. In this a girl is about to throw the ball to a man, who lifts up his club to strike it; and round these are several more players, waiting to catch or stop the ball. Some think this club-ball was the beginning of the game of cricket; but others say that cricket came from what was called Bandy-ball, because it seems that, in the time of the Georges, the cricket-bat was not straight; it was curved a little. Also, the old cricket-bat had the face smooth, while our bat is rounded. As to length, the cricket-bat is nearer the club than the crooked stick or bandy, which was often three or four feet long.

The Romans played at a game something like that of bandy-ball, having a ball stuffed with feathers, and they may have taught it to the Britons and Saxons. It was a game which the Londoners liked when they had large fields and commons not far from the town, for, as they mostly played it, they needed plenty of room. In the reign of Edward III. people called this game of bandy-ball by the name of *Cambuc*, from a Latin word which meant the bishop's crosier or staff; and they thought the bandy was rather like that staff in shape, being made broad and curved at the end used to hit the ball. No one can tell to a certainty how the old game of bandy-ball was played, but it is thought they put up two goals, a good way from each other, and the players had every one a bandy, and they were in two parties, small or large. Then each party tried to drive the ball towards its own goal, and



Pall Mall.



An old Tennis Court.

away from the other's; and so the game went on till one side was successful. Others say that the game of bandy-ball was played sometimes much in the way that hurling was, only in that the players had no sticks; it was all catching and throwing. But the bandy-players, like the hurlers, would chase the ball, 'over hills, dales, hedges, and ditches; yea, and thorow bushes, briars, mires, plashes, and rivers whatsoever,' as an old author tells us.

Goff, or Golf, is a sort of bandy, which we do not read about till the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and Prince Henry, the much-loved young prince, son of James I., is said to have

played now and then at this game. The goff club was like the bandy, only it had a piece of horn at the bottom. The young nobles in the seventeenth century were fond of this goff, in which two played together, or sometimes four. Holes were made in the ground for this game, and the balls had to be driven from hole to hole; he who sent it into every hole with the fewest strokes was winner.

Then there was a game of Ring-ball, for which they had a long crooked stick or bandy. It was played on a level piece of ground, and the ball had to be sent through one or more rings. These rings were put on a sort of swivel, so that they moved round; and if the ball was not struck carefully, it might hit the ring, and move it, so that the ball could not pass. But we do not know much about this ring-ball, though, after it ceased to be played near London, some folk still amused themselves with it in the north.

We have rather more information about another game, which began to be known about the same time as goff. This was Pale-maille, for so the word was spelt three centuries ago. There is now, near St. James's Palace, a street called Pall Mall, from a piece of ground where the kings and courtiers played at this game. If we were not told, we might have guessed something about it from the second half of the name, which tells us of the mallet which was used to strike the ball, and which was unlike the bandy, being shorter and thicker. An author named Cotgrave says that the ball for pall mall was a 'round box ball,' a ball made of box-wood, and in the game the object was to drive the ball through arches of iron along the course. The player who did this with the fewest strokes was the winner.

J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

A WHITE BLACK-BEETLE.

ONE day a small boy was playing about in the kitchen of a house in a dark London street. Suddenly he came out of a corner with something in his hand which he had taken off the wall. 'Look! look!' said he to an older person in the room, 'I've found a white black-beetle!' and he thought he had made a discovery. He had seen plenty of beetles at night, when they are too common in most London houses, but a white one was unlike any of those he had noticed before.

The person to whom he showed the beetle was not at all pleased. She answered sharply, 'Oh, take the nasty thing away!'

'It isn't a nasty thing—God made it,' was the little boy's reply; and he was right. It may not be pleasant to handle some insects, and no doubt black-beetles may have much said against them. They are not as beautiful as many insects are, yet, when examined, they prove to be very curious in several things. If they do mischief by eating or gnawing articles in kitchens and other rooms, beetles of this kind also do good by clearing places of waste dropped about, which, unless removed, would cause illness. But why should a black-beetle be white? The fact is, all black-beetles are white for a short time after

they have cast their skins when they are full-grown, only we seldom see them then, because they usually hide till they have turned dark, which takes a few days. People call this insect a black-beetle, but its proper name is that of cockroach; nor is it exactly black—the colour is brown, with a dash of red. Their legs are strong, so that they can run very fast, though they cannot fly.

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.*



LITTLE David Copperfield was born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk. He was much the same sort of baby as other babies were, only that his father died before his child was born. David's mother was young and pretty, and lived with her faithful servant, Peggotty,

in her own little house, on an annuity of one hundred and five pounds a year.

Of a winter evening little David would sit beside the fire and read aloud to his admiring mother and the trusty rosy-cheeked servant, whose face and arms were so hard and red that it seemed a wonder that the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples.

Peggotty had a work-box, with a sliding lid, showing a view of St. Paul's Cathedral (with a pink dome) and she wore on her finger a brass thimble. She was very fond of Davy and his mother too. Peggotty was so plump, that when she exerted herself more than usual, a whole series of little buttons flew off her gown, and scattered themselves in all directions.

Things went on very happily at Blunderstone Rookery, as David's home was called, until a certain Mr. Murdstone appeared, and then Peggotty and her mistress had words, and the faithful servant began to be less with them of an evening.

One autumn morning when Davy was with his mother in the front garden, Mr. Murdstone came by on horseback. He reined up his horse to salute Mrs. Copperfield; he said that he was going to Lowe-toft to see some friends who were there with a yacht, and he proposed to take David with him on the saddle before him.

The day after this ride, Peggotty asked, 'Master Davy, how should you like to go along with me, and spend a fortnight at my brother's at Yarmouth? Wouldn't that be a treat?'

'Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?' inquired the boy.

'Oh, what an agreeable man he is!' cried Peggotty, holding up her hands. 'Then there's the sea; and

* Forty-five years ago Charles Dickens wrote this interesting story. It is the one book which contains more facts about the childish life of the author than all his other books put together, and is for this reason, apart from the interest of the tale, a great favourite with all who love his memory.

the boats and ships; and the fishermen and the beach; and Am to play with.' Peggotty meant her nephew Ham, but she spoke of him as a morsel of English grammar.

'But what's mother to do while we're away? She can't live by herself, you know!'

'Oh, bless you!' said Peggotty. 'Don't you know? She's a-going to stay for a fortnight with Mrs. Grayper. Mrs. Grayper's going to have a lot of company.'

A long ride in a carrier's cart, and then Yarmouth, spongy and soppy, was reached; and Ham, a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a boyish face and curly light hair, appeared, and, taking Davy on his back, and walking beside Peggotty, he strode along, down lanes, past gas-works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, smiths' forges, and similar places, until coming out upon a dull, flat waste, Ham said, 'Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy!'

'That's not it?' said David, 'that ship-looking thing?'

'That's it, Mas'r Davy,' returned Ham.

It was an old black barge, with an iron funnel sticking out and smoking very cosily. David was charmed with the idea of living in it. There was a door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in on dry land.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table and a Dutch clock and a chest of drawers; and on the chest of drawers stood a tea-tray, with a painting on it, of a lady with a military-looking child, who was trundling a hoop. Over the little mantel-shelf was a picture of the *Sarah Jane* lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it.

The bedroom in which Davy slept was in the stern of the vessel. It had a little window where the rudder used to go through, a little looking-glass nailed against the wall and framed with oyster shells, a little bed, and a nosegay of sea-weed in a blue mug on the table.

Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house, was a hairy man, with a very good-natured face and a kind, generous heart.

There lived with him his nephew, Ham, the son of a brother, Joe, who was drowned, and 'Little Em'ly,' the daughter of Mr. Peggotty's sister, who was also drowned, and 'Missis Gummidge,' the widow of Mr. Peggotty's partner in a boat, who had died very poor.

David spent a most delightful time in this old boat with 'Little Em'ly,' whom he grew to love very much, and who wandered about with him on the sands, and together they picked up pretty shells and talked of the sea and its cruel waves that had drowned Em'ly's poor father, fisherman Tom, and other of her relatives.

The happy time soon sped away and the day came for going home. It was on a cold, grey afternoon that the carrier's cart reached Blunderstone Rookery and deposited Peggotty and David at the gate. But no glad mother came out to welcome her

boy, and then it was that poor Peggotty broke to him the news, 'You have got a pa! . . . Come and see him.'

On one side of the fire sat his mother and on the other Mr. Murdstone. From that day everything was altered in the old home. Jane Murdstone, Mr. Murdstone's sister, came to reside with her brother, and the two of them together darkened the lives of the mother and her child.

Under the pretext of 'firmness,' Davy's mother was stopped in all show of affection to her boy, and was obliged to hear his lessons morning after morning with Mr. Murdstone and his grim sister present, whose stern looks and harsh tones frightened all lessons out of the little fellow's head, no matter how carefully he had prepared them. Tears and dry bread were the general result.

In a small room upstairs was a tiny collection of books, left there by Davy's own father. Amongst them were *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Humphrey Clinker*, *Tom Jones*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, and *Robinson Crusoe*.

These consoled David under his childish troubles, and he spent many quiet hours with them, personating the favourite characters, and putting Mr. and Miss Murdstone into all the bad ones.

Entering the parlour one morning with his books under his arm, Davy saw his mother looking anxious, and Mr. Murdstone binding something round the end of a cane, and soon he heard Mr. Murdstone say to him, while a bad expression came into his eyes, 'Now, David, you must be far more careful to-day than usual.' This remark, his mother's terrified look, and the prepared cane, had the effect of frightening all the lessons from the young student's head, and in a few minutes he was walked slowly up to his little room by Mr. Murdstone, who suddenly twisted Davy's head under his cruel arm.

'Mr. Murdstone! Sir!' he cried, 'don't, pray don't beat me! I have tried to learn, sir; but I can't learn while you and Miss Murdstone are by. I can't, indeed!'

'Can't you, indeed, David?' he said. 'We'll try that.'

A heavy cut followed, and in the same instant the boy, maddened with pain, rage, and a sense of injustice, caught the hand that held him and bit it. Then the cruel man beat the child as though he would have thrashed him to the death, leaving him at last fevered and hot and torn and sore and raging upon the floor. Oh, how guilty the little fellow felt! The keen smart of guilt hurt him more than the stripes and sores, and in the midst of it all he wondered whether he would be taken into custody, sent to prison, and hanged.

Five whole days passed slowly away; each day the severe Miss Murdstone brought him food, and without a word disappeared.

One night he was awakened by hearing his own name spoken in a whisper through the keyhole, and, starting up in bed and listening, he knew that Peggotty had called him. This faithful friend told him, with sobs, that he was to be sent to a school near London.

(Concluded at page 118.)



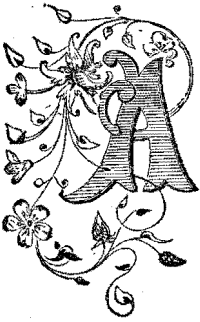
David Copperfield's first visit to Yarmouth.



Arrival of the *Agamemnon* at Benin.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 107.)



FINE day, this,' was Herrick's greeting, as the labourer touched his hat.

'It is, sir, and wonderful hot for the time of year. I suppose you have walked a long way, master?'

'Yes, a matter of fifteen miles or so. This is Reforme right ahead, eh?'

'Yes, master, that be Reforme.'

'Do you know anything of Farmer Herrick, there?'

'Know him! yes, know him well. Why, everybody knows the Herricks. They've been settled here, so I've heard tell, for over five hundred years, and in the little churchyard ahead there, you'll see graves of the dead-and-gone Herricks for I can't count how many generations. Oh, yes, the Herricks is part of Reforme, so they always says,' concluded the man, laughing.

'Then you know all the family, I suppose? Are they all well?' and a shade of anxiety crossed the young man's face as he spoke.

'Aye, all well? I should think so. Why, there be a grand wedding on to-morrow. Young Doctor is going to wed Mistress Beatrix—the pretty one of the two, she is, though they are both as good as angels, they are.'

'And the others of the family—what has become of them?'

'Well, now, there's Peter, he have got a farm of his own, and he does most of the managing on the old man's farm, too, now. T'other son, John—John Herrick, d'ye see—well, I don't seem to quite remember about him, but he either 'listed for a soldier or—or he runned away to serve in the navy, or—but, at this juncture, honest Giles caught sight of a smile which gradually broadened out into a hearty laugh on the bronzed and bearded face looking into his. Then a light suddenly broke in upon him, and he too laughed heartily as he said, 'Why, you be John Herrick himself.'

Half an hour later Herrick stood clasped in his mother's arms, beneath the old thatched roof which had sheltered him from his birth.

His arrival was, indeed, fortunate, for on the morrow, as his friend the ploughman had told him, his best-loved sister was to wed his old companion, Pascal Taine. The rejoicings in the house, at the double pleasure thus afforded, were celebrated in a way that made the rafters ring again.

We must not dwell upon the week of pleasant rejoicings in which our young sailor's first leave was all too quickly passed. That he was elevated to the position of a hero, second only to Elizabeth's famous admirals—to whom, indeed, he was compared by his friends—goes without saying; as does also the fact that, as a modest man, he was more vexed than pleased at such flattery. Hardly, it seemed, had he wished his sister and her newly-made husband, Pascal Taine,

God-speed, than the time came round for him to rejoin his ship.

Meantime, the only shadow resting upon the young man's life was the absence of news of Sylvia, and he determined that, come what might, he would go boldly to the Port Admirals, at Plymouth, and ascertain whether she had yet been restored to her father, and if so, where she now was.

With this purpose in view, he left Reforme in good time with the intention of rejoining the *Agamemnon* at Portsmouth, and then asking a few further days' leave of his kind-hearted captain in order to carry out his project. His family bade him farewell with a sorrow greatly tempered by the honest pride which they felt in one who, beginning a new profession under most adverse circumstances, had, by his courage and address, risen from before the mast to walking the quarter-deck and bearing His Majesty's commission.

Without the loss of a moment after getting on board and reporting himself, John Herrick fully explained how matters stood between himself and Sylvia to the captain, at the same time preferring his request for just so much additional leave as would enable him to charter a small sailing-boat and run down the coast to Plymouth and return again. Captain Dunwich took a turn or two up and down the quarter-deck before replying. Then he said, 'I hardly know what to advise you to do for the best. As to the leave, I would make no difficulty about that. But, frankly, I have heard something of Colonel Clive during the last few days, which leads me to think that to press your suit with his daughter would be almost hopeless. Colonel Clive is a man of ancient family, and proud beyond measure of his descent, through centuries past, from men who have served the State as soldiers, sailors, in the Church, the Law, and the Senate. He is stiff and unbending. At the same time, to his honour be it said, he is a splendid soldier, brave to recklessness, and has distinguished himself in battle half a dozen times over. You, Herrick—and remember, I am speaking entirely in your interests, so you must not feel hurt by anything I say—are of humbler origin, and must become a suitor without money, or that rank in the world which is sometimes taken to make up for the lack of money or birth. Still, you have the strongest of claims on Colonel Clive, in that by your means his daughter has been restored to him. Furthermore, you are young; you have, from a professional point of view, been most fortunate and successful in the short space of time you have been in the service: true, you have gone through much to win your commission—battle, shipwreck, and a French prison—and, being young, you may yet carve your way to a glorious position before the world's eyes. I know well how hard it is to restrain the ardour of youth; yet, if you will listen to the words of a man old enough to be your father, and who, as you know, wishes you well from the bottom of his heart, I would say, "Abandon this wild-geese chase to Plymouth; wait, even though it be for years, until your position is better than it is now; do your duty in the future as well as you have always done it in the past; learn every scrap of navigation that you can pick up, and when promotion comes, then go to Colonel Clive and put your

chances to the test. A brave soldier will listen to the plea of a brave sailor.'

For some moments Herrick made no reply. He felt the wisdom of the advice given, but it seemed hard upon him that he should not even know where his loved one was living, and that he should give up all thought of meeting her at present. But quickly deciding that what Captain Dunwich had said to him was but too true, and that this priceless treasure could best be won by waiting, he bowed his head in token of acquiescence, and, turning, walked slowly away to the main deck.

The *Agamemnon's* repairs were not completed for some eight or nine days after the conversation just alluded to took place. Then she weighed anchor, and at once sailed to the Nore, to convoy a fleet of merchantmen to the West coast of Africa.

In two days from the time that Sir Charles and Lady Normanhurst had received Sylvia into their house, Colonel Clive arrived there, having travelled as fast as relays of post-horses could bring him from London, where he had been staying. The stern soldier shed some tears as he clasped his long-lost and only child in his arms, and his gratitude to all who had befriended her in her loneliness was unbounded. Understanding that a seaman had been the means of rescuing her from the wreckers, he at once proposed to send him 1000*l.* as a reward; but, with gentle courtesy, Sir Charles, who knew John Herrick's history, and guessed how things stood between him and Sylvia, informed Colonel Clive that the sailor in question was an officer, and would be above accepting a pecuniary reward.

The colonel was disappointed, but, of course, he agreed with the Port Admiral. Then he wanted to make his child's rescuer the recipient of some handsome present, which he might procure in London directly he returned there; but again Sir Charles objected that Herrick's ship was just on the point of sailing, and urged Colonel Clive to await the opportunity of thanking the young man in person when he should return to port.

The colonel did not like giving up his own plan, but finally he accepted the advice. In giving it, the kindly old Port Admiral had been moved solely by a desire for Herrick's welfare; he thought if the young officer were brought into personal contact with the man who owed him so much, that it would give Herrick the best chance of furthering his suit. Sir Charles had taken a fancy to the frank, fearless young sailor, and wished to do him a good turn if he could.

In view of the fact that the *Agamemnon* was on the eve of starting—even if, indeed, she had not already sailed—Colonel Clive was forced to postpone the expression of his gratitude to Herrick for the part he had taken in restoring to him his daughter, and after thanking Sir Charles and his wife for their friendliness, he took Sylvia back with him to London.

Three days elapsed before the *Agamemnon* reached the entrance to the Thames, and another two were wasted in delays on the part of the merchantmen about to be convoyed. At the expiration of that time, the wind serving, the signal was made to weigh, and the whole fleet stood out to sea.

Served by a spell of fine weather, the convoy made satisfactory progress across the dreaded Bay of Biscay, and within a short space of time sighted the island of Madeira. Opposite Funchal, they all dropped anchor to take in fresh water and provisions.

By this time, Herrick had shaken off the feelings of melancholy about Sylvia which had so oppressed him on sailing. He had taken ample thought upon the matter, and decided to go forward on the path of his professional duty, never doubting that, God willing, he and his beloved would be brought together again, though he had first to pass through 'so many and great dangers' as probably lay before him in the immediate future. He had no fear for the result, and he gloried in the thought of being able to carve his way to fortune and to fame, and so to raise himself that he should stand on as proud an elevation as any that even Colonel Clive could occupy himself.

After staying at Madeira just long enough to take on board the necessary provisions and water, Captain Dunwich again made the signal to weigh, and with light, baffling breezes, the vessels drifted, rather than sailed, through the smooth, deep blue waters on their way to savage Benin.

The task of keeping the merchantmen together, with hardly any wind to propel them, became a difficult one, and signalling instructions from the *Agamemnon* occupied a large share of the time. A few days after leaving the vicinity of Cape de Verde, the 'trade-winds' helped them along, although the heat became intense. At length, Benin was sighted.

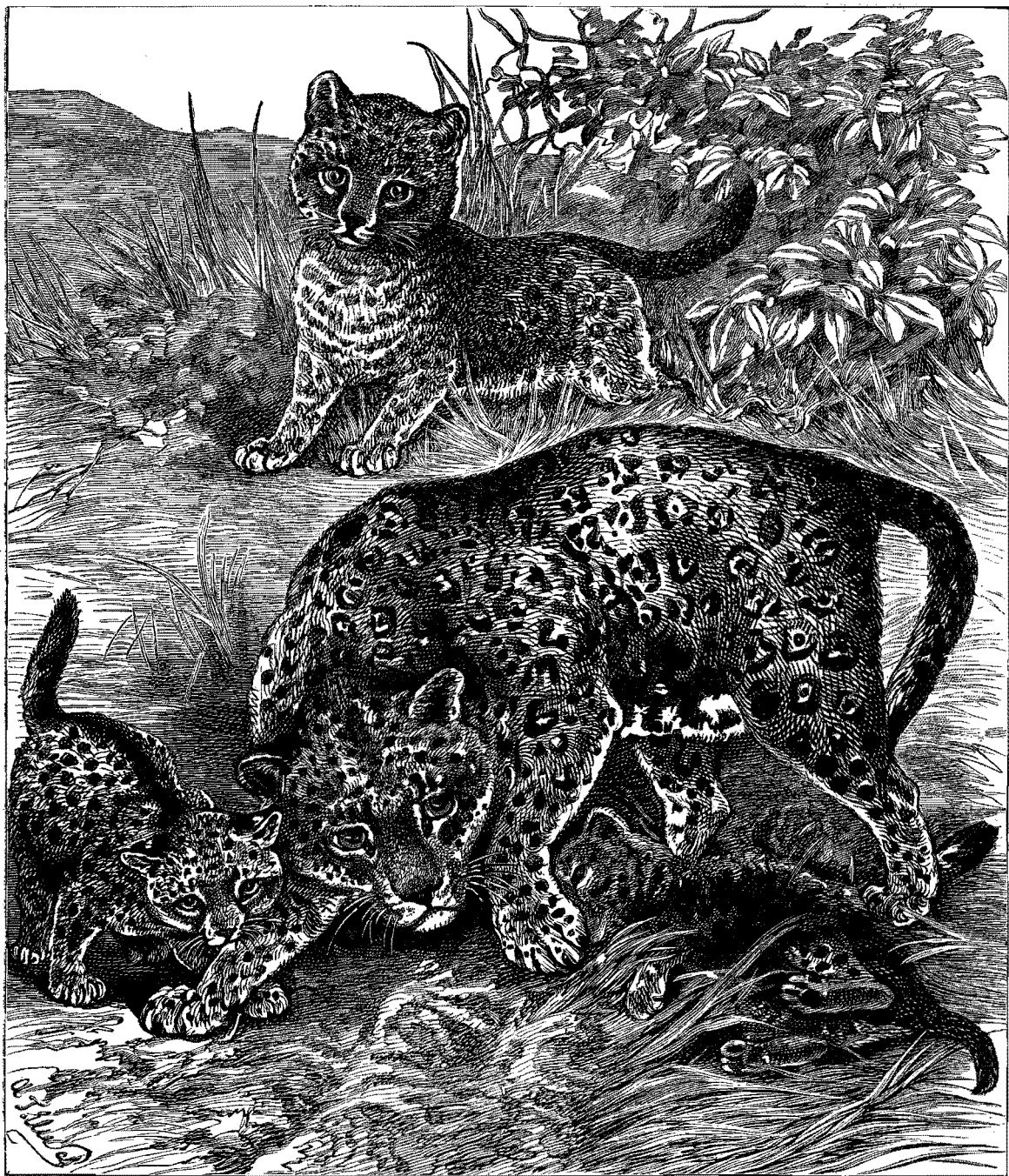
At this point, the *Agamemnon's* convoying duties were practically over, but Captain Dunwich intended to make a short stay, chiefly for the purpose of taking in provisions and water.

The merchantmen, one by one, straggled in, and soon a fleet of canoes was swarming round the vessels.

(Continued at page 122.)

THE JAGUAR AND HER YOUNG.

AN old and experienced hunter tells the following tale. He says:—'I was out hunting for small game one evening by myself in South America, when a rustling sound directed my attention to a thick part of the wood. I quietly advanced, and peeping through a tangled hedge, I saw a large female leopard, busily covering something up with her front paws. Two cubs were watching the operation with evident interest. A shot of my gun rolled the animal over. When I went to secure the two little ones, I must confess that I felt a pang of remorse when I found that the poor mother animal had been burying her dead cub, and had almost put the last touch to the grave when I rolled her over. I sadly placed the poor mother in the same grave, or, at least, made a large heap over her and her little one. I then led my two orphans off by a rope which I had with me; but I did not get far with them before I had to get help, as they were very lively and strong. They proved to be a couple of fine jaguars, male and female, which we afterwards sold.'



The Jaguar burying her dead cub.

THE CRUEL DONKEY-DRIVER.

YOUNG man, don't beat that poor donkey so hard!' said a lady one day to a rough man who was thrashing a lean, over-loaded donkey with all his strength.

'He's mine,' growled the man, 'and I've a right to do what I like with him.'

'No man has any right to be cruel to any of God's creatures,' rejoined the lady; 'but what will you take for your donkey?'

'Two pounds,' replied the man.

'Two pounds is a large sum to give for a donkey which looks so worn-out and so sick as yours,' said the lady; 'but I will give it to you for the sake of getting the poor creature out of your hands.'



The Pet Donkey.

'As you like,' muttered the bad man, with a sneer. So this lady bought the poor donkey, which was soon relieved of its load and led to her door.

'Oh, a donkey! a donkey! Won't it be nice to ride on?' cried rosy-faced Alice, the lady's little daughter.

'That's only the skeleton of a donkey,' shouted Neddie, a jolly-looking boy of twelve. 'He's a regular Barebones. I think, if he was to run a race with a snail, the snail would beat. I wouldn't give my black puppy-dog for that dying donkey.'

This was meant to be funny talk, but I think it was rude and not respectful to their mother. The lady felt it to be so. With a grave countenance she said—

'I bought that donkey for two reasons. First, I wanted to take it from the hands of a cruel man;

and I thought that, if treated kindly and fed well, it would soon be strong, and then my fat little Alice and sickly little Mollie could ride side by side.'

'Oh! thank you so much, mother dear,' said pale-faced Mollie, who had crept from the sofa to the window-seat to look at the donkey. 'I think the donkey will soon get fat in our meadow, and then we will have fine times riding him.'

The lady kissed Mollie, and told Neddie to tell John to rub down the donkey and then to put him in the meadow. Neddie went out to the stable and said to the servant man: 'John, go to the front door and lead Barebones round here.'

'Who's Barebones?' asked John.

'You'll see,' replied Neddie, laughing.

John soon returned with the poor donkey. 'Yes, Master Neddie,' said he, 'his bones are bare enough,

but he's a good donkey for all that. The creature has been starved, whipped, and overworked by some brute of a man who isn't fit to own a dog. I'll soon bring him round so that you will be proud to ride him.'

'Maybe I shall and maybe I shan't,' said Neddie, as John began combing and brushing the donkey.

John was as good as his word. The poor donkey soon began to improve. His hair became glossy, his ribs were covered with flesh, his eyes grew bright, and in two months there was not a handsomer donkey in the neighbourhood. Alice named him Johnny Plump, and even Neddie confessed that it wouldn't do to call him Barebones any more.

Thus you see what kindness did for a donkey. Oh, there is nothing like kindness! It is good for children as well as for animals. I have seen boys treat cats and dogs, and even ponies and donkeys, with cruelty; but I never knew any boy who was cruel to a dumb animal to be kind to his brothers, sisters, or companions. Did you?

I think you never did, because cruelty hardens the heart. It freezes up all gentle and loving feelings.

Don't be unkind, then, my children, even to a fly or a worm. Never take pleasure in seeing any creature, however mean, suffer pain. If you must kill noxious insects or animals, do it quickly. Never torment anything. On the contrary, be kind to everything—to birds, to animals, and especially to each other. Never give pain, either by word or act, to any one if you can help it. Treat all your friends gently. Then you will grow lovely, loving, and beloved.

A SWEET ANSWER.

A LITTLE boy and girl, each about six years old, were by the roadside. As we came up, the boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on sullenly for a minute, and then he said, 'I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie; I am sorry.'

The little rosy face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said, 'Well, if you are sorry, it don't hurt me.'

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

(Concluded from page 111.)

IN the morning Miss Murdstone appeared and bade David come down to breakfast. There, in the parlour, sat his mother, very pale and with red eyes, into whose arms he ran and begged her pardon from his suffering soul. They had persuaded her that he was a wicked fellow, and he thought she seemed more sorry for that than for his going away. The thought was dreadful to him. He tried to eat his parting breakfast, but his tears dropped upon his bread-and-butter and trickled into his tea.

'Master Copperfield's box there?' asked Miss Murdstone, when wheels were heard at the gate. Peggotty was not there, neither was Mr. Murdstone. The carrier was at the door; the box was taken out to the cart and lifted in.

'Clara!' said Miss Murdstone, in her warning note.

'Ready, my dear Jane,' returned the mother. 'Good-bye, Davy. You are going for your own good. Good-bye, my child. You will come home in the holidays, and be a better boy.'

'Clara!' Miss Murdstone repeated.

'Certainly, my dear Jane,' replied Davy's mother, who was holding him. 'I forgive you, my dear boy. God bless you!'

'Clara!' Miss Murdstone repeated. And then Miss Murdstone conducted little Davy to the cart, saying, on the way, that she hoped he would repent before he came to a bad end. Sorrowfully he mounted into the vehicle, and the lazy horse walked off with him.

When the carrier's cart got to the end of its journey, Mr. Mell, one of the masters from the school where David was going, met him and took him by coach to Salem House.

One of the first things that met his astonished eyes when he arrived at the school was a beautifully written placard bearing the words, 'Take care of him. He bites.'

Presently Mr. Mell walked into the room, and explained that his directions were to place the placard on Copperfield's back!

At the time that Davy first entered Salem House it was vacation, and a whole month elapsed before the boys and Mr. Creakle, the Principal, returned. How David dreaded that return, and how earnestly he asked Mr. Creakle, when at last he did appear, to be allowed to take the writing off before the boys assembled on the morrow! But Mr. Creakle, who declared himself a friend of Mr. Murdstone's, refused to grant the poor little prayer, and there was nothing for it but to endure.

When six months had been spent at Mr. Creakle's establishment, in which the cane and the ruler played a very prominent part, the holidays were announced, and, after a journey by coach and cart, Davy found himself at home again.

No face looked out at any window to greet his return or to spoil it, and when, with timid steps, he walked into the little old parlour, he found, to his delight, that his mother was alone—at least, no grown-up person was with her, but on her lap lay a tiny baby boy, whom, in a gentle voice, she was singing to sleep. Mr. and Miss Murdstone was out, and soon Peggotty, his mother, and himself were all kneeling on the floor, embracing and rejoicing together as of old.

The days that succeeded this short happy time were long and unhappy. Hour after hour David was obliged to sit upon a chair in the parlour, afraid to move a limb or a muscle for fear Miss Murdstone should complain of his restlessness, and forbidden Peggotty's company under threats from Mr. Murdstone.

He had returned to school between two and three months when March arrived, bringing with

it the anniversary of his birthday, a raw-cold foggy day.

Breakfast was just over, when a master announced, 'David Copperfield is to go into the parlour.'

Expecting a hamper from Peggotty, he brightened at the order, and rose with great alacrity.

In the parlour Mr. Creakle was sitting at breakfast, with the cane and a newspaper before him, and Mrs. Creakle with an open letter in her hand. But no hamper.

'David Copperfield,' said Mrs. Creakle, leading him to a sofa and sitting down beside him, 'I want to speak to you very particularly. I have something to tell you, my child. . . . When you came away at the end of the vacation were they all well?'

Davy trembled as she paused, without knowing why.

'Was your mamma well?' asked Mrs. Creakle. I grieve to tell you that I hear this morning your mamma is very ill.'

A mist seemed to rise between Mrs. Creakle and the child-figure before her, then David felt the burning tears run down his face, and stood very still as Mrs. Creakle resumed, 'She is very dangerously ill.' He knew all then. No need for his informant to add, 'She is dead.' He had already broken out into a desolate cry, and felt an orphan in the wide, wide world.

The next night Davy started in the night coach for home, and was met, when the coach stopped at nine or ten the next morning, by a fat, merry-looking old man in black. He was Mr. Omer, the undertaker; he took Davy home to his own little shop, where bread-and-butter and tea were served to him.

'Do you know how my baby brother is, sir?' Davy inquired.

'He is in his mother's arms,' said he.

'Oh, poor little fellow! Is he dead?'

'Don't mind it more than you can help,' said Mr. Omer. 'Yes; the baby's dead.'

From Mr. Omer's David was taken to Blunderstone Rookery. Peggotty met him, and, clasping him in her arms, wept and sobbed over him.

On the day of the funeral she would have gently turned down the sheet and shown him the face of the dead mother and her little child, but he hurriedly stopped her, saying, 'Oh, no! no!'

The first words addressed to him by Miss Murdstone, in an iron whisper, were, 'Have you been measured for your mourning? Have you brought your shirts?' No other words of comfort or consolation did she administer. She prided herself on her firmness, and never softened her tones in the least, nor laid aside her work. She was perfectly heartless. Mr. Murdstone sat by the fire, reading, pondering, and weeping, but not a word did he speak to orphan Davy.

After the sad, sad funeral, Miss Murdstone's first action was to give faithful Peggotty a month's notice, and permission to take Davy away to Yarmouth for a time. She gave as a reason that, before all things, she wished her brother to be quiet.

Those were pleasant days when once again in the old boat Davy found a welcome.

A surprise was in store for him in the marriage of Peggotty with Barkis, the carrier.

After his stay at Yarmouth, Peggotty, now Mrs. Barkis, took him to her own small house, and conducted him to a little room in the roof, and told him that she should always call it his, and keep it every day as she used to keep his little old room, as though she always expected him.

It was a sorrowful parting when Peggotty and her husband said 'good-bye' to him at Blunderstone Rookery gates, and sorrowful, too, were the dreary months of cold neglect that followed.

One day, when he was scarcely ten years old, Mr. Murdstone and his Lowestoft friend of the yacht, a Mr. Quinion, came upon him suddenly at the corner of a lane, and a conversation ensued. That night Mr. Quinion slept at the house of Murdstone, and in the morning Mr. Murdstone told David that he was 'now to begin his fight with the world.'

He was to be taken into the house of Murdstone & Grimby, wine merchants, upon the same terms as other boys who worked for the firm.

Mr. Quinion was the manager, and on the morrow he and David started on their journey to London.

In a much-worn little white hat, with black crape round it for his mother, a black jacket, and a pair of hard, stiff corduroy trousers, with a small trunk containing his clothes, sat ten-year-old Davy in the coach that was to convey him to the great city to become 'a little labouring hind in the service of Murdstone & Grimby.'

The warehouse in which Davy worked was at the waterside, down in Blackfriars. It was a crazy old house, with a wharf of its own, abutting on the water when the tide was in, and on the mud when the tide was out.

Its decaying floors and staircases, the squeaking and scuffling of the old grey rats down in the cellars, and the dirt and rottenness of the place, were all trying enough to delicate, sensitive little David.

Examining empty bottles against the light, rejecting those that were flawed, rinsing and washing, labelling and corking others, was his daily work.

His companions in work were sons of watermen and bargemen, and he lodged at a Mr. Micawber's in some little back street near the City Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Micawber had a large family of little children, and were always in debt and difficulties.

Very wretched the poor little drudge David was when he realised the kind of life he had before him, and the low-class companions with whom he had in a way to associate.

At last he formed a resolution. He had heard his mother speak of a certain great-aunt, a Miss Betsy Trotwood, who lived near Dover, who had been in the house when he was born, and had taken umbrage that the baby was not a little girl.

With three-halfpence in his pocket—he had been robbed of the trunk containing his clothes and half-a-guinea which Peggotty had sent him—he started for the Dover road, and after six days' tramping, until his boots were in a woful condition, he arrived in Dover town.

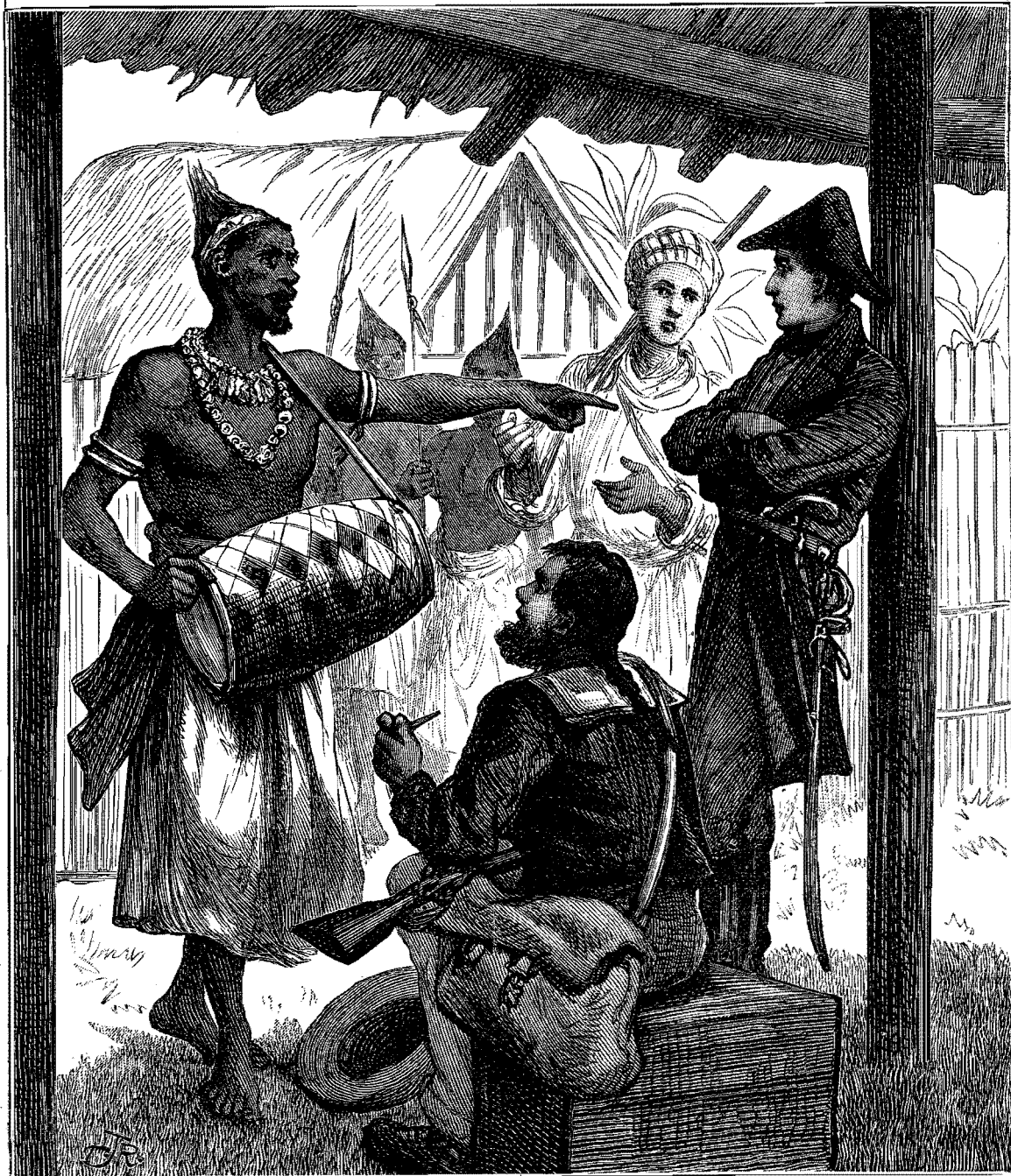
It was a weary time of many anxious inquiries before he found the neat little cottage in which that eccentric but kind-hearted lady lived.



David Copperfield meets with his Aunt.

Little now remains to be told of the childish days of David Copperfield. His fortunes were indeed changed, and those who would pursue their history further may do so by purchasing the complete story

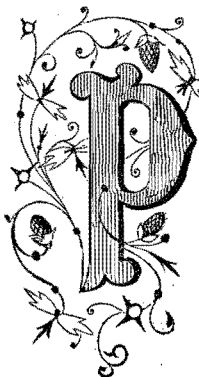
from any bookseller, and we cannot think that they would regret such an outlay. The story gives a most interesting account of 'Little Em'ly,' Peggotty, Ham, and Mr. and Miss Murdstone. JAMES CASSIDY.



Herrick awaits a summons from the King.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 115.)



PIPE the gig away,' was the order early the next day, and the captain, stepping in, was pulled ashore, where he remained for some hours. When he returned to his ship, it was with a somewhat troubled face.

'The skipper looks as though he had heard some bad news, I think,' said the first lieutenant, Mr. Rayne, to Herrick, who happened to be standing by him. 'What

can it be? I wonder—'

But at that moment the cabin-bell rang, and a few moments later word was passed that the captain would like to see Mr. Rayne below.

Half an hour passed, and then the pair came on deck, still engaged in earnest converse. They walked together as far as the spot where Herrick was standing, when, Captain Dunwich's eyes falling upon the young man, he signed to him to join them.

'Mr. Herrick, it is as well that you should know at once that an arduous duty is before us. When ashore this morning, I was informed that the Mission house, several days' journey from here, had been attacked, and two unhappy priests carried off as captives, by King Gomoktah. His territory is some eight or ten days' march from here, and through a difficult and pestilential country. But we shall have to take a party of marines and blue-jackets to demand the release of this fellow's prisoners. Heaven send that they have not already been either tortured or killed. These Dahomian savages do not stand on ceremony with those who fall under their power. We shall have to negotiate with King Gomoktah for their release, and in the event of his refusal, to burn the place about his ears. At the same time, I do not wish to provoke more ill-will than I can help. The after-effects are always so badly felt by all the Europeans who live in the place. If I can only manage to get the prisoners out of his hands without a fight, so much the better. If, however, he won't listen to reason, I shall have no choice but to punish him for his obstinacy.'

'When do you propose to start, sir?' asked the first lieutenant.

'To-morrow, without fail. Every hour is of consequence, and I am afraid that what with our provisions, and the baggage and arms that we must carry, travelling under this blazing sun will be a terribly slow business.'

'Might I make a suggestion, sir?' said Herrick, respectfully.

'With all the pleasure in life. Always glad to hear other people's views,' answered the captain.

'I was thinking, sir, that if, say, a couple of us went up to King Gomoktah's territory instead of an armed force, he might be induced to give up the captives. Two men would travel much faster than a

large armed force, and if the king were made to understand that we were the accredited representatives of England, and that dire vengeance would fall upon his kingdom in the event of his refusing our request, probably he would consent, and then the chance of bloodshed would be averted. I will gladly volunteer for the duty. If any other man will join me, and we can get an interpreter, I am ready to start at any moment.'

'You are a plucky fellow, Herrick,' exclaimed the commander, 'but I don't like the idea of trusting two white men alone so far away from all help. The wretch might cut your throats, and we never be any the wiser. Besides, I certainly would never send any one on such a dangerous mission, and I don't think there's a man on the ship that would volunteer for such a service. Who would you choose for your companion?'

'Ben Lanyon, sir, and I'll guarantee that if I mentioned the matter to him, he would volunteer, and thoroughly enjoy the trip. The boatswain is made of tough stuff, sir, and with him beside me I would not mind facing fifty Dahomian blacks.'

The captain thought out the matter. This savage potentate might probably give up his captives to the English emissaries, as the very name of England had always excited a powerful effect upon the African mind. It would also save valuable time, and he also saw in it a chance of much honour for the young officer, and a chance for him—Captain Dunwich—to bring his conduct under the notice of the 'powers that be' at the Admiralty, and so do him a good turn. It also occurred to his mind, that every hour being of consequence to the fate of the unhappy captives, the saving of time to be effected by sending two or three men instead of a large force, up such a savage and unfriendly country, would be a great gain, and this finally led him, not without some misgiving, to consent to Herrick's plan.

Thirsting for the chance of further distinguishing himself, and indifferent to the danger involved—for what was life to him unless he could win for himself such a name in his profession as would, in his own estimation, entitle him to ask for the hand of his well-loved Sylvia, with a reasonable prospect of success from her proud father?—the young officer hastened off the quarter-deck to seek his chosen companion in the expedition, and sound him as to his views.

'Ben,' said he, as the boatswain saluted him, 'I want a man who will come along with me into the territory where these poor fellows have been taken from the Mission House. I am going up there to demand their release. I am not afraid of King Gomoktah, and I want a companion who is not afraid of him either. Will you come with me?'

'Will I come? Why yes, sir, of course I will. If the old gentleman refuses to give them up, we'll punch his head, between us. I never was afraid of no nigger yet, and I've had a lot to do with them, too.'

'Then I may tell the captain that you volunteer, Ben, may I?'

'Why, certainly, sir. I'll be only too pleased. When do you think of going, sir?'

'To-morrow, as soon as day breaks, if I can anyhow get a guide and interpreter this afternoon. I will get the captain's leave and go ashore at once to see about it.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' replied the boatswain, and Herrick quickly returned to the quarter-deck.

Perhaps no man living could have been found who was better adapted to the perilous task before them than Ben Lanyon. Six feet in height, stalwart and strong, the boatswain had the courage of a lion. Unlike most sailors in those hard-drinking days, Ben had never tasted liquor any stronger than water. 'Nor never will!' as he used to say, bringing his brawny fist down with a thump that made the table rattle whenever he refused to take his share of ship's rum. He was about forty years of age, active as a cat, and always bubbling over with animal spirits.

All things being prepared, John Herrick and Lanyon stepped into a boat and were rowed ashore, as soon as there was light enough, next morning. The captain had himself secured an interpreter, who would also act as guide, and was said to know King Gemoktah's territory well. They were to go by the river for some distance, and then to strike through the bush, over a track which would afford them, at places, a supply of drinking water, the important thing in such a journey.

Day after day the two brave fellows followed their black guide through the enemy's country, more often than not with parched throats and in silence, for talking is not easy when men are more or less exhausted and suffering from a damp, overpowering heat. About the end of a week, the interpreter—whose English, by the way, left a good deal to be desired—informed them that they had entered upon King Gemoktah's land, and might soon expect to encounter some of his people.

Herrick had managed to shoot one or two small deer by the way, as they had tramped along, and water was obtained in fair quantity, though certainly the quality of it was bad. Both he and Lanyon were well armed, though, of course, their object, if obtained at all, would have to be obtained by peaceful means. The nearer they approached to their destination the more unwilling was the guide and interpreter to proceed.

On the seventh day from their leaving Benin, they met half a dozen of the king's people, who stopped them and inquired what they did there, and what was their business with Gemoktah. To this, the interpreter replied that they wished an audience of the king, but carefully omitted to make any mention of the release of the captives. The natives, doubtless mistaking them for traders, said that the king was living about nine miles farther on, and that if the white men followed the course of the river for that distance they would be sure to find his encampment. At the same time, they added that Gemoktah was by no means favourable to white men, and always regarded them with jealousy when they came into his territory. At this the guide exhibited some signs of wavering, and asked Herrick, in earnest tones, whether he thought it prudent to go on. The young

officer merely replied that, favourable or unfavourable, the king had to hear the message which he was bringing, and that at the first sign of defection on the part of the Benin man he should certainly shoot him through the head.

The wretched black, seeing death threatening him whichever course he took, drew a sigh which sounded like a groan, and again trudged along on his perilous journey. Seeing that the Englishmen were quite determined to go through with their mission, he forbore to argue, guessing, and rightly, that they were men who, if the honour of their country required it, would die calmly in the performance of their duty. So, muttering an incantation, and resigning himself to his fate, after a three hours' tramp he announced that he could see the first signs of King Gemoktah's palisades.

Groups of stragglers now began to pass them, but still they trudged on, taking no notice of any one. Upon the crest of the hill lying in front of them stood a curious-looking wooden erection, placed within the timbers of a stockade. This they afterwards found out was the king's palace. The roof was of canvas, and the wooden sides were painted in stripes of alternate red and white. Another tent, but not so gaudy, stood about a dozen paces from the royal one. Both the doorways were hung with grass mats, and the mats being down the travellers could not see within. Some twenty dusky female warriors, armed with spears, patrolled constantly around these abodes, thereby clearly showing the importance of those who dwelt within. Over the gateway of the outer stockade were set a quantity of human skulls, placed as closely together as possible, and forming a terribly grim prospect for all whose tastes were not so Dahomian as to admire such signs of triumphant warfare. A big man, black as ebony and frightfully ugly, stood just within the stockade, banging away at a kind of drum, which was also decorated with human skulls.

As the two sailors approached, this man ceased his drumming for a time, and glared savagely at the trembling interpreter, and howled something at him.

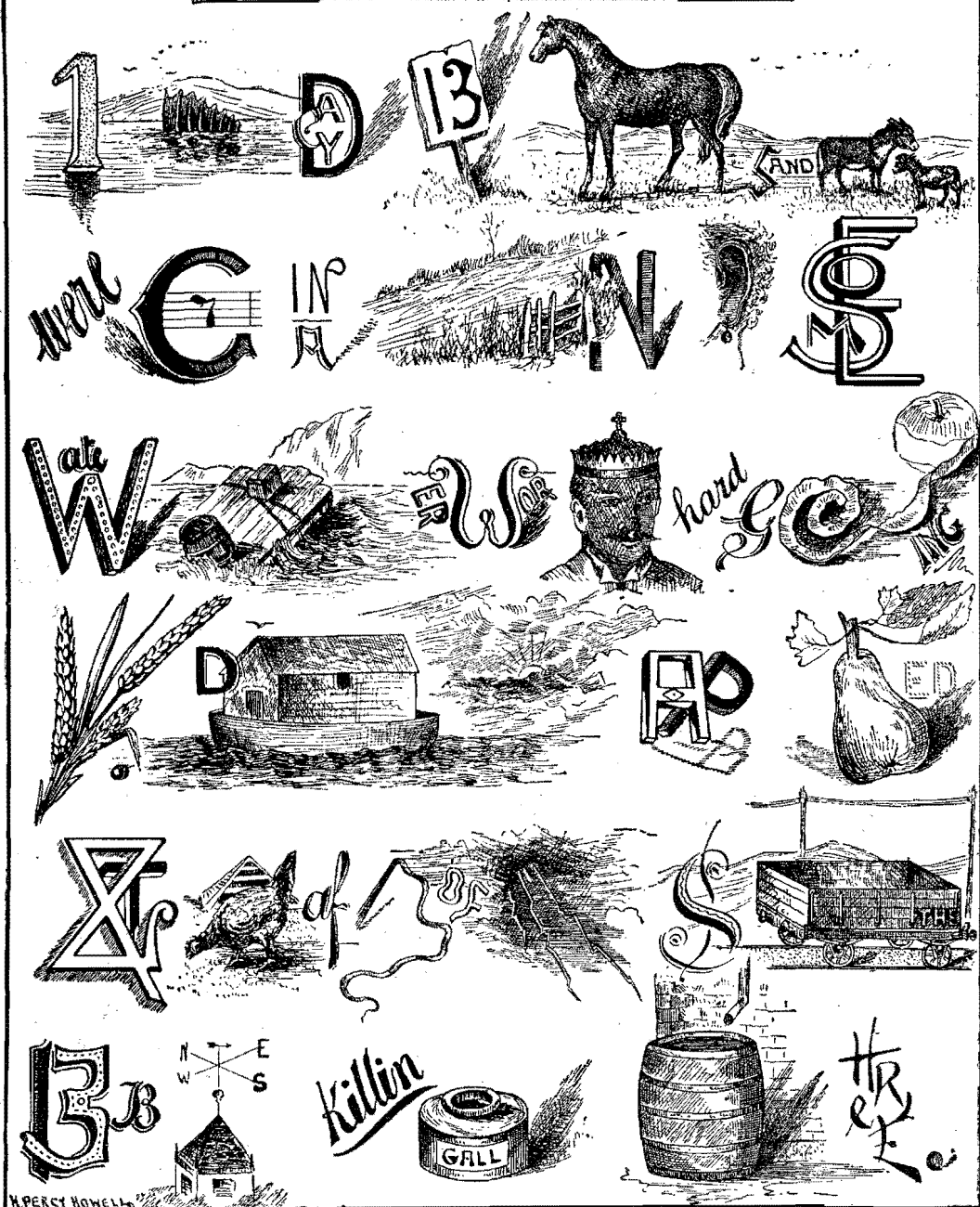
The Benin man gave this guard a greeting, and then turned to Herrick for instructions as to what he wished to be said.

'Tell him,' said the young officer, 'that we come from the big ships of the King of England, and that our king sends a message to King Gemoktah which we are charged to deliver. Tell him that we wish to be conducted to the presence of his king as quickly as possible.'

Having rendered this message faithfully, the interpreter awaited the black's reply. For a minute or two the fellow did not speak; then, evidently with unwillingness, he answered that he would go and fetch the king's chief councillor. Meantime he made a sign that the travellers were to seat themselves on the ground, and not to stir a step nearer the 'palace' than they then were. Before going off he beckoned two of the Amazon warriors to come and keep guard over the white strangers. Then, but not without many a suspicious glance backward, he slowly stalked off in the direction of the royal residence.

(Continued at page 130.)

PICTURE-STORY PUZZLE.



For Answers see page 143.



MITHRIDATES, KING OF PONTUS.

THIS King, one of those called 'the Great,' reigned as long as our George III., and did not die of decay, but put himself to death, because he was afraid of falling into his enemies' hands and of being made a show.

The Romans were his greatest enemies, and no wonder, for he had killed in cold blood all those of that nation on whom he could lay hands. Eighty

thousand Italians perished in a single day, it is said. Of course, the Romans were enraged at this deed, and Sylla, one of their best generals, was sent to punish the murderers. In one of the battles which ensued, the Roman leader found his soldiers panic-stricken, and about to run away, when, with great readiness, he snatched up a banner and rode alone toward the enemy, saying as he did so, 'Soldiers, I

think it glorious to die here; but as for you, when people ask where it was you abandoned your general, tell them it was at Orchomenus.' Stung by Sylla's words, the Roman warriors returned to the charge, and routed the foe. They still pushed on, and drove Mithridates nearer to the brink of ruin. He sent ambassadors to sue for peace, but Sylla told them that he expected to see their master instead, and on his bended knees too, returning thanks if his conqueror had left him only the hand with which he had murdered a hundred thousand Romans. Soon after this, Mithridates and Sylla met, and the king offered the general his hand, but Sylla merely said, 'Do you accept my conditions?'

Mithridates was silent, when Sylla went on: 'Don't you know, O king, that it is for the conquered to entreat, and for the conqueror to hear and be silent?'

Then the king made a long excuse, blaming the gods and the Romans; but it would not do, and Sylla haughtily asked him again if he meant to give way. When the king found that he could not carry his point, he agreed to the terms, but these did not satisfy the Roman soldiers, who thought so bloody a man should have been put to the sword. No sooner was he free, however, than he began once more to harass the Romans, and was again humbled by the general Murena.

A third time did Mithridates measure swords with his enemies. He now had learned some Roman virtues, and he ordered his officers to strip off their gay and useless ornaments, and he got swords forged after the Roman pattern, and formed his army likewise as theirs was formed, and renewed his shattered navy, and added scythe-blades to his chariots. As soon as possible, two Roman consuls, Lucullus and Cotta, were sent to encounter him. Cotta came to grief both by sea and land, but Lucullus proved himself a great captain. So closely did his legions press the retreating king, that he was obliged to cast out gold and silver and jewels in abundance, in order that the soldiers who were in hot pursuit might lose time in gathering up the precious things, and so allow him to get away to Armenia, where his son-in-law, Tigranes, lived. Lucullus followed, and, after a great fight with the vain-glorious Tigranes, he captured his chief city. In the battle which followed, Lucullus used so small an army, that Tigranes made merry on their appearance, and said, 'If these men come as ambassadors, they are very many; if as enemies, very few.' And when, owing to some movement among the Romans, Tigranes thought that they were retiring without fighting, one of his generals said, 'I wish a miracle may be wrought for your Majesty to-day, but be sure of it those men are not running away.'

'How!' said Tigranes, 'are those few people really coming to us?'

They were indeed. Some of the Roman generals advised Lucullus to wait till the morrow, for it was the 6th of October, one of the black days in the almanac, the fatal anniversary of a great misfortune; but Lucullus, rising above superstitious fears, said, 'I, for my part, will make this day a happy one for Rome.'

And he did so. In a short time the astonished Tigranes was racing from the field, and removing,

with childish tears, the crown from his head. He offered the diadem to Mithridates, who refused the perilous bauble; so it was handed to a faithful servant, who fell soon after into the enemy's hands, and so it came to Lucullus. That Roman general was afterwards much troubled by his own people, and especially by a notorious mischief-maker, one Clodius, a most wicked man, born to disturb and destroy. As for Lucullus, he was a brave and able man, but he never could get his soldiers to love him, for he showed himself rough, harsh, and haughty toward them. Mithridates took advantage of all this, and, with his usual cleverness, raised himself once more out of the dust, attacked and worsted the Romans under some of their best captains, and, profiting by such deeds of valour, and by the distractions in the Roman armies, he actually regained all that he had lost. But it was only for a time. For now the famous Pompey appeared on the scene, and before his well-directed blows the King of Pontus recoiled, beaten, and yet again beaten, by General Pompey, who was one of earth's great soldiers.

Mithridates now provided himself and his friends with doses of poison. He tried, but in vain, to treat with Pompey, and when he saw that all was over, he bade his wife and daughters take poison with him. They took the draught and died, but his vigorous frame resisted the action of the drug, and he then stabbed himself with his dagger. But as he did not bleed to death quickly enough, he made a sign to a favourite soldier to give him his death-blow. He was now seventy-two, sixty years of which had been spent in the troubles of reigning, fighting, and plotting. Well might he have said, and perhaps sometimes did say or think, in the words of Pompey, 'Shall I never cease to make war, nor ever have my armour off my back? Shall I never live at peace in the country with my wife and children?'

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

8.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

The chief town of a country in Europe which since the beginning of the 18th century has experienced several changes of government. The city is one of the most commercial in the world, and possesses a remarkable means of security against foreign invasion.

1. The largest river in the world.
2. A fortified island in the Mediterranean belonging to Great Britain.
3. A very large desert in Africa, containing some beautiful and fertile spots.
4. A village in Yorkshire, where the Yorkists defeated the Lancastrians, in the wars of the Roses.
5. A rock in the English Channel, upon which stands a very famous lighthouse.
6. A town in the Isle of Man, also an island off the coast of Wales, and a market town in Huntingdonshire.
7. An isthmus uniting two large continents.
8. A town in Egypt, named after a great conqueror by whom it was built.
9. A very large island in the Indian Ocean, off the eastern coast of Africa.

C. O.

9.—WORD PUZZLES.

1. I AM a word of 7 letters naming a delicate article of food; change my head and you will see a large bird of the poultry kind; change my head again and I am a plant bearing a pungent seed which is often found at your table; the first 4 letters of the second word may be found in a sculptor's studio; the first 4 letters of the last word express necessity, and 3, 4, 5, 6 of all three words will describe a beautiful natural object.

2. I am a word of 5 letters expressing a very disagreeable habit, also a person who indulges in it; behead me and your thermometer will go down quickly; behead me again and I shall be what most of the readers of *Chatterbox* are not.

3. I am a word of 6 letters describing an elevation, also an upward movement; behead me and I shall be found in a flower garden, or in a chemist's shop; behead me again and you will see a coin of small value, in use on the other side of the Atlantic.

4. I am a word of 5 letters naming a sudden movement usually caused by an alarm; behead me and I shall be welcome at your dinner-table; behead me again and I am the reverse of nature. C. C.

[Answers at page 143.]

ANSWERS.

- 7.—The queen of hearts she made some tarts,
Upon a summer's day.
The knave of hearts he stole the tarts,
And carried them away.
The king of hearts that way did pass,
And beat the knave full sore;
The knave of hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

SPEAK NO ILL.

NAY, speak no ill! a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan,
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No: let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man—
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' failings, as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known:
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span,
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE WALKING-STICK, THE LEAF, AND THE LANTERN INSECTS.



THE species of insects called *Orthoptera* include the Walkers (*Orthoptera ambulatoria*), the Runners (*Orthoptera cursoria*), the Grasspers (*Orthoptera raptoria*), and the Jumpers (*Orthoptera saltatoria*), which last is by far the largest, and includes the grasshoppers and locusts.

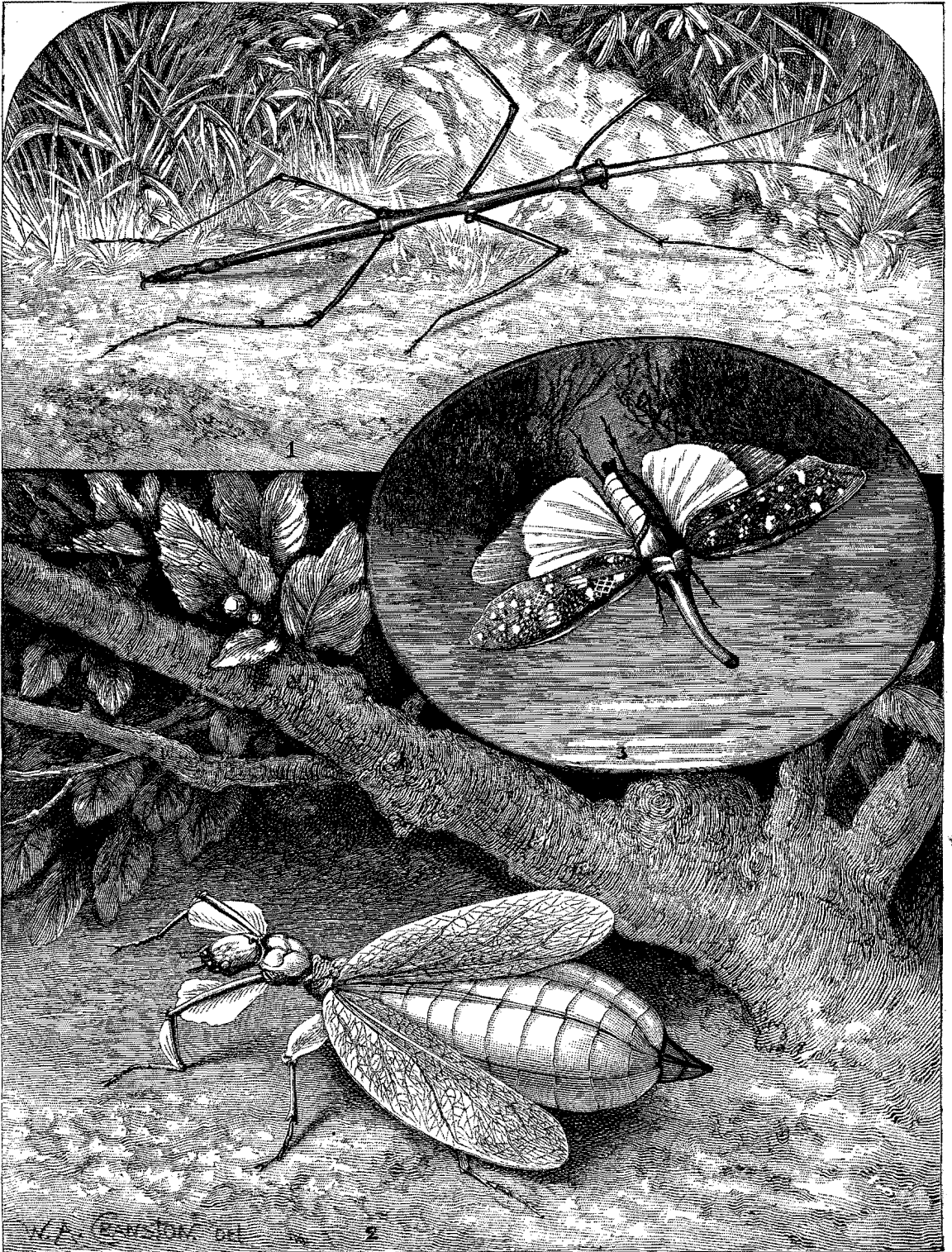
The 'Walking-stick Insect' (No. 1) belongs to the section of *Orthoptera* (that is the scientific name). Of this order there are four sections, each marked with peculiar characteristics. The walking-stick is not uncommon, but, owing to its resemblance to the twigs on which it rests, it is seldom noticed. It is of a brownish colour, has no wings, looks like a twig or stick, with six legs growing from it. Its food consists of the tender shoots of trees and bushes. It is slow and sluggish in its movements.

Some of the *Orthoptera* insects found in the East Indies (No. 2) have wings, which greatly resemble the leaves of the trees in which they dwell, both in colour and shape and in their branching veins, so that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from the foliage. 'I have,' says Mr. Kirby, 'one of this tribe eight inches long, and unless it were seen to move, it could scarcely be conceived to be anything but a small branch with its spray, the legs as well as the head having their little snags and knobs, so that no imitation could be more accurate.'

The Lantern Fly of South America (No. 3) is said to be by far the most brilliant of all luminous insects. It sometimes measures more than two inches in length. The shape of the head is very curious; it is furnished with a hollow, transparent snout, nearly the length of its body, from whence comes the lamp-like light. 'Madam Merian,' says Mr. Kirby, informed him 'that when first she made the discovery that these insects were luminous she was somewhat alarmed. The Indians had brought her several of them in the day-time. She put them in a box until she had time to make drawings of them. In the middle of the night the confined insects made such a noise as to awaken her. She opened the box, the inside of which, to her great astonishment, seemed all in a blaze, and in her fright the box fell from her hand. Each of the insects seemed to be on fire. She soon, however, guessed the cause, and replaced her brilliant guests in their place of confinement. She adds that the light of one of these insects is bright enough to read a newspaper by.'

In England the glow-worm is our only representative of the light-giving insects, and is rather rare; but in the South of Europe the fire-fly is common enough, and may be seen dancing hither and thither, up and down among the trees and shrubs with wonderful vivacity.

W. A. C.



1. — The Walking Stick Insect.

2. — The Walking Leaf Insect.

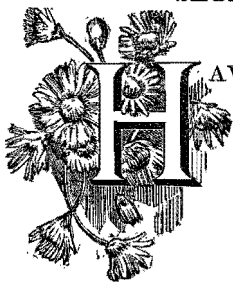
3. — The Lantern Fly.



"I galloped my horse at them, and knocked them down like ninepins."

SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. III.



HAVE I ever made any mistakes in my scout life? Yes, I made one terrible one, but that's all. It nearly drove me mad at the time, but I was quite a young man then, and thinking over it since I don't know as I was so very much to blame, after all. Every man makes a mistake some

time or other in his life, I suppose, and I don't think I ever made another—not to signify, at all events. You would like to hear how it came about? Well, you shall. I'm nowise ashamed of it now after all these years, though I suffered badly enough over the job at the time.

I was acting as scout for General Crealock, some of whose force had been sent to punish a tribe of the Iroquois for stealing horses and murdering the owner of them and his wife and child. We had only somewhere about fifty troopers with their officers, and from what I could gather the tribe we were after numbered nearly three hundred braves, besides their old men, women, and children, so we had to go carefully. The General said to me one day,—

'Baldur, we mustn't risk getting whipped by these fellows. You must give me early notice of Indian signs, and we must leave nothing to chance.'

'All right, General,' I says, and I kept my eyes skinned pretty smartly every day, but no sign could I make out, and so on we marched quite comfortable.

About a week after this, as I was out prospecting around by myself, and about four or five miles in advance of our force, I came suddenly on a solitary Injun. He came up quite friendly and asked for a chew of tobacco. I gave it him, and we began to talk. He told me he was out there alone, trapping; said his tribe were about ten miles off to the north of the big creek, and that there were no other Injuns about anywhere.

Well, as I told you, I was young then. I believed the critter. He took me in completely. Somehow it never struck me he was telling lies. But I've had a lot to do with the Red-men since that time, and what I does is to say to myself that everything they're telling me is lies now, and it's not often that I find the estimate is wrong.

I rode back into camp, and told General Crealock that the country ahead was clear; that it was plain from the information I had had that no Iroquois were anywhere about, and that we had better push on sharp, or we should never catch up the tribe we were after.

The General nodded, and, after our midday halt, he gave the word to slip along in loose order, so as to make the march easier for the men and quicker. All went well till nearly sun-down. The General was riding ahead, Captain Custer was with him, and I a little behind the two of them. Then came the troopers, straggling along, talking and laughing and smoking their pipes, quite comfortable and jolly-like.

We were just riding through some scrub, with high rocky boulders on one side of us, when, without the slightest note of warning a war-whoop came from the bushes, followed directly by the sharp crackling of rifles and a dense white smoke. We had ridden straight into a trap, and there was a painted face behind every bush. I looked sharp round: Captain Custer was killed, and two troopers; three or four others were hit, more or less badly. The General gave me one look, as much as to say, 'This is your carelessness,' when he suddenly pitched forward, shot through the lungs. He fell from his horse, and tore up the grass with his hands; it was an awful sight, and just drove me mad.

I think, for a bit, I really was a mad-man. You see, I felt that it was all my own over-confidence and carelessness that had brought the troop into this mess. I yelled to the men to follow me, and dashed at a mass of gunpowder smoke, which I knew hid a cluster of the red scoundrels. I was in amongst them in a moment, emptying my revolver in their hideous red-daubed faces. Man after man of them fell, whilst I got never a scratch. It does seem to happen so sometimes. When my revolver was discharged, I flung it in the face of an Iroquois, and brought him to grass as surely as though it had been a bullet. I galloped my horse at them, and knocked them down like ninepins. They told me, after it was all over, that I acted like a man possessed, and I can quite believe it, for I wanted to lose my life rather than face the blame that would be put on me for neglect of duty, or, at all events, for want of cuteness, which is almost the same thing in an Indian scout's business. I think that, although the Iroquois got the better of us at the outset, they were more surprised than we had been by the desperate onslaught they had to meet at our hands. We all knew what we had to expect if we did not wipe them out. Not a man of us would get away alive unless we won the fight. Although we had made the mistake of running into their ambush, they had made just as great a mistake in despising their enemy. They didn't know what desperate men are capable of—fighting, as it were, with a rope round their necks. Bit by bit we drove them back, dislodging them from the boulders and bushes, and forcing them into the open; that was the turning-point of the battle. Iroquois don't fight up to much in the open, unless they are twice the number of their enemies. The troopers charged them, and although they were still war-whooping, I soon saw that there was no more stomach for fighting left in them. Another minute, and the lot of them were all in full flight across the plain. We didn't follow; most of us had done enough fighting for that day. When we came to count the dead—Injuns, as you know, always try to carry off their dead, but these chaps had had no chance, you see—we found over forty bodies.

We had lost eight troopers, besides the General and Captain Custer; and thirteen more were wounded. It took us eleven days to get back to the Fort, and we were all about worn out when we got there. Of course, there had to be an inquiry into the matter of getting surprised, and some of the younger officers, who knew nothing about the ways of Redskins,

was inclined to go for me very hardly. But old General Wigram, who was president of the court, and had forgotten as much of Injun fighting as the rest ever knew, said, 'I'm not inclined to go any further in this inquiry; every man—when he's young—is liable to believe that even a Redskin is speaking the truth when he's telling you a thing, and after all, that's where Baldur went wrong. He won't do it again, and the way he fought afterwards, by the evidence of all the troopers, showed that he had plenty of grit in him. All I want to say to him, in concluding this business, is to remember what one of our best fighting Generals said: "The only good Injun that ever I knew, was a dead Injun!"' and with these words he broke up the court, and I remained on as scout in the army.

FOX RUSSELL.

WHY THE QUAKER BOUGHT A HORSE.

THE winter of 1732 was very cold. The pavements became very slippery by the frost. A horse, harnessed to a cart laden with wood, was unable to get foot-hold or advance a step forward, while the carter, a powerful fellow, was belabouring the poor brute with his heavy whip. Breathless and struggling violently, the poor horse was so exhausted by his continued and severe efforts, that, in spite of the cold, he was covered with sweat and foam. Now, throwing himself into his collar with desperate exertion, he tugged so that the stones beneath his feet threw out sparks of fire; now, far from being discouraged, he backed a few paces to take breath, and again tried, but in vain, to draw his load. At last, after violent efforts, he fell; he could not recover himself, but lay on his side, trembling, bathed in sweat, and his eyes fixed on his brutal owner. The rage of his master then knew no bounds; and after breaking his whip over the head of the horse, who, kept down by the shafts, lay groaning on the stones, he began kicking the unfortunate animal on the nostrils. The spectators of this cruel conduct were afraid to interfere. The fellow, finding the horse did not move, took a bundle of straw, twisted it in the form of a torch, and, taking a match from his pocket, said, 'I'll roast him; perhaps that will make him get up.' At this moment a Quaker stopped, and pushed his way among the crowd. When he saw the carter go toward the fallen horse, with the intention of applying the blazing straw to his body, a shudder ran through his frame, and his countenance expressed the utmost compassion. Unable for a moment to endure this scene, the Quaker approached the carter and took him by the arm. The man turned with a threatening look, as he shook the torch.

'Friend,' said the Quaker in a calm tone, showing the carter fifteen gold coins which he held in his hand, 'wilt thou sell me thy horse for this gold?'

'What do ye say?' inquired the carter; 'will you give me that sum for the brute?' and treading out the light beneath his feet.

'I will,' said the Quaker.

'But why should you buy the horse?'

'That is nothing to thee. If thou sellest thy horse, thee must unload thy cart, unharness the horse, and assist him to rise.'

'Is the gold good?'

'Take it to the nearest shop and inquire.'

The carter soon returned, saying, 'It is a bargain.'

'Then unshackle the horse, for he is crushed by the weight of his burden.'

The bystanders lent their aid to free the horse. The poor animal was bleeding in many places; and, such was his terror of the carter, that he trembled at his approach.

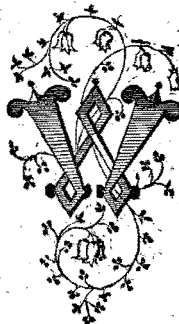
'I cannot tell why you bought the old brute,' said the carter.

'I can tell thee: it was to free him from thy cruelty that I bought him,' replied the Quaker.

EUGENE SCE.

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.

HAND-BALL, BALLOON-BALL,
STOOL-BALL.



WHEN London was a Roman town, it is likely that some of the boys who lived there played at ball in the streets and open places, for the Romans and other people who lived in far-back times knew what is probably the oldest of all playthings. The Anglo-Saxons often played at ball, and the ball which they used seems to have been made much in

the same way as our balls are—the outside was of the skin of some animal, the inside being stuffed with grass or dry leaves.

Hand-ball was a very favourite game with the London boys during the Middle Ages. On their holidays, they went out in parties to the fields outside the City. At Easter, it seems, the best players had prizes given them; but these were only tansy cakes. One old author tells us that, in some of the churches, they tossed a ball at Easter to show their joy, the organ being played while the ball was thrown round the church by the choristers. It was started by the bishop, or chief person there.

There were two ways in which boys used to play at hand-ball in bygone days. Sometimes the lads formed a ring, and tossed the ball round. Of course, they had spaces between them. Sometimes they stood in a line, throwing the ball along it from one end to the other, then back again, till they were tired. In another game the boys stood in pairs, and they struck the ball with the open hand to and fro. The object was to keep the ball from dropping to the ground as long as possible. For this sort of hand-ball play the hand was often protected by gloves or by cords twisted round, giving more force to the blow. A book, written in the year A.D. 1424, mentions the cleverness of a young French lady, who



Hand-ball in Bygone Days.

could strike a ball better than any man could, both with the palm and the back of her hand. One author tells us that the boys also played at ball, some having their hands tied together. How they managed to play he does not tell us; perhaps they had to catch the ball with their mouths!

Hundreds of years ago a walk about the fields near London would have shown us some people

playing with a very large ball, which they called the balloon-ball. There is an old picture representing this game of balloon-ball. The players have fastened to their hands and fore-arms rounded shields, most likely of wood, by means of which they struck the ball backwards and forwards. Or we might have seen in some of the gardens round the houses people amusing themselves with the game of stool-ball,

which was played both indoors and out of doors. A game called stool-ball is still popular in Sussex, which is something like cricket, only the ball is thrown at a square board fixed on a breast-high support. Somebody, writing about stool-ball in old days, says that the players sat and guarded their stools with their hands, while the player who had the ball stood a little way off, and kept on throwing at the stools till he hit one of them. The person on that stool had to change places with him. Another writer tells us that the players moved from stool to stool, but what they did with the ball then we do not know. This game seems to have been one at which girls played more than boys.

Whether the balloon-ball which I have mentioned was kicked with the foot sometimes, as well as struck with the hand, is doubtful; but we may be sure that the game of foot-ball is an old one, though we do not read about its being played by the Saxons. We know that it was a game much liked by Londoners and others in the fourteenth century, because a law was made during that century to forbid the young men from playing too much at foot-ball. The reason for this law was that, owing to that and similar games, they did not shoot with their bows, so as to become good archers. The kings wished them to be clever in aiming arrows, to prepare themselves for fighting when there was war. Several of the old poets speak of foot-ball, and they mention the tumbles which the players got, also the chances of being hurt by kicks. King James I. left it as his opinion that it was too rough a game for courtiers, and that those who played were more likely to be lamed than to be made strong. People used to put dry peas or beans into the ball, so that it might make a rattling noise when kicked about.

J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 123.)



OR over an hour did the three men remain squatting on the moist ground, and gazing, with no very pleasant feelings, upon the horrible grinning skulls which almost everywhere met their eyes. Then the grass mat at the door of the striped building was cautiously lifted, and an old man, attired in a yellow

robe marked all over with alligators, horses, suns, and moons, and bearing a white wand, his badge of office, in his hand, advanced towards Herrick's party. He was closely followed by the black giant, whose scowl never left his face. The Amazons respectfully fell back, still keeping within easy distance, however, in case they should be wanted, and the white men rose to their feet to receive one who was evidently an important person.

The chief councillor, for such he was, told Herrick

through the interpreter that the king was asleep at the present moment, and as he had a knack of striking off the head of any one of his subjects, however exalted, who dared to awake him, the chief councillor could not grant the white men who came from King George an immediate interview. On the morrow they should have audience of His Majesty, King Gemoktah; for to-night a hut would be placed at their disposal, and he himself would see that they had food and drink in plenty. With these words the old man turned on his heel, and left them to the care of the two Amazons, to whom he uttered a few words of instruction as he went.

On their way out of the stockade again, Herrick, who had been thinking over what should be his next move, said to Lanyon:

'This is an excuse to put us off and make us waste our time. How could it be possible that the king should be asleep with that big fellow beating his drum all the time? The councillor must take us for fools if he thinks we are going to believe that yarn. I only hope they are not delaying so as to have time to put the captives out of the way.'

'I hope not, sir—poor chaps. It must be a terrible time for them, not knowing what is to happen to them.'

They followed the Amazons until they came upon a little square building of wood, mat, and canvas, covered with a thickly thatched roof. Some men stood about with torches in their hands, for it was now getting dark. The mat door was lifted up by one of them, and the party was conducted within.

There was no kind of furniture, but a plentiful supply of clean dried grass was thrown down into one corner for them to sleep on, together with half-a-dozen mats to cover over them. They flung themselves down on the litter, tired out with the exertions of the past week; but in a short time the mat covering the doorway was again lifted, and a woolly-headed boy carried in on his shoulder a sort of wooden trough, in which was heaped up boiled meat and chicken, some baked cakes, and a little fruit. A jar of palm wine completed the repast. They fell to as only hungry, tired men can. The food was good of its kind and cleanly served. The beaten clay which composed the floor was their table, and they had to kneel or squat in order to get at their meal. After they had well feasted themselves they lay down to sleep.

Long into the stillness of that night John Herrick lay wakeful and planning out his course of action. Much, he knew, depended upon his conduct of the difficult matter in hand, and he did not for an instant disguise from himself that his position was very like that of Daniel of old in the den of lions. On the morrow he knew that he would have to deliver what was uncommonly like a threatening message to this savage potentate, here in the heart of wildest Africa—a man whose only law was his own blood-thirsty will, tempered merely by fear of consequences should he offend a stronger power than his own. The young man could not but admit to himself that their position was a dangerous one, and that nothing could be more easy than to make some mistake in dealing with these people, a mistake for which their lives

would become forfeit; so he planned and arranged for every chance which he could foresee, and then he let his thoughts drift away to home and Sylvia. Strange to say, he was quite untroubled at the chance of her forgetting him, and, after a year or two, marrying some one else. Even as he himself, once having given his heart, felt that he could not change, so did he repose unbounded confidence in the girl he loved.

Early on the following morning a messenger came from the royal tent to say that the king would give audience to the 'white men of King George' in an hour's time, and in a little over that period a prodigious thumping of the big skull-adorned drum gave warning that something was going to happen. A minute later, the chief councillor made his appearance at the doorway of the hut, and, raising the mat hanging there, he announced to the interpreter that the king would now see them. The Benin man having translated this message, Herrick signed to the chief councillor that he was at his service, and they all moved off towards the stockade, followed at a respectful distance by a rough-looking crowd, which, however, found itself turned back at the gates of the palisade. Just as they entered, the interpreter, in a nervous whisper, said to Herrick:—

'Pray say nothing likely to offend the king. He is a blood-thirsty tyrant, who cares for nothing, and whose chief pleasure is in human sacrifices. If we offend him, no power on earth can save us.'

The young man answered nothing. Duty was then, as it had been always, uppermost in his mind, and he intended to deliver the message with which he was charged, at any cost. At the same time he was fully alive to the position in which they were placed. Merely nodding his head, he strode firmly on, crossed the compound, and then halted opposite the threshold, where a short consultation took place between the chief councillor and a hideous ogre, attired in a yellow petticoat, who met them there. Then, a gaudily painted mat being drawn aside, the party was ushered into the audience chamber, a long, narrow, and somewhat dark room, whose roof was open in half-a-dozen places, admitting the outer air, and thus in primitive fashion ventilating the apartment.

Squatted in two long rows down each side of the room were armed Dahomians. The walls were hung with coloured matting, whilst at the end farthest from the doorway there was a trophy built entirely of human skulls. Suddenly, a deafening blare of brass trumpets burst forth, and with some show of pomp King Gemoktah himself walked on to a raised dais at the head of the room, and seated himself on a large cushion, placed below the skull trophy. He was accompanied by five or six councillors and ministers of state, all attired, like himself, in long robes. After favouring the strange white visitors with a prolonged stare, he muttered something to the chief councillor, who had now placed himself just behind the monarch, and that dignitary then signified that the emissaries might now be permitted to approach.

The king was a man of about forty years of age, his back somewhat bent from the lack of healthy exercise, and his face fatter than it should have been,

from the idle life he led, for in Dahomey it would be thought degrading for a sovereign to walk about even as other men; his expression was fierce and cruel, though by no means stupid.

Advancing to within a couple of yards of the royal presence, John Herrick, in a mild and conciliatory tone of voice, made a recital of the object which brought him there, somewhat to the following effect:—

'That the mission house, situate a few miles away, had been raided by the subjects of the king; that two missionaries, whose only offence was that they were trying to do good according to their lights, had been carried off to King Gemoktah's territory, where he, Herrick, had good reason to believe they were still kept as prisoners; that these men were under the protection of England, and therefore that he had been sent from an English war-ship to request the king to give them up, and that he now awaited his majesty's pleasure concerning the matter.'

It was with a certain sense of relief that the Benin man translated the above for the king's benefit. He had been in terror lest he should have to say anything by way of threat, but in this message, even he, in his nervousness, could see nothing likely to arouse the royal wrath.

For fully five minutes did the great potentate discuss the matter with his ministers of state; then he turned to Herrick and asked if he were the chief man of his war-ship?

Herrick replied that he was not, but that the chief man had sent him to come to the king and deliver this message.

The monarch's answer to this was short and to the point. He declined to deal with any except a head man. The English should have known better than to send an inferior to him. He declined to hear anything more from this young man on the subject, and the audience was at an end.

The whole of his followers thereupon—as in duty bound—applauded this wise decision, and for several minutes nothing but the sound of their approving shouts filled the apartment.

Waiting with the utmost calmness until they had finished, Herrick again spoke, in perfectly cool manner. 'I regret, King Gemoktah, that I cannot take this for an answer' (here the monarch fairly gasped at the young man's audacity—to tell him, him, the King of Dahomey, that he could not take the royal answer—surely this young man must be mad?). 'Although I am not the captain of my ship, I am sent to execute the orders of my captain, and he, on his part, represents his king and his country, so that it is England that speaks in this matter through me. My instructions are to bring the missionaries away with me.'

Had the king been left entirely to himself, it is possible that in his fury he would at once have summoned the ever-ready executioner, and things would have gone hard with his visitors. But, fortunately for them, his councillors began to advise him, and he stayed his wrath, though an outbreak seemed imminent. After a great deal of whispering the king asked if Herrick had anything to add to his message? What if he, Gemoktah, refused to give these priests up?

'In that case I am commanded to tell your Majesty that an expedition will be made to this place and the town burnt.'

But here the Benin man plucked up his courage, a courage born of despair, and resolutely refused to deliver a message which he assured the young man would simply have the effect of signing a warrant for their instant execution. He implored him to modify the language used, or to put the matter in another form, leaving out all reference to an English expedition.

'That is impossible. I no more wish to have my throat cut than you do, my friend, but that message has got to be delivered, or I shall have failed in my duty!'

In vain the poor interpreter begged and prayed Herrick to relinquish the perilous mission with which he was charged. The young Englishman's nerves were those of steel, and though well aware of the consequences, he quietly insisted upon his message being delivered.

With a groan the unhappy Benin man, in faltering tones, slurred over and tried to disguise the true import of the words he was commanded to utter. It was vain, however. Gemoktah caught enough to understand the threat contained therein, and his fury blazed forth. Not even his chief councillor dared open his lips whilst the king poured out the torrent of his terrible rage upon the pair of stalwart, unmoved Englishmen, and their trembling guide. After exhausting the whole of his stock of invective, the king, steadying his voice by a strong effort, and speaking in tones more like the snarling of a fierce dog than those of a human being, exclaimed:—

'Dahomey will let the vile English see what it is to insult her king! These spies shall be the first to pay the penalty of their foolish speaking. What! are we dogs that we should be thus threatened? Are two men and a shivering slave'—indicating in a contemptuous manner the interpreter, as he covered before the royal anger—'to threaten me in the midst of Dahomey itself? Truly, they have arrived in time; next week is our great festival of human sacrifice, and first these hounds, and then the two miserable priests, shall be hurled to our people to tear in pieces. Then, perhaps, will England, the country of the big ships and booming cannon, learn that Dahomey also has warriors, and shall be respected. Away with them! and listen, O fat cow of an executioner! should either of them escape, you shall take their place at the festival! Begone!' and in a moment the little party were seized and overpowered.

As well as his trembling lips and faltering tongue allowed, the interpreter translated the gist of what had just been said to Herrick, who heard the king's sentence unmoved. With quiet dignity he replied:—

'We are in your hands: if you choose to sacrifice us we are powerless to prevent you; but if you think to escape unpunished, I warn you that you are making a mistake. England never lets the murder of one of the meanest of her sons pass without taking vengeance on those who dare to do the deed. Take heed, King Gemoktah, for your days, and the days

of your kingdom, are numbered from that moment when you fling our bodies to the crowd!' And without deigning to cast another glance upon the Dahomian monarch, Herrick suffered himself to be led away from the audience chamber.

Lanyon and the Benin man were marched off to the same prison that received their leader, and directly they had been rudely thrust inside, eight or ten guards, fully armed, and headed by the hideous executioner himself, were placed around the walls. Knowing that his own life depended upon the safe custody of his captives, the black man intended to take very good care indeed that escape should be impossible.

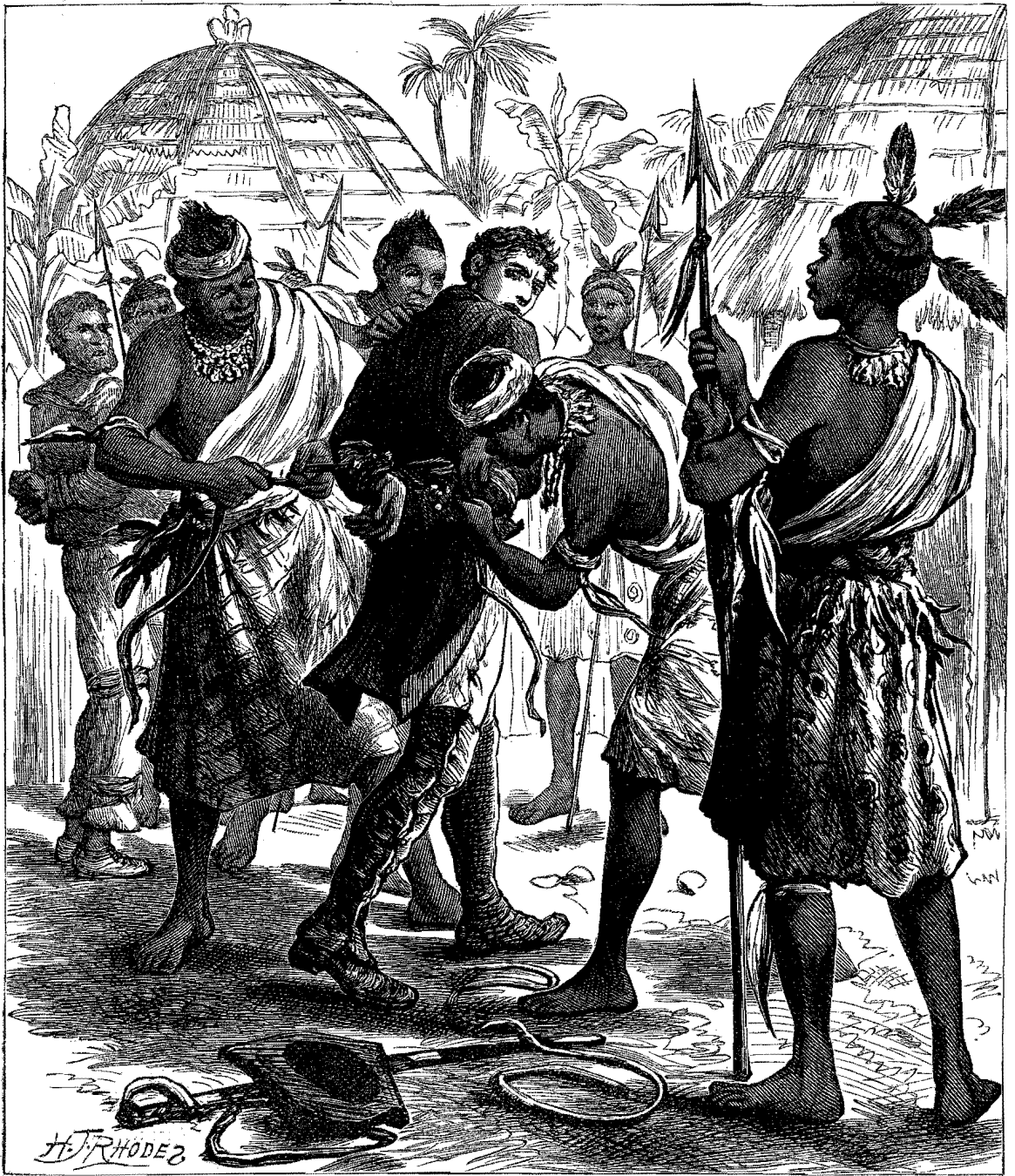
Fed now upon the coarsest food, the three doomed men were left to themselves to make what preparation was possible for meeting a hideous death. In a week at most they were to be thrown to a mob of ravening human wolves, and by them torn limb from limb. It was an awful prospect indeed, but neither Herrick nor the plucky British boatswain quailed at it for a moment. They would go bravely forward and meet the doom which a strict performance of their duty had entailed upon them. It would be absurd to say that they would not have strained every nerve, even to the taking of human life, in order to escape. But, convinced that all such chance was impossible—guarded on every side as they were—they commended themselves to God, and calmly awaited the time which should be chosen to launch them into eternity.

Thoughts of home and Sylvia filled John Herrick's mind largely during that terrible time of waiting for death. It seemed hard, indeed, that after so many and great dangers had been passed through and overcome, death—in one of its most terrible forms—should now close his hitherto successful career. But he had been long enough in the service to recognise the fact that, if great are the rewards of success, great also are the risks to be run in order to gain them. It was the fortune of war, and Herrick was too good a Christian to bemoan his fate, and too good a British officer not to meet death boldly when he found that it was inevitable.

On the morning of the sixth day, dating from their sentence of death, the prisoners were awakened by a fearful din of shouting, drum-banging, and hammering, firing of muskets, and beating of gongs. This was evidently the great day of the sacrifice; this was to be their last day on earth.

Silently shaking hands with his trusty companion, and casting a glance—half pity, half contempt—at the shivering, moaning interpreter, Herrick, in obedience to the summons of the executioner who now appeared at the uplifted mat door, led the way outside. Armed guards at once surrounded them upon every side, and, hemmed in by a savage crowd, the devoted men walked to their doom.

No halt was made until a long, low shed, strongly guarded by Amazons, was reached, and into this the prisoners were thrust. Once inside, gaolers seized them and lashed them securely with raw-hide thongs, at ankles, knees, and elbows. A kind of basket-work cradle was fastened over their heads which reached almost down to their feet, and they were ready for



Herrick and Lanyon in the hands of the Executioners.

the sacrifice. The executioner and his villainous-looking crew of assistants then carried them, together with the rest of the unhappy victims prepared for the horrible sacrifice, through a large door at the farther end of the building, and placed them on a platform which had been specially prepared for the occasion. Here the scene was enough to appal the stoutest heart. Gathered in front of and below the

platform seethed the Dahomian savages, yelling, jostling, writhing, and champing their teeth for the coming human feast. The wretches fought and struggled for the foremost places, and Herrick's heart beat fast, thumping loudly against his ribs, as he turned his face, still resolute and unflinching, upon the savage mob.

(Continued at page 139.)



Waiting.

WAITING.

NO Dogs Admitted'—and why not?
That's what I'd like to know;
As if we can't behave as well
As any man I know!

One day I peeped within that place,
And what did I espy?
Two men, instead of reading books,
Were eating mutton pie!

Now, which of us would do a deed
Like that, I'd have you say?
(Unless, indeed, we got a chance
When no one looked our way.)

And then, 'Please shut the door.'—How rude!
Were ever words like these
Addressed to dogs like us, who try
Their very best to please?

It is too bad—but wait a bit;
When master comes this way,
I'll let him know how we were used
When he had gone away! M. K.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 136.)



THE king sat upon another raised platform surrounded by his chief ministers of state. His sable Majesty faced the crowd of his loyal subjects with much satisfaction, whilst ever and anon he turned his head towards the baskets containing his helpless white victims.

With deafening blare of trumpets and beating of gongs, came the signal for the king's speech. As suddenly as it had broken out, so did the noise cease, and the king arose and advancing to the edge of the platform, said, 'My people! this is your day of days, when I decree that a certain number of our prisoners shall be given to you as a fit sacrifice to the gods, from our warlike race. Amongst them are two white dogs of Englishmen, who have dared to defy your king. You shall show them——' but at this moment the monarch's speech was suddenly arrested, and the words died away in his throat. Following the direction of his eyes, the foremost members of the crowd turned their faces to the crest of the hill which arose in front of the platform, and there beheld numbers of men, amongst them the 'thin red line,' which most of those present well knew meant the presence of British soldiery. Onwards they came at a steady tramp, and soon got so near that the Dahomians were able to make out a large number of

blue-jackets in addition to the strong force of red-coated soldiers. Panic-stricken at the unexpected sight, and well knowing its import, the crowd, which a minute before had been noisily clamorous for the blood of the hapless victims tied within the baskets, now began in silence to slink away. Taken by surprise at first sight of the enemy, Gemoktah's natural ferocity quickly returned to him. Snatching up a long knife from the executioner's assistant, who stood near him, he made a savage hack at the end basket, containing the English boatswain. Never did retribution overtake a villain more quickly. No sooner had the bright steel flashed downwards, severing in its course the cord that bound his hands, than the burly sailor with all his might dealt the would-be murderer a crashing blow between the eyes which laid him out, senseless, on his back. To snatch up the knife, and after quickly cutting the rest of his bonds, release his lieutenant, was the work of a few brief moments, and then he turned his attention to rescuing the other captives.

Amid shouts, discordant yelling, and hurrying to and fro, the calling out of the Amazons and other Dahomian troops, and the carrying off of the senseless body of Gemoktah, the English force steadily advanced, and soon began to open fire on the savages. The black troops had been taken by surprise, and, prepared only for a gala day, they were not ready to engage in a fight for life. Herrick and Lanyon quickly saw that the order to 'cease fire' had been given by the commander of the British force, and in the glint of the sun on the flashing steel, saw that they were fixing bayonets, preparatory to a charge. With a ringing cheer, onward they came, in admirable order at the double. Resistance or defence of any effectual kind, there was absolutely none. Brave as were these Dahomian warriors, and holding life cheaply, as they did, the touch of the cold steel proved to be an argument which they could not withstand. The front line of the blacks broke and fled, throwing those behind them in utter confusion. Before these could re-form, the terrible sharp points of steel were upon them, and the British were masters of the situation.

The first man to give Herrick greeting was his captain.

'Thanks be to God that you are safe, and that we are not too late!' he exclaimed, as he grasped the young officer's hand warmly. 'The truth is, that I repented having let you run the risk before you had been gone twenty-four hours from Benin. I made up my mind to follow you with an armed force, but I had to wait a short time until the *Romulus* frigate came in. I got as many men as she could spare me, joined them with my own, and off we set. Our guide did not know the country well, and that delayed us until now. I gave a pretty good guess that the Dahomians had kept you prisoners, and therefore I entered into no parley with them before attacking the town. What of the missionaries? Have they been murdered or not?'

Herrick quickly put his commander in possession of all the facts of the case relating to the prisoners, and also told him of his and Lanyon's providential escape from death. Captain Dunwich listened with profound attention, and then he rejoined,—

'Then call it superstition or the effects of a vivid imagination, or whatever you like, but some power other than earthly common sense affected me last night, and as a matter of fact, saved your lives to-day. I will tell you how it was. I was very tired, dead-beat really, from the extra long march we had had, and yet for the life of me I could not sleep. When at last, towards morning, I just dozed off, I either dreamt I heard or really heard, the sound of your voice calling for help. I woke up, and finding that day was breaking, I resolved to push forward for the remaining twelve miles to this place without waiting till the usual hour when we started. To that circumstance, under Providence, you owe your lives.'

'You may well say that, sir. Lanyon and myself stood first on the list of victims for the mob, and another five minutes at the utmost would probably have seen the end of the king's speech, when we should have been tossed to that pack of ravening wolves and torn limb from limb. I can assure you that I never really knew what fear meant until I found myself set in that horrible basket-work contrivance, and awaiting my last shove-off from the platform. I have not yet been able to catch a glimpse of the unfortunate missionaries, but I suppose they are safe now.'

Accompanied by twenty marines and blue-jackets, Captain Dunwich and Herrick, with two junior lieutenants, made their way on to the sacrificial platform, where, the prisoners being all set at liberty, the two missionaries appeared from the baskets which were so nearly acting as grave-clothes for them, and after reverently offering their thanks to God for such an almost miraculous preservation from death, turned, with heartfelt expressions of gratitude, to the knot of naval officers present. Leaving them to the protection of an efficient guard, the captain and his little staff marched up to the palisades, and pushing aside the black sentinels with scant ceremony, they entered the king's palace. Here they were met by three or four of the ministers and councillors of state, who feebly tried to bar their entrance. Through the interpreter, who had now regained his courage, Captain Dunwich informed them that they must, for the present, consider themselves as prisoners. He also made known to them his desire to see the king, as soon as his Majesty had sufficiently recovered from the sturdy boatswain's knock-down blow.

To this they made answer that his Majesty would probably be unable to see them for a week or more, in consequence of his injuries. The captain's rejoinder to this was rather unexpected. He said that, in that case, he and his followers would quarter themselves in the palace, until such time as the king should be fit to receive him in audience.

Not relishing such a prospect, the blacks retired to a corner of the apartment and held a consultation. At the end of this the chief councillor stated that he would go to the king and find out his Majesty's pleasure. After an absence of ten minutes he returned with the information that the king would see them in an hour's time.

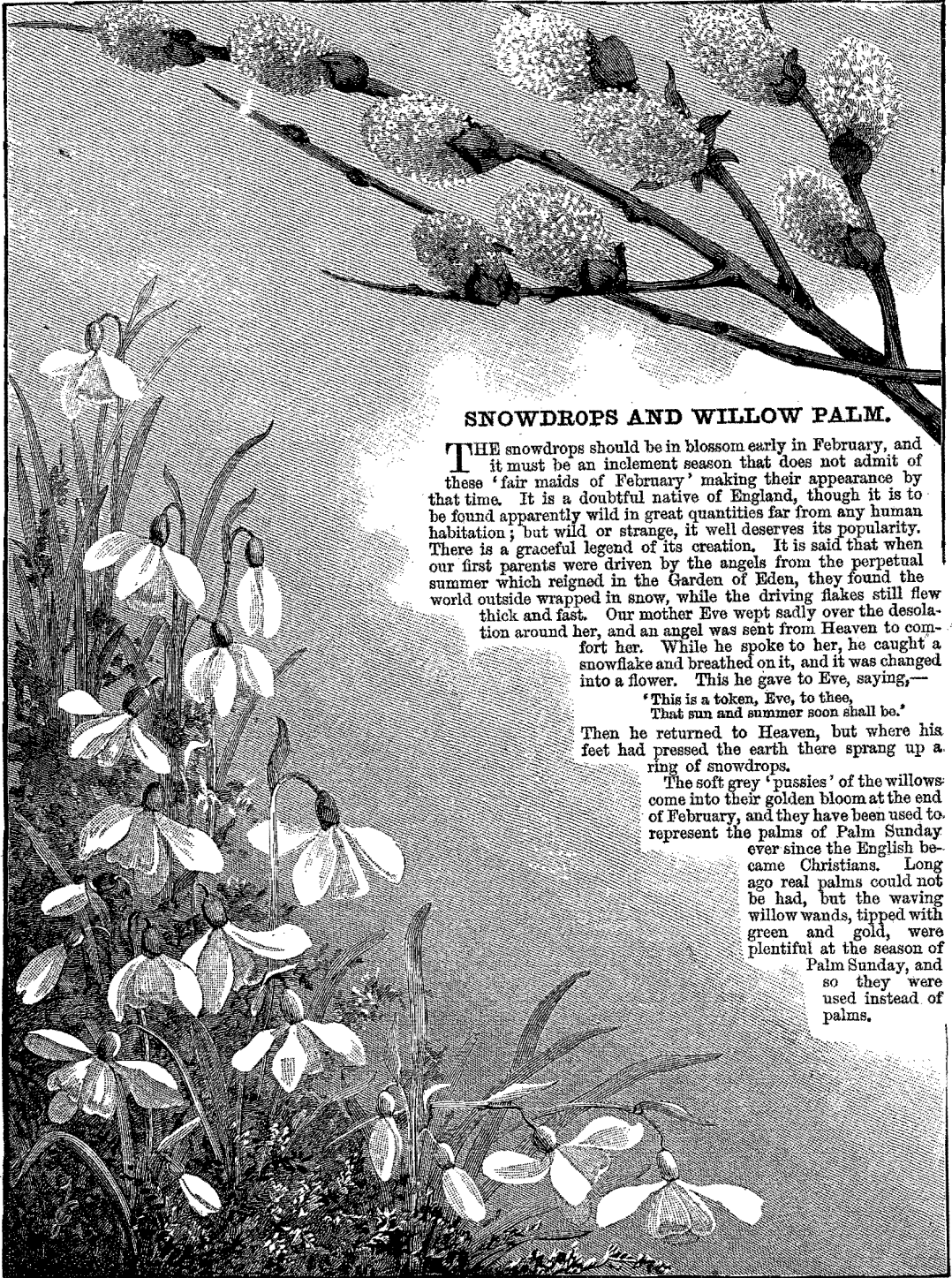
Determined not to budge, Captain Dunwich

motioned to his men to seat themselves where they were, and in converse with Herrick on the subject of his grim experiences of Gemoktah's tender mercies, the time of waiting quickly slipped by. At the conclusion of the appointed time a slight commotion at the upper end of the hall denoted the arrival of the Dahomian sovereign. Supported by two of his councillors, and followed by a third holding the royal umbrella over his head (although it was indoors) the crestfallen savage appeared, looking much the worse for the treatment he had received at the hand of Ben Lanyon. He had a bump as big as a hen's egg at the back of his bullet head, which he had received when his skull came in contact with the platform, whilst his eyes and nose told of the power of the boatswain's fist. Altogether, Gemoktah, for the first time in his life, felt that he was not quite such a fine fellow as he had imagined. It did not cheer him to find that the hated English were in possession of his palace, and that their soldiers were masters of the situation. The king sat down with many a groan—for, though fond of inflicting pain on any one else, he did not bear it well himself. He said that he was ready to hear what the white men had to say.

Through the interpreter, Captain Dunwich informed the sable potentate that he, Gemoktah, had been guilty of an outrage, in the first instance, in attacking the mission-house and carrying away the two priests; that he had made his offence ten times worse by imprisoning the British officer and his companions, and that his murderous action in designing them for victims at the sacrifice to the mob had forfeited for ever his claim to be considered even an honourable enemy of England. Then the British commander treated the African monarch to a piece of plain speaking which made his jaw drop with wonder and rage, for he added, 'If the life of any one of these white men had been lost I should have treated you, Gemoktah, personally, as the murderer, and have hanged you to that palm-tree which grows just in front of your own palace. So you see our arrival this morning is perhaps, in a way, as lucky for you as it is for them. I have not yet settled what conditions I shall, in the name of the British Government, impose upon you, but I will consider the matter to-night and acquaint you with my decision to-morrow. Meantime, you are my prisoner. Sentries will be posted around the palace, and any attempt you make to escape will result in your getting shot.'

(Continued at page 146.)

THE first publicly advertised excursion train in England ran on July 5th, 1841, from Leicester to Loughborough (a distance of twelve miles), where the members of the Temperance Society and their friends had arranged to hold a large gathering. The pioneer of excursion trains was Mr. Thomas Cook, now a name of world-wide fame. His son and grandson now conduct travellers all over the world. They move all sorts and conditions, from royal personages of Europe to poor Asiatic pilgrims to Mecca.



SNOWDROPS AND WILLOW PALM.

THE snowdrops should be in blossom early in February, and it must be an inclement season that does not admit of these 'fair maids of February' making their appearance by that time. It is a doubtful native of England, though it is to be found apparently wild in great quantities far from any human habitation; but wild or strange, it well deserves its popularity. There is a graceful legend of its creation. It is said that when our first parents were driven by the angels from the perpetual summer which reigned in the Garden of Eden, they found the world outside wrapped in snow, while the driving flakes still flew thick and fast. Our mother Eve wept sadly over the desolation around her, and an angel was sent from Heaven to comfort her. While he spoke to her, he caught a snowflake and breathed on it, and it was changed into a flower. This he gave to Eve, saying,—

'This is a token, Eve, to thee,
That sun and summer soon shall be.'

Then he returned to Heaven, but where his feet had pressed the earth there sprang up a ring of snowdrops.

The soft grey 'pussies' of the willows come into their golden bloom at the end of February, and they have been used to represent the palms of Palm Sunday ever since the English became Christians. Long ago real palms could not be had, but the waving willow wands, tipped with green and gold, were plentiful at the season of Palm Sunday, and so they were used instead of palms.



A JUVENILE PICNIC.

THE sunshine is so sweet to-day,
 The grass so fresh and green;
 And look at Edith!—is she not
 A darling little Queen?
 We've laid our dinner on the grass,
 Beside the sweet wild flowers;
 And here we mean to have our fun
 Through all the sunny hours.

Jemima sits beside the cake,
 To keep the flies away,
 And Jack is gathering violets
 To deck our Queen of May;
 While Bessie helps to hold the plank
 (Though not so strong as I):
 We called it Edith's coach and four,
 When mounting her on high.

I wonder if the grown-up folk,
 Who look so grave and sad,
 I wonder if they ever feel
 As we do, bright and glad?
 I scarcely think so, for you see
 They seldom jump or run;
 They never play at 'Coach and four,
 And oh, it is such fun!

D.

THE AUTHOR AND THE MULTITUDE.

A Fable.

A CERTAIN wise Author wrote a wonderful book which excelled in wisdom even the Koran. Men spoke of it, admired it so much that they carried it about with them on their persons, and quoted frequently from it. The admiration of the multitude regarding the book in question at last reached so high a pitch that they determined to raise a statue to the author in their chief city. But the question arose, 'Where was the man to be found?' At last, after a great deal of trouble and research, they heard that he lived in certain wood. The multitude therefore came together, and having discovered the spot of which they were in search, they saw there only a deformed hermit, whose countenance was not at all pleasing; in fact, it was rough, uncouth, and dull. Upon learning that this man was the author of the book, the giddy and silly multitude turned their backs on the place, saying that they had altered their minds, and would have nothing further to do with such an old, unpolished, and ignorant fellow.

MORAL: It is ever so with mankind. Certain likings or passions sway them this way and then that. If an author, therefore, wish to keep a popularity once acquired, he should remain unknown to the world. We admire most anything which has a mystery about it, for familiarity sooner or later breeds contempt.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

A CRICKET BAT AND BALL FACTORY.



FROM a cow's hide to a cricket ball is a far cry, and from a weeping-willow to a demon-driving bat is almost as far. Both the journeys are made by stages, and for a short time we propose to stop at some of these, in a Sports factory.

The journey to the little railway station at Penshurst—for the town lies two miles further on—is by Mid-Kent Railway from London Bridge, and occupies about an hour in a fast train. Messrs. Duke & Sons'

factory is very old and picturesque. It stands surrounded by waving trees, and green fields, and beautiful rural scenery. The building has probably stood there for one hundred and fifty years, for it is celebrated as the oldest cricket factory in the world.

'How very quiet it is down here,' remarked a thoughtful boy; 'surely it can't be a very busy place.'

'Wait a bit,' we reply; 'bustle is not business.'

The manager arrives, and in a cheery voice asks, 'And so you would like to know the "ins and outs" of cricket bats and balls, eh?' And opening a small door he points to piles of tanned and prepared hides, stiff and white and shiny, resembling a cavalry soldier's belt. Not long are these to remain white. Entering another room, we watch numbers of busy workmen before rows of paint-pots and brushes, laying on dye, which, in appearance resembles red paint. These dyed hides are hung up to dry, and then cut into strips about a foot long and three inches broad. Another set of men, seated on blocks, and each with a little wooden tray of tools by his side, cut the leather into sections something the shape of the quarter of the skin of an orange.

'That is easy work enough,' you say.

'No, indeed; it requires a good deal of skill and practice,' we reply. You may try it for yourself, by placing a piece of thick wash-leather upon a penny, and with a sharp knife trying to cut it round to the shape of the coin, holding it firmly in the centre with your left-hand finger and thumb. These quarters or sections are bored with a flat awl, which does not make the holes right through the leather, but really splits it where the awl passes through.

'Here,' says our guide, 'you notice the men are sewing the pieces together.' Before each worker is a kind of wooden stand; upon this he places a wooden ball, over it he places two of the quarters of leather which he means to sew together, a strap is drawn tightly over the ball and its covering, and held in position by the foot of the workman, and then, with two long and strong needles, specially shaped, he sews two of the portions together, forming a half, and repeats the process until he has the two complete halves, like the halves of an orange.

Of course, where the sewing is, the leather looks thicker, and in order to make the same thickness all over, two small ovals of leather are tacked in where the *thin* part comes, after the stitched halves have been pulled with strong steel pliers upon a wooden ball, to take all the stretch out of the material.

But even yet the shape is not perfect enough.

To render it so, each half is placed in a wooden mould—a block with a round hole in the middle—and a large wooden pin, with a head big enough to quite fill up the mould, is hammered with a mallet, and this presses the leather against the sides of the mould quite evenly, until it becomes a much better shape. But to perfect it, a beating in a brass mould follows, when all ups and downs—in fact, all irregularities—are removed.

'All that you have watched so far,' explains the manager, 'pertains to the outside—the cricket-ball coverings; the insides are quite a different affair.'

Feathers, worsted, cork, and string, all wound together in a wonderful manner, compose the inside, or 'quilts' as they are called.

If one were to pick up a cricket ball and pull it to pieces, unravelling the worsted and string, it would be found, as it grew less and less in size, that it still remained perfectly round, until about as small as a walnut, when, in the midst of some shreds of worsted, a little hard square block of cork would be found, which is the end of the ball's roundness, and the beginning of its formation.

When the 'quilts' are finished, they are brought to a steel and brass machine, known as a vice. This vice has two brass cap-like receptacles into which the two halves of the covering are placed; the vice is then brought together by means of two screws, working in opposite directions.

The jacket, as we will call the leather cover, looks far too small to cover the ball, but the pressure, while in the vice, is so great that the edges are more than brought together; they overlap like pouting lips. Boring holes through the ridge of leather, the worker seams it with two strings, threaded on to two bristles. The ridge is then flattened down by pressure in another vice. This is not by any means the only row of stitching intended, for the ball needs to be very strong. It is again placed in a vice, and two more rows of stitching added; the stitches are carefully flattened.

When quite finished, it is stamped in a stamping machine with the name of the maker, the weight of the ball, say five and a half ounces, the trade mark, coat of arms, or any other sign with which the manufacturer may wish to embellish it.

The cricket ball then goes forth to the world, with an unknown fate before it. It may 'play' in an 'All England' match, and attain celebrity, or become very soon a 'lost ball,' getting soaked with rain and baked with sun, eventually falling to pieces without any marks of distinction upon it.

(Concluded at page 149.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

10.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. THERE are two numbers of which the fourth part of the larger is equal to the third part of the smaller, and the difference between them is 7. What are the numbers?

2. Two persons, A. and B., start at 9 a.m. from two places, 14 miles apart, to walk until they meet. A. walks at the rate of 4 miles an hour and B. at the rate of 3 miles an hour. When will they meet and how many miles will each have walked?

3. How would you divide 1*l.* into 40 coins, using six different kinds?

4. Find what equal number of sixpences, florins, and half-crowns would make 25*l.*

5. What is the number of which $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{5}$ will amount to 3 more than the original number?

6. Divide 108 into 2 numbers, of which the smaller shall be $\frac{2}{3}$ of the larger.

7. Divide one shilling into 16 coins, using 5 different kinds.

8. If a boy having 60 marbles gives away four times as many as he keeps, how many will he have left?

C. C.

11.—SQUARED WORDS.

- 1.—1. A PLEASANT fruit.
2. A feeling of comfort.
3. Demands.
4. Pleasant after fatigue.
- 2.—1. A plant of the lily tribe.
2. Mature.
3. The reverse of under.
4. Possessive of some of the human race.
- 3.—1. To vaunt.
2. An amphibious animal.
3. To make up for. (To expiate.)
4. Intelligence.
5. Beautiful natural objects.

C. C.

12.—ANAGRAMS.

Female Christian Names.

- | | | |
|---------------|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Real coin. | 5. I can't hear. | 8. Aged liner. |
| 2. Bad hero. | 6. The bar. | 9. Many near. |
| 3. On a reel. | 7. Hot claret. | 10. A horn. |
| 4. Great arm. | | |

C. C.

[Answers at page 158.]

ANSWERS.

8.—Amsterdam.

- | | | |
|------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Amazon. | 4. Towton. | 7. Darien. |
| 2. Malta. | 5. Eddystone. | 8. Alexandria. |
| 3. Sahara. | 6. Ramsey. | 9. Madagascar. |
- 9.—1. Custard—bustard—mustard—bust—must—star.
2. Scold—cold—old.
3. Ascent—scent—cent.
4. Start—tart—art.

ANSWER TO PICTURE STORY PUZZLE.

ONE fine day 13 horses and donkeys were resting in a field near some water, after working hard grinding corn. Dark clouds appeared, and then a flash of lightning struck the 13 beasts, killing all but three.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE SCARABÆUS HERCULES.

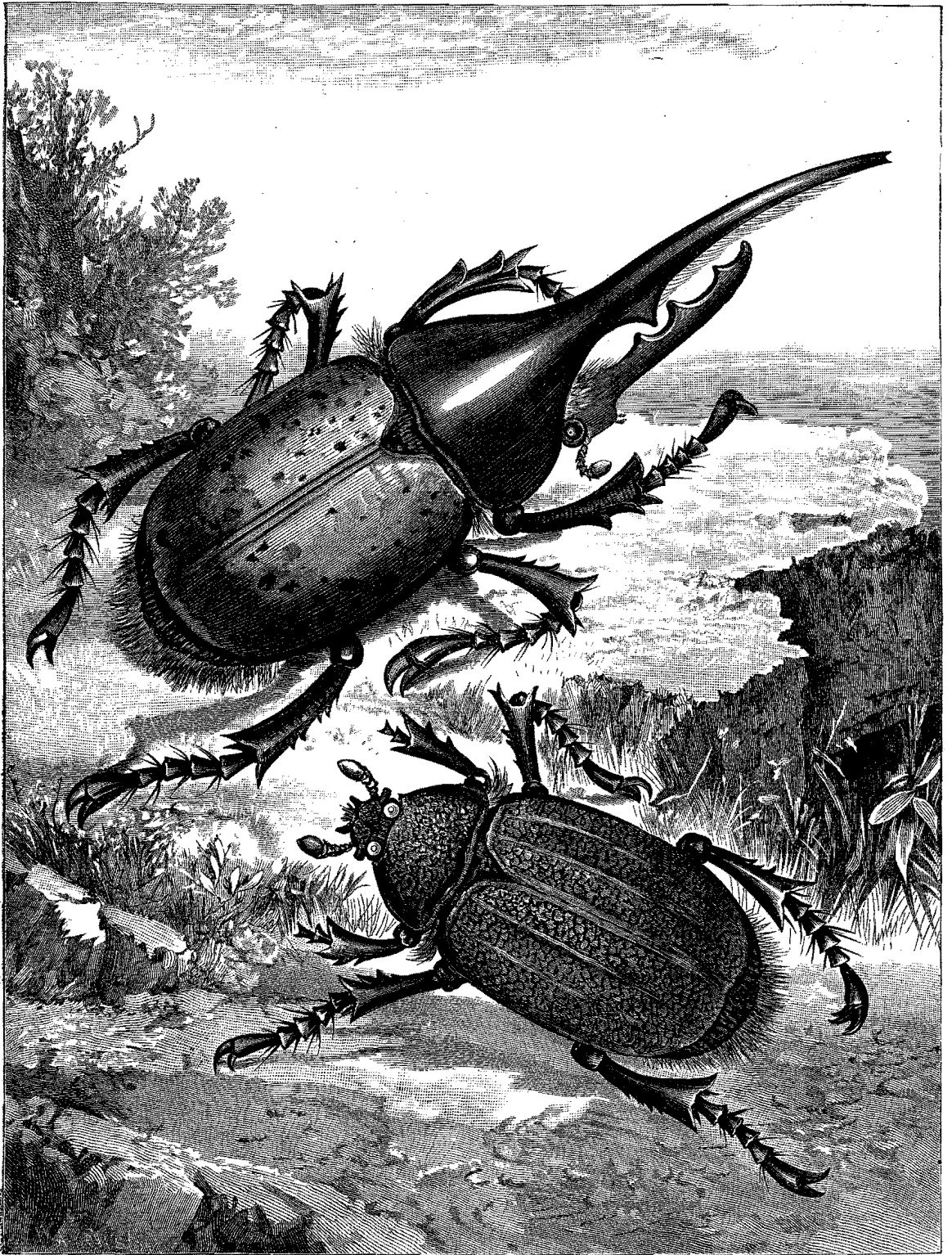


HIS singular-looking creature, the male Scarabæus Hercules, is furnished with a horny beak, slightly curved downward; its under-jaw is toothed and very powerful; its body is large and unwieldy in proportion to its legs.

The head of the female is small in proportion to her body; the fore legs are short and different in form to that of the male: the head of the male measures more than one-half of the whole body.

The Scarabæus Hercules is found in tropical regions. It has a taste for carrion and other delicacies of that kind; its movements are slow and leisurely. Time, so precious to us, is apparently of little consequence to the Scarabæus Hercules.

W. A. C.



The Scarabæus Hercules.



The Treachery of Gemoktah brings its own Punishment.

JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 115.)

LEAVING the hitherto all-powerful tyrant with his mouth wide open from sheer amazement, Captain Dunwich turned on his heel, and, followed by his officers and men, he strolled out of the audience chamber and passed through the palace gates.

The officer commanding the marines had meanwhile taken steps to thoroughly invest the town, so that it could not be retaken by the Dahomians. A range of huts was used for temporary barracks, and the place was raided for provisions.

That night, as may well be imagined, Herrick slept the sleep of a man whose mind had just been relieved from a terrible weight. Six days of imprisonment, under sentence of a fearful death, was a strain such as many men would never have got over. But our hero was young, his mind elastic, and throughout his imprisonment he had never let himself give way to despair, hopeless as his position had seemed. On the following morning, therefore, he was able to report himself quite fit for duty.

That day Captain Dunwich informed the king of his decision. The monarch was to pay a heavy fine, security for which would be taken in the persons of six hostages, including the eldest son of Gemoktah. He was also to undertake to rebuild the mission-house, or pay ample compensation for all the damage his people had caused to that building, and he was, at the head of his troops, to salute the British flag. If he refused these terms, the place would be sacked and burned.

At this interview Gemoktah was silent and crest-fallen. Directly, however, the English officers had withdrawn, his pent-up fury burst its bounds, and he foamed and gibbered with horrible and impotent rage. He positively capered about, hurling anything that came in his way at the heads of his councillors, and generally behaving in a way that made those worthies think that their master had gone mad. Not until he was quite worn out with passion did he retire from the audience chamber, felling to the ground an unfortunate minister who happened to be in his way as he went.

Gemoktah's answer to the British demands had to be given by sunset; in the event of a refusal of the terms offered, Captain Dunwich had plainly told him that he should fire the whole town. Ignorant and brutish as he was, Gemoktah plainly saw that his foes had the upper hand of him, and, whether he accepted their terms or not, his own power would be hopelessly broken, for the amount of the fine would leave his nation nearly bankrupt if he paid it; whilst, in the event of his refusing to do so, the town would be fired, and even his own palace razed to the ground.

Two hours of hard thinking brought to his mind an expedient.

Shortly before sundown a message was sent to Captain Dunwich that the king had decided to accept his terms, and that his Majesty, desiring to be at peace with the great English nation, requested the commander to bring his officers to a banquet that night in the audience chamber, where the king would eat with them, in token of friendship and goodwill.

Captain Dunwich looked very hard at the messenger, who was the chief councillor, but he could make nothing out of the expression of his face. The English leader then replied that he and his officers would attend the banquet, as the king desired it, and the messenger retired.

'I wonder,' mused the captain to himself—'I should hardly think the wretch means to poison us, and yet—'

At this moment Herrick entered the hut, and learnt of the invitation from Captain Dunwich's lips.

'Do you think, sir, that he has some scheme for getting us inside the building and then cutting our throats? He is a man quite capable of doing it!'

Again the captain thought for some moments. Then he looked up at Herrick and said,—

'It is just possible, though I should hardly think it likely. However, we will go armed and prepared for the worst, for I would not trust him a yard out of sight. At the slightest sign of treachery we must be ready for them!'

Shortly before the hour appointed, the officers, naval and marine, to the number of nine all told, assembled in the commander's hut, and then accompanied him up the banqueting-hall. At the entrance they were received with every mark of attention, and a blare of trumpets announced their approach to the king.

This time the wily monarch was all smiles; through the medium of the interpreter he expressed his goodwill towards the white men; the fine levied should be duly paid, and all their demands complied with. For that night, however, they would put aside all talk of the differences between them, and eat, drink, and be merry.

Captain Dunwich, in suitable terms, replied to this friendly speech, and then bearers appeared in shoals, bringing in on wooden trays, and in great fresh palm-leaves, the fish, flesh, and fowl provided by the royal cooks. Palm wine and villainous rum—obtained from itinerant traders—were the liquids supplied.

All went merrily, and the interpreter was kept very busy throughout, rendering polite observations between the king and his guests. Suddenly and in the middle of the feast, and without previous warning, Gemoktah fell back in his seat, and his chief attendants hurried to his side. He did not speak a word, but with shaking hand signed to them to take him out of the room. Slowly and carefully they did so, the English guests rising in sympathy and accompanying them towards the doorway. The grass mat was lifted and the bearers passed out.

'Sudden faintness, I suppose. Perhaps the heat of the room,' surmised Captain Dunwich.

'I expect he's eaten something that has disagreed

with his stomach,' said the hard-headed Scotch surgeon of the *Agamemnon*.

'Has he taken poison?' suddenly suggested Herrick, as the idea flashed across his mind.

'Well, I should hardly think—'

But the commander had got no farther before a thunderous roar, followed by a shock which threw them all off their feet, stopped his utterance. Scrambling up again unhurt, except for a few blows from the falling in of part of the thatched roof, they made their way through a dense smoke and smell of saltpetre to the doorway, by which the king had just left. They groped their way down a dark passage, Herrick hurrying on in front, until reaching the outer air; here a single glance at the courtyard, lit up as it now was by torch-bearers hurrying hither and thither, revealed the whole position of affairs. Gemoktah had invited the officers to the banquet with the object of destroying them. He had caused kegs of gunpowder to be placed all around the outer timbers of the apartment, and, feigning sudden illness himself, he had withdrawn from the feast. Once out of sight he had seized a lighted torch from one of his bearers, and, with an ugly grin and a caper, applied it to the train of powder. The powder having got a little damp, hung fire, and the savage king, thinking it had not caught at all, again advanced to fire it, when, without a moment's warning, the train, as in a flash, communicated with the nearest keg, which exploded with a deafening roar, hurling Gemoktah against a heavy wooden beam, and killing him on the spot.

After ten days, the English force had all rejoined their ships, and the *Agamemnon* was cleaving her stately way like some huge white swan across the Bight of Benin. Beyond congratulations on his deliverance from death, Herrick had not received any intimation that his services would be further rewarded; but Captain Dunwich, in his dispatch to the Admiralty, had described the young officer's doings, and specially recommended him for distinction. His cool courage and readiness to face hardship or danger whenever duty demanded it had thoroughly won the commander's heart, and he felt that the more perilous the task the more anxious would he be to intrust it to John Herrick.

The *Agamemnon* had been ordered to make for the English Channel, there to join the squadron as soon as her convoy should have been safely taken out to Benin. This expedition up to Gemoktah's country had, however, delayed her, and now, night and day, she carried all sail to make up some, at least, of her lost time. As day by day the great ship approached nearer and nearer to English waters, so did Herrick's hopes rise high when he thought upon his chances with Sylvia. He must wait though, he argued to himself, until promotion came his way, and then he would go to claim her as his bride. After the horrid heat of Dahomey the young sailor welcomed the heavy weather which they soon met. His burning skin and sand-choked pores had felt as if they would never know the cold, refreshing breezes of the sea again, but four days out from Benin, the *Agamemnon* fell in with the first of a succession of gales,

which speedily cleared his mind of that notion. For many days they were unable to get an observation of any kind, and could only guess whereabouts they were. When the welcome sun appeared again, they quickly found their position, and a fortnight later they were ploughing through the Bay of Biscay.

Up to this point they had not fallen in with any ship belonging to their own country or to the enemy, but when about forty miles from the coast, early one morning, the look-out man at the mast-head reported a sail two points away on the port bow. The captain at once ordered the ship's course to be altered, and stood towards the stranger.

About an hour afterwards, those on board the *Agamemnon* were enabled to make out seven sail of the line flying the English flag, and standing over towards the coast. As they got within easy distance of the leading vessel, they made out by the flags at her mast-head that she was signalling them to keep her company, and they put about and followed her closely. Before nightfall, the fleet arrived in the Basque roads, and signal was made to the other vessels from the flagship to drop anchor, and for the respective captains to repair on board the admiral's ship.

In obedience to these instructions, Captain Dunwich, with the other officers commanding the ships of the fleet, ordered his gig to be lowered, and was soon standing on the quarter-deck of Admiral Sir James Colville, a gallant seaman, who had already done good service against the French.

(Continued at page 154.)

ANECDOTES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

BEARS AND BUNS.

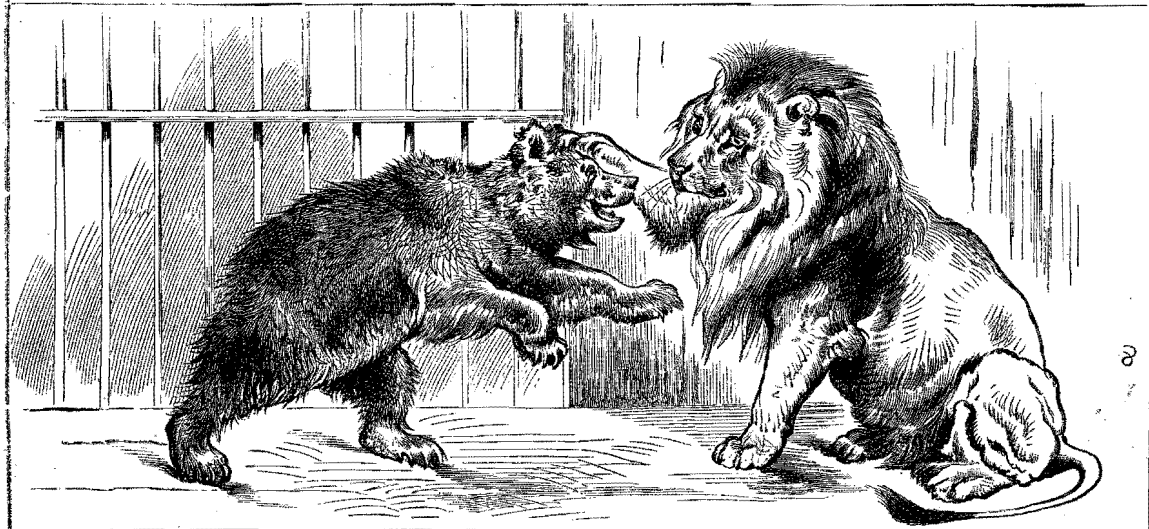
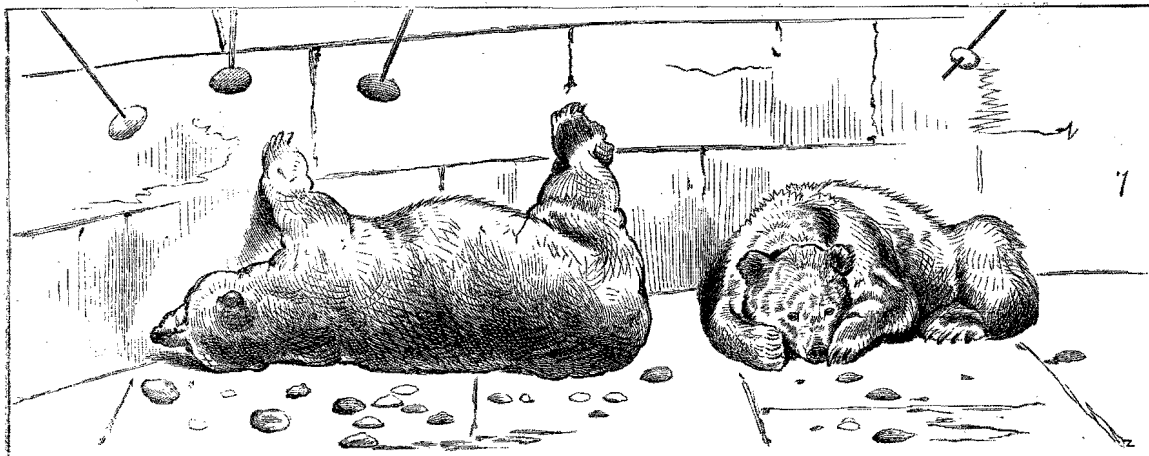
THIS is a little incident I saw at the Zoo, at the end of a Bank Holiday, showing that even bears get tired of buns, and no wonder after the stuffing which they get on those occasions.

A KINDLY LION.

MRS. LEE, in her *Anecdotes of Animals*, writes:— 'A curious circumstance took place at New Orleans in the year 1832, when a bear was led down into the cage of an old African lion. Supposing that it would be torn to pieces, the bear placed himself in a fighting posture, and rushed at the lion; but to the astonishment of those present, the lion put his paw upon the bear's head, as if to express his pity, and tried to make friends with him. He took the bear under his protection. He often refused food so that the bear might have enough.'

AN INCIDENT OF PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

To the astonishment of the sportsmen and their dog, an animal, which turns out to be a fox, pounces upon the prostrate bird and runs off, showing how plucky a fox can be in spite of guns and men.



7.— Bears and Buns.

8.— A Kindly Lion.

9.— An Incident of Partridge Shooting.



THE BANYAN-TREE.



EACH tree is in itself a grove, and some are of wondrous size, as they are always increasing; indeed, unlike most other plants, they seem to be freed from the curse of decay, for every branch from the main stem drops down its own roots, at first in small tender fibres several yards from the ground, which grow thicker and thicker, until by gradual descent they reach the surface of the earth, strike in, and become

parent-trees, throwing out new branches from the top.

'The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree; a pillar'd shade,
High over-arched, and echoing walks between.
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.'

These lines of Milton are by no means overdrawn, as the banyan-tree with its many trunks forms the most beautiful walks and cool recesses that can be imagined. The leaves are large, soft, and of a lively green; the fruit is a small fig (when ripe, of a bright scarlet colour), giving food to monkeys, squirrels, peacocks, and many birds, which dwell among the branches.

A banyan-tree on the banks of Nerbuddah is supposed to be the same as that described by Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander the Great, as being able to shelter an army under its far-spreading shade.

A great part of this wonderful tree has been swept away by high floods, but it is still nearly 2000 feet when measured round the chief stems, while the overhanging boughs cover a much larger space. Beneath it grow a number of custard apples and other fruit-trees.

Its main trunks are more in number than the days of the year, and its smaller ones exceed 3000.

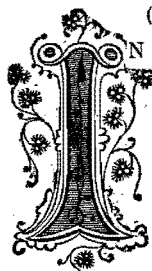
About a century ago an Indian Prince, who was fond of hunting wild beasts, used to encamp under this tree, having a saloon, drawing-room, dining-room, bed-chamber, bath, and kitchen, all in separate tents; this one noble tree covered the whole, and all his carriages, horses, camels, guards, and servants, as well as the tents of his friends, and their attendants and cattle.

In the march of an army it is said that this tree gave shelter to 7000 men.

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

A CRICKET BAT AND BALL FACTORY.

(Concluded from page 143.)



IN another part of Duke & Sons' factory we heard the sounds of sawing and turning, and guessed that bats were being turned out for the balls.

How many boys know what particular wood is used in this manufacture? Perhaps few who are not in the secret would associate the weeping-willow with athletic sports. Yet it is a fact that this

drooping tree furnishes the best wood for cricket-bats.

'Why?' do you ask.

Well, it is spongy and light in texture, probably because it grows on marshy soil, and therefore it takes pressure much better than poplar or any other wood.

Of late years the willow has been specially cultivated by the owners of land in the Eastern Counties. An ordinary-sized tree will seldom yield more than

from nine to twelve first-class bats, which, supposing the tree to weigh twelve hundredweight, means one 'best' bat for each hundredweight of timber.

In order that the tree may be more easily carried, the wood is cut into lengths, but the bark is left on the pieces.

The first process clears the bark away, and the lengths are split into 'clefts,' which are stacked up to dry. When the clefts, each about three feet in length, are considered dry enough, they are chopped into rough likenesses of cricket bats, termed 'blades,' and again stacked in a loft, and exposed to the dry air for a year, perhaps longer.

Placed in the grip of an iron vice—strong iron blades tightened by a screw—the bats are further shaped and planed, by rapid working of a 'draw-knife.'

This little instrument has two handles, and the shape resembles a shallow W.

Removed from the 'vice,' the bat is turned edge-wise and hammered, to give a closeness to the wood, and to prevent bruises from the ball.

Following the hammering comes the 'pressing.' The face of the bat is placed in a press, and subjected to about a ton pressure, which imparts durability and driving power, hardening the face to about the eighth of an inch.

The pressed 'blade' is next laid upon a bench, and carefully measured with a pair of compasses to find the centre, about two or three inches from the place where the handle is to be inserted. 'But why is it necessary to find the centre?' asks a sharp boy reader. For this reason. The tiny hole pricked by the point of the compasses is to form the apex or point of a V shaped piece of wood, which is presently to be sawn out to admit the handle. And this handle brings us to the most important part of the bat.

The most complex part of a good spliced bat is the handle. It is not every boy who plays a game of cricket that knows how many pieces go to his 'handle.'

The wood of which the handle is made is imported from Rattan, in the East Indies, and in former days came into this country as 'dunnage,' or loose wood, placed around the tea-chests to protect them from damp. Rattan canes are now brought over especially for this manufacture.

Taking four or five pieces of cane, each about twenty inches in length, into his hand, the workman planes two sides of each cane, and glueing their flat surfaces together with strong glue, he places them in a wooden clamp, and wedges them in strongly. Here the canes remain until the glue is firmly set, and the four or five have become one; when the slip is planed, and glued to three other slips made in exactly the same manner. In the centre, between the two middle slips, a piece of canvas-covered indiarubber is inserted, in order to give a springiness to the handle. The four slips, while the glue is still wet, are wedged in iron clamps, and when firmly united, the square clumsy-looking handle is chopped wedge-shape: that is to say, it is made to taper at one end to fit in the V cut in the 'blade.'

The handle and blade glued together, may now be called a bat. The bat is placed upon the turning lathe, and the handle very soon assumes a perfect

round. Every good driving bat is planed towards the two extremities of the blade, a fulness being left in the centre.

The 'shoulders' of our bat are carefully trimmed, so as to give them a good shape, and then the whole thing is rubbed hard with sand-paper, and again rolled with a hollowed-out bone roller, which polishes the surface.

The rubbing and rolling are succeeded by a year's rest in lockers, where the bats are stacked to further 'dry' or 'season.' Not that they remain undisturbed during the twelvemonth, for they are taken out and oiled frequently, and it is this continual oiling and drying which changes their colour from white or pale buff to dark brown.

The binding of the handle is done very quickly upon the turning lathe; specially prepared twine is used.

The art of securing the end of the string is very simple *when you know how*. A little piece of twine is cut off, doubled into a loop, and the two ends are bound in, the loop being left free. Through this the string, in course of binding, is passed before the last few turns, and drawn tightly.

The whole thing is done in a moment, and, if properly done, it prevents the tiresome unravelling so frequent in the common and badly finished bats.

Then, with wadding and French polish, a beautiful gloss is put on both face and back.

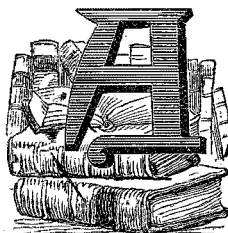
Each bat, as it is finished, is slipped into a brown-paper envelope; those intended for export being packed in large zinc-lined cases, strengthened with iron bands. And, afterwards, the converted willow wood and the Rattan cane, in the hands of able cricketers, do great things in the world of cricket.

JAMES CASSIDY.

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

SMIKE AND HIS SCHOOLFELLOWS IN

'NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.*



T the village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, there was, many years ago, a boarding school kept by Mr. and Mrs. Wackford Squeers. This school appeared in the advertisements as 'Dotheboys Hall,' and youths were said to be 'boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, and provided with all necessities, instructed in all languages, living and dead,' for 'twenty guineas a year. . . . No extras, no vacations.'

It was a bitterly cold day, towards the end of the year, when Mr. Wackford Squeers stood looking out

* Of the further fortunes of our heroes, the reader will find an account in *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Charles Dickens. In this interesting story is recorded, too, all that happened to Mr. Squeers and his poor little victims, and also the end of the selfish uncle, Mr. Ralph Nickleby. The book may be purchased, through any bookseller, for 6d.

of the coffee-room window at the Saracen's Head Inn, Snow Hill. His one eye—for he had lost the other—had a very bad expression in it, and his flat and shiny hair was brushed up from his low, protruding forehead. He was about fifty years of age, and a trifle below the middle size. His clothes hung strangely on him; his coat-sleeves being much too long, and his trousers much too short.

Mr. Squeers was in a very bad humour; he had expected to take back with him to Yorkshire on the morrow, ten or a dozen boys, but so far only three had been intrusted to him. A knock at the door, and the waiter ushered in, first a certain Mr. Snawley and two little boys, and then a Mr. Ralph Nickleby and his nephew.

The two small boys were not the sons of the Mr. Snawley who brought them. He had married their mother and wished to get rid of them. 'No holidays,' was this man's arrangement with Squeers, and 'not too much writing home.' And so the poor little lads were left to the tender mercies of the schoolmaster, just as the other unfortunate children at the Yorkshire school had at some time been.

Ralph Nickleby well knew the character of this cruel man, but seeing an advertisement of his in a paper for an 'assistant,' he had pretended to his young nephew, Nicholas, who had recently lost his father, Ralph's brother, by death, that Mr. Squeers' place was just the right place for him, and that, although the salary offered was only 5*l.* a year, he would soon make his fortune at Dotheboys Hall. Nicholas, only too glad to have a chance of earning his own living, and perhaps afterwards providing for his widowed mother and sister, thankfully accepted the position.

The journey down on the coach was cold and wretched, but Mr. Squeers took care to feed himself well, his young charges being kept on very short allowance.

The first sight Nicholas obtained of the school-house did not tend to cheer him, any more than Mr. Squeers' manner had done during the journey. It was a long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling out-buildings behind, and a barn and a stable adjoining. The yard gate was unlocked by a tall, lean boy, who issued forth with a lantern in his hand.

'Is that you, Smike?' cried Squeers.

'Yes, sir!' replied the boy.

Squeers swore at him, and asked, 'Why didn't you come before?'

'Please sir,' Smike replied, humbly, 'I fell asleep over the fire.'

'Fire! What fire? Where is there a fire?' demanded the schoolmaster, sharply.

'Only in the kitchen, sir!' replied the boy.

'Missus said, as I was sitting up, I might go in there for a warm.'

Again Squeers swore, and said: 'Your missus is a fool! You would have been a deal more wakeful in the cold, I'll engage.'

That night an old straw mattress was dragged into the small parlour, where they had just had supper, and a couple of blankets being thrown upon it, Nicholas was told that that was his bed, and that he would be put into his regular room the next day.

The five new boys were stowed away in one bedstead after a light supper of porridge—to dream, probably, of a substantial meal.

At seven o'clock the next morning, Nicholas was awakened by the faint glimmer of a candle, and Mr. Squeers' voice bidding him 'tumble up.' He had just succeeded in huddling on his clothes, having been informed by Mr. Squeers that he could not wash himself, as the pump was frozen, when Mrs. Squeers entered, habited in a night-jacket, her night-cap, and over that an ancient beaver bonnet.

'I can't find the school spoon anywhere,' said the lady, opening the cupboard.

After a long search it was found at last in Mrs. Squeers' pocket, and pushing her poor drudge, Smike, before her—for she had called the lad to help her to look for the missing article—Mrs. Squeers hurried away, and Mr. Squeers bade Nicholas follow him to the school-room. This turned out to be a bare, dirty room, the windows of which were stopped up with old copy-books and paper. Here there were lank and bony figures, children with the pale, haggard faces of old men, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long, thin legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies.

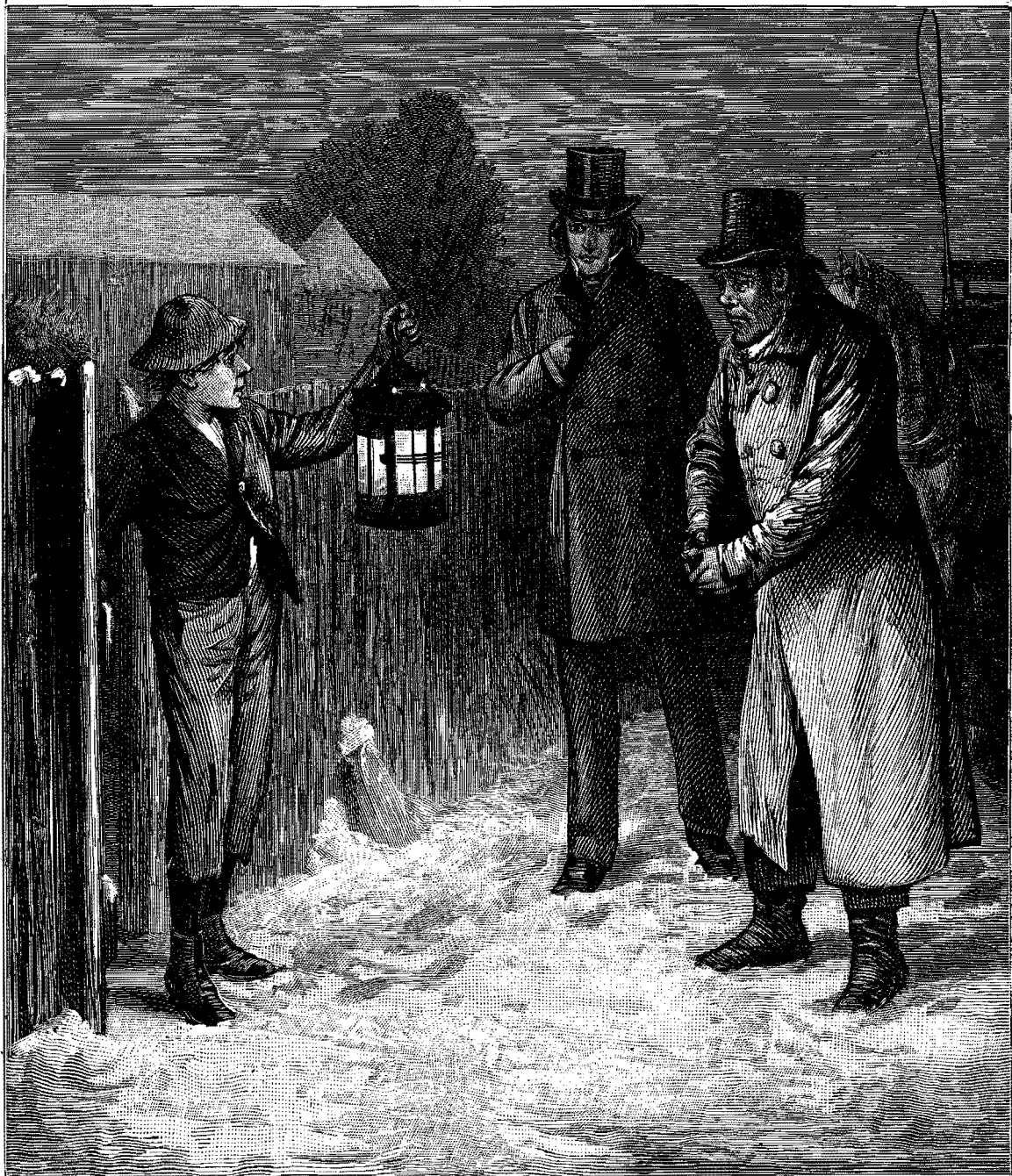
Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over a basin of brimstone and treacle; in her hand was a large wooden spoon. The boys were all obliged to take in the whole spoonful at a gasp. In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived on the preceding night; all their own clothes had been taken from them and laid aside for Master Wackford Squeers, and they were dressed in odds and ends of garments.

'Now,' said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, 'is that physicking over?'

'Just over,' said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. 'Here, you Smike, take away now; look sharp!' Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers, having called up a little boy with a curly head, and wiped her hands upon it, hurried out after him into a washhouse, where there was a small fire and a kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board.

Into these bowls Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown mass which she called porridge. A narrow wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, 'For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful!' Then he went away to his own.

In about half-an-hour's time he returned, and then school began; and such teaching it was, too! Squeers was so ignorant that he could not spell the simplest words correctly; he followed what he called 'the practical mode of teaching.' Thus, 'c-l-e-a-n—clean—verb active, to make bright, to scour: when a boy knows this out of the book, he goes and does it,'



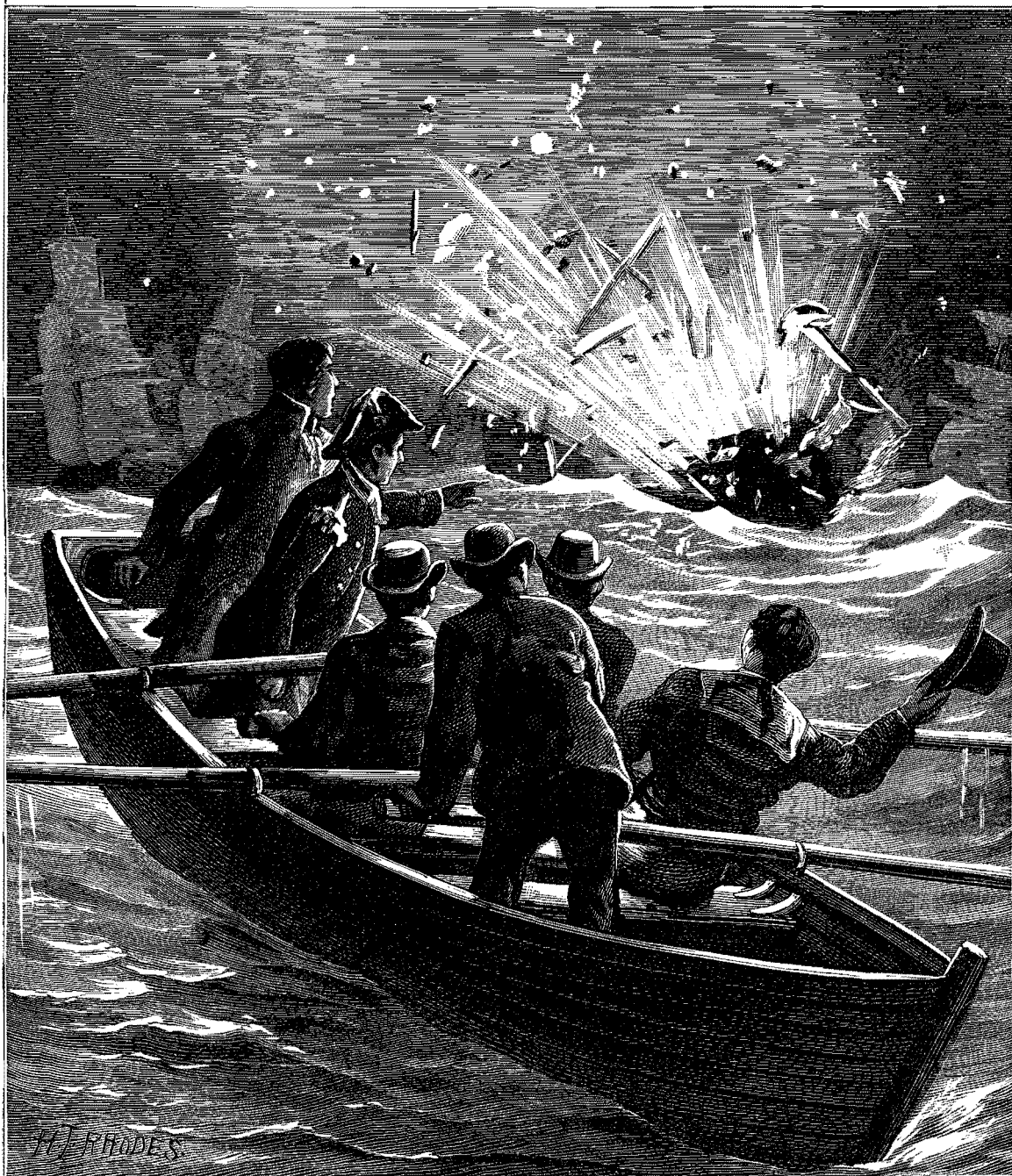
The Arrival of Nicholas at Dotheboys Hall.

said Mr. Squeers; 'or, in other words, he cleans the back-parlour window.'

Some boys were sent to draw up water for washing-day, others to weed the garden, and a third lot

went to scrubbing and general house-work. Dinner-time meant stir-about and potatoes first, and then a helping of hard salt beef.

(Concluded at page 158.)



Blowing up of the Boom.



JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Continued from page 147.)

WHEN all the captains were assembled, the admiral gave them the following heads of information.

That about a dozen of the enemy's fleet were then lying some three or four miles away, anchored in the roads. That, expecting an attack, the French had constructed a boom, which was so placed as to stop any vessels which should attempt to attack

them from seawards; that he, the admiral, had determined to try and break the boom previous to sending in a fire-ship to destroy them; and, in conclusion, that the attempt must be made that night.

Thereupon ensued an earnest consultation as to the best means of carrying out this risky project; and when the admiral asked who would volunteer to captain the explosion ship, he found that every man at the table wished to have the honour.

'Now, gentlemen, it would be invidious in me to make choice under such circumstances. The task is, as you all well know, attended by some risk; however, you none of you seem to regard that. You are all, I see, ready and anxious to step into the breach, and knowing what thoroughly able seamen you all are'—and here Sir James made a sweeping bow to the assembled company—'why, we will just let chance decide the matter for us. I will put seven slips of paper of unequal lengths into this cocked hat. You shall draw, and he who gets the shortest slip shall be entitled to the honour and glory of commanding the explosion ship.'

This proposition being greeted with laughter and acclaim, the papers were duly prepared by the admiral himself, placed in his own cocked hat, and handed round: the senior captain drawing first, and so on, down to the junior commander.

'On you, Captain Dunwich, falls the lot!' exclaimed Sir James, as each man held up the slip he had just drawn; and for the next hour all details were discussed and settled, and then the boats of the several men-of-war lying alongside were piped away, and the commanders returned to their respective ships.

The night was calm, with a steady breeze blowing in from the sea. Shortly after midnight, in deep silence, Captain Dunwich and a party of picked men, including John Herrick, were embarked in the cutter and rowed on board the explosion ship. Here, having first made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the details of the machinery to be employed in bringing about the explosion exactly at the desired moment, they next manœuvred the dangerous engine of destruction close up to windward of the boom without having been seen by the enemy. All the men were quietly got into the cutter, the two officers alone remaining on board. The vessel having drifted close enough, Herrick, in obedience to the whispered order of his commander, stooped, and in a moment

ignited the train. Quick as light the pair then slipped over the ship's side into the cutter. The men gave way with a will, and hardly had they reached a safe distance than, with a flash which seemed to go from one end of the sky to the other, lighting them up with a lurid glare, the explosion ship leaped half out of the water, and the terrific crash of sound which followed almost deafened the cutter's crew as they strained at their oars in the darkness, only a hundred yards or so away.

Turning in the boat, her rowers caught sight of the fire-ship drifting fast down from the windward towards where the boom had been lying. The explosion had had the desired effect, and bursting the boom itself, had made a way for the fire-ship. Taken by surprise, the enemy, in alarm, quickly cut their cables, and before they could make sail enough to get any weigh on them, had drifted perilously close to the shore. By the light of the stars, however, those in the *Agamemnon's* boat could just make out that all except two line-of-battle ships would probably escape. Of these two, one had been set on fire, whilst the other, despite all her crew's efforts, was plainly going ashore. Quick to act, Captain Dunwich had no sooner seen this latter vessel's dangerous position than he resolved to attempt to cut her out with his own boats.

'Give way, my lads, for the ship. The sooner we reach the *Agamemnon's* side the likelier we are to touch some prize-money,' he exclaimed, and laying on to their oars the men soon made the heavy cutter leap through the water.

With the utmost discipline and no appearance of hurry, the cutting-out expedition was organized, and the boats were quickly piped away. The captain in person commanded one, and Herrick, to his unbounded satisfaction, was put in command of another. When all was prepared, a start was made, and the boats were pulled quietly and quickly in-shore.

By the time the attacking force was half-way upon its journey it was plain that the enemy's other ships had escaped under cover of the night. The British war-ships, being all anchored much farther out in the roads than the frigate, had not been able to see their flight, nor were they aware of the running ashore of the vessel which the boats were now on their way to attack. All they knew was that the boom had been successfully blown up, and that their fire-ship had burnt one of the enemy's sail of the line. Had Captain Dunwich waited for day to break, the rising tide would have enabled the ship now aground to float, and thus to escape them. It was the knowledge of this that led him to lose no time in attacking her.

Using muffled oars, the boats got almost within musket-shot of the great ship, which the falling tide had now left, heeling over, and perfectly helpless. They could hear cries, shouts, and confused noises from all parts of her decks, showing that all the efforts of her crew were directed to the disaster of being aground, and that they had no fear of immediate attack. When the foremost boats had approached to within fifty yards of the ship, a sharp, shrill voice called out of the darkness, '*Qui va là ?*'

A hearty British cheer was the unexpected answer as the boats dashed alongside.

'In oars, out cutlasses,' was the order; and before the astonished Frenchmen could realise the situation the Jack Tars had clambered up the ship's sides like monkeys and were on board.

But, disordered as they were, the Frenchmen very soon saw that they greatly outnumbered the attacking force. This fact gave them courage to resist their onslaught. The ship's lanterns threw a flickering light upon the grim faces of the combatants as they closed in a desperate struggle. For some minutes neither side seemed to gain any advantage over the other. Then the Frenchmen managed to manoeuvre one of their guns into a position from which they could rake the deck forward, where the gallant little boat party were manfully struggling against terrible odds. One of the first to see this move was Herrick; and instantly calling for volunteers to follow him, cutlass in hand, he made a dash for the gun. Just as the French gunner was applying his fuse to the touch-hole, Herrick cut him down where he stood, and so prevented what must have been a fearfully death-dealing discharge. But now, as he had outstripped his comrades in the race for possession of the gun, he found himself hemmed in and surrounded on every side. After bringing two or three of his foes to the deck his sword-arm was slashed across badly, and dropped helpless at his side, whilst almost at the same moment he received a musket shot in the shoulder, the weapon being discharged at such close quarters that his face was blackened by the gunpowder.

Beaten down on to his knees, he shifted the cutlass into his left hand and still fought doggedly on; but just as a cry of victory burst from fifty English throats, a French sailor struck him down with the butt end of his musket, and he fell senseless on the deck.

When he recovered, it was to find the great warship *Téméraire* in the hands of the English. His captain was bending over him, and gave a sigh of relief as the young officer made a movement to sit up.

'Not gone this time, eh? I am thankful, indeed. Your conduct in cutting down the gunner was one of the pluckiest things that even you have done, my lad. Can you stand?—that's right. Now I'll just get a ship's lantern and come back for you directly. You must be looked to by the surgeon, and then get aboard the old ship as soon as possible. Tuck that cut arm of yours inside your vest, so. I'll be back in a moment;' and so saying, Captain Dunwich, whose admiration of Herrick's courage had always been great, but was now tenfold increased by his cool daring in charging up to the muzzle of the loaded gun, hurried off for a lantern, and quickly returned to the wounded man.

Just as he approached, a tall military man, and at his side a slight, grey-looking figure, were standing close by Herrick; Herrick evidently saw them too, though indistinctly, in the darkness. Almost at the same moment that the captain reached him, a passing ray of moonlight fell upon the face of the smaller figure—it was that of a young girl. Herrick gazed but for one moment upon it, and then whispered faintly the one word, 'Sylvia?'

It was, in truth, Sylvia Clive, and after the first few hurried words of greeting, her father, Colonel

Clive, explained to the captain and to Herrick how it came about that he and his daughter were on board a French ship of war.

'A fortnight ago,' said the colonel, 'I embarked with my daughter at Spithead on board a transport, having just been ordered for active service in Spain. I determined to take Sylvia with me, just for the voyage out and home again. As ill-luck would have it, we were sighted in the Channel by this ship, the *Téméraire*, which immediately crowded on all sail in pursuit. The chase did not last long, the *Téméraire*, as you may well imagine, going two miles for the old transport's one. They fired a shot across our bows, made us heave to, put a prize crew on board her—rather a fortunate thing that for you, gentlemen, eh?—and took us off with them; the fact that I was a soldier doubtless made them anxious that I should see the inside of one of their precious prisons. We cruised about for a few days, during which time the first lieutenant of this ship had the impudence to pester my daughter with his attentions. I knocked the puppy down the companion for his pains, sir,' added the white-haired, irascible old fellow, 'and they shut me up in my cabin for it; and a very good thing, too, sir, I think; or I might possibly have repeated the performance on the capering jackanapes. Well, sir, as I was saying, after we had cruised about for a short time, we joined other ships of the French fleet, and when they had all dropped anchor here and constructed the boom, they thought themselves safe from attack; but they have now found what British pluck can do.'

The list of killed and wounded on both sides having been made out, the captain gave instructions to the second lieutenant, Mr. Greer, as to holding the vessel until morning, when he hoped that the *Téméraire* would be got off. He then returned to his ship. The French captain had some time before this come on deck, although badly wounded, and had delivered up his sword. Captain Dunwich, on receiving it, had informed him that he intended to take with him, on board the *Agamemnon*, the two English prisoners of war, Colonel Clive and his daughter. The rest of the officers and crew of the captured transport were released, and told off for the duty of assisting to hold the *Téméraire* until she could be properly manned next tide.

(Concluded at page 162.)

THE WILD BOAR.

THE common domestic hog, an animal quite familiar to every one, appears to be a native of most parts of Europe and Asia. Its flesh is of great value as food, immense quantities being consumed in the British Islands, North America, and many other places. Its fat, which is produced in a thick layer under the skin, is a valuable article of commerce under the name of lard. Its skin is made into leather particularly suited to saddlery, while its bristles are the best that can be procured for brush-making.

This animal was at one time an inhabitant of the wooded districts of Great Britain, where it was protected by severe game laws, but it has long ceased to



The Wild Boar.

exist in a wild state with us, though it still roams at large in the dense forests of some parts of Europe. The adult male animal or 'boar' is a savage creature, generally preferring to lead a solitary life, while the females and young herd together. Should these, however, be attacked by wolves or other wild animals, the boar comes promptly to the rescue, defending himself and them with the utmost vigour.

His body is thick and strong, mostly covered with stiff bristles, among which short curled hair is often found. On the back of the neck these bristles develop into a thick mane in the wild boar, while his tusks, which are very strong, project and curve upwards, and give to this animal a very formidable appearance; and he is not by any means a contemptible antagonist to encounter. The chase of the wild

boar is one of the most exciting sports of Europe or even of India, particularly when carried on without the rifle, the sportsman being mounted on horse-back with a long spear as his only weapon. This kind of hunting, known in India as 'pig-sticking,' is dangerous in the extreme, the boar when attacked seeming to lose all fear of man, and to be animated by a furious desire for vengeance upon those who have disturbed his privacy. Dogs, of course, are employed to bring him out of his lair, and when this is accomplished (generally after the sacrifice of one or more of the hounds) the creature often makes a savage rush at the sportsman, ripping up the horse with his terrible tusks, or impaling itself on the point of the spear, which frequently breaks under the strain, the rider, of course, being hurled to the ground. This is the moment of extreme danger, for the boar, in its fury, attacks horse or man alike, and is not to be driven away even though half-a-dozen dogs may be tearing at his flesh. The hunter's chance of escape lies in some of the other sportsmen forcing their terrified horses near enough to enable them to give the boar the final thrust with their spears.

Sober-minded folk may ask why men should expose themselves to risks such as are to be faced in 'pig-sticking.' The answer to this question is that the greater the risk, the greater the excitement of the chase; and men desire some excitement to enliven the dull life which is often led in India. If the boar gave in, or was easily cowed, he would not be worth pursuing; therefore, the more savage the animal, the more eager is the pursuit. K.

ANIMAL-WORSHIP IN INDIA.



THE worship of animals is an idea so foreign to us in the present day, that it is difficult to believe that it was once to be found in almost every country in the world. And yet we are told that, to take one animal alone, the worship of serpents has existed, or still exists, in Persia, Egypt, Kashmir, India, China, Thibet, Ceylon, Babylon, Greece, Phoenicia, Italy, and among many of the tribes of Africa.

Nor is this all. Our own country, now so enlightened and civilised, was once the scene of strange acts of worship, and the remains of several giant serpent temples are still to be seen in Wiltshire, Somersetshire, and other parts of England. These temples, antiquarians tell us, were built in the form of serpents, of upright stones placed at a little distance from each other and sometimes extending for two miles in length, so that they looked like huge snakes lying out upon the hill or plain.

The subject of animal-worship, therefore, is so large a one that it would be difficult to give any full account of it in the limits of a short paper, and it will be best to confine ourselves to India, where it is to be

found at the present day in all its ancient strength. All animal life is considered sacred among the Hindus. A man who slays an animal is looked upon as a murderer, and there are even some of the stricter sort who keep their mouths covered that they may not breathe in an insect and destroy it. Birds build their nests unfearing, for they have never learnt to dread the presence of human beings; while bulls, monkeys, and parrots range the streets and compounds, and even snatch things from the open stalls of the shopkeepers, without any one daring to prevent them. The list of animals which are looked upon as especially sacred is almost too long to quote; but among them we may mention elephants, geese, tigers, buffaloes, rats, rams, peacocks, fish, boars, turtles, crocodiles, wagtails, cats, and horses.



There are, however, three animals which receive more adoration than any other, each of which is an example of one of the three reasons for which animals are principally worshipped by the Hindus.

The cow is worshipped from gratitude. Among a people who never kill animals for food, it is easy to understand how invaluable milk must be. The devotion with which the cow is regarded is difficult for Europeans to comprehend. It is related of a Christian convert that she came to a missionary in great distress, to know if God would be angry with her for not eating beef as the English did, for if she were to eat the flesh of the cow it would seem to her like eating the flesh of her mother! Milk, curds, and butter are offered to the gods as sacrifices, and by eating clarified butter men are supposed to be cleansed from their sins. One day in the year is set

aside for the worship of the cow, but the strict Hindus worship it daily after bathing. Going near a cow, they throw flowers before it and offer it fresh grass, and then bow down in obeisance as they walk round and round it. By tending cows they think that they will obtain reward in after-life; whereas, if the owner of a cow sells it, he is threatened by the sacred books with as many thousand years of torment as there are hairs on its body. The cow is supposed to be a type of the all-yielding earth, and the Hindus are taught that there is 'a cow of plenty,' who is able to grant all the desires of her worshippers. Images of this cow are sold in the bazaars, and are worshipped with prayers and offerings.

(Concluded at page 163.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

13.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

ONE of a class of persons who cause much alarm in the community.

- 1.—5, 6, 1, 4, 9. A sea map.
- 2.—9, 7, 3, 4, 1. An ornament for the head.
- 3.—8, 7, 2. The greatest of all evils.
- 4.—4, 1, 7, 2. Pleasant after drought.
- 5.—8, 6, 7, 4, 9. A man's garment.
- 6.—6, 7, 8, 9. Listen!
- 7.—8, 9, 3, 4. A beautiful natural object.
- 8.—5, 1, 4, 9. A homely vehicle.
- 9.—5, 6, 3, 7, 2. Composed of links.
- 10.—8, 9, 3, 7, 4. An ascent.
- 11.—9, 4, 3, 7, 2. Seen at court.
- 12.—8, 3, 4, 1, 6. A woman's name.

C. C.

14.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. LATE hens. An island in the Atlantic Ocean.
2. Lead. A seaport town in Kent.
3. A tied mat. A town in Egypt.
4. Fan smiled. A town in England.
5. Reign. A river in Africa.
6. A spire. A country in Asia.
7. A rag. A city in India.
8. To a rest. A town in Egypt.
9. A mad ire. A beautiful island in the Atlantic Ocean.
10. Gale, Sir. A country in the North of Africa.

C. C.

15.—METRICAL PUZZLE.

- A. THINK of a word which rhymes with *you*.
1. B. Is it a small number?
A. No, it is not a—
2. B. Is it a sea-fowl?
A. No, it is not a—
3. B. Is it a company of men?
A. No, it is not a—
4. B. Is it an herb?
A. No, it is not a—
5. B. Is it a colour?
A. No, it is not a—
6. B. Is it a tree?
A. No, it is not a—
7. B. Is it a prospect?
A. No, it is not a—
8. B. Is it found mostly in the morning?
A. No, it is not a—

9. B. Is it another word for a colour?
A. No, it is not a—
10. B. Is it the cry of an animal?
A. No, it is not a—
11. B. Is it a game of cards?
A. No, it is not a—
12. B. Is it to regret?
A. No, it is not to—
13. B. Is it a number?
A. No, it is not a—
14. B. Is it an abbreviation of a woman's name?
A. No, it is not a—
15. B. Is it to seek a woman's love?
A. No, it is not to—
16. B. Is it what all our words should be?
A. Yes, it is—

C. C.

[Answers at page 174.]

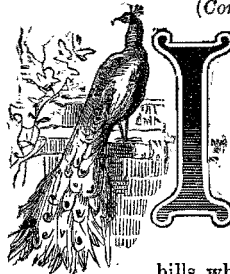
ANSWERS.

- 10.—1. 28 and 21.
2. They meet at 11 a.m. A. will have walked 8 miles and B. 6.
3. 1 half-crown, 2 florins, 6 shillings, 7 sixpences, 12 threepences, 12 pennies.
4. 100 of each.
5. 12.
6. 60 and 48.
7. $6d. + 3d. + 1d. + \text{two } \frac{1}{2}d. + 4 \text{ farthings.}$
8. 12 left.
- 11.—1. PEAR 2. ARUM 3. BOAST
EASE RIFE OTTER
ASKS UPON ATONE
REST MEN'S SENSE
TREES
- 12.—1. Caroline. 5. Catharine. 8. Geraldine.
2. Deborah. 6. Bertha. 9. Mary Anne.
3. Eleanor. 7. Charlotte. 10. Norah.
4. Margaret.

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

SMIKE AND HIS SCHOOLFELLOWS IN
'NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.'

(Concluded from page 152.)



IT was Mr. Squeers' custom, after every half-yearly visit to the metropolis, to call the boys together and make a sort of report regarding the relations and friends he had seen, the news he had heard, the letters he had brought down, the bills which had been paid, the accounts which had been left unpaid, and so forth. The boys were recalled from house, window, garden, stable, and cowyard, and the school was assembled in full conclave when Mr. Squeers, with a small bundle of papers in his hand, and Mrs. S., following with a pair of canes, entered the room and proclaimed silence.

'Let any boy speak a word without leave!' said

Mr. Squeers, mildly, 'and I'll take the skin off his back.'

The effect of this speech was a death-like silence. Then Mr. Squeers proceeded to open letters, and pretend to read them, putting in such sentences as 'Graymarsh's aunt is very glad to hear he is well and happy, and sends her respectful compliments to Mrs. Squeers, and thinks she must be an angel; she likewise thinks Mr. Squeers is too good for this world, and hopes he may long be spared to carry on the business. She hopes, too, that Graymarsh will love Master Squeers, and not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should.'

Any 'pocket-money' sent for the boys was handed over to Mrs. Squeers, to pay some pretended fine.

It was the evening of such a day, when Nicholas, sad and sick at heart with the horrors he had seen, sat by a small stove in the dirty schoolroom, lost in thought. All at once he met the upturned face of poor Smike, the household drudge. The boy shrunk back as though expecting a blow.

'You need not fear me,' said Nicholas, kindly; 'are you cold?'

'N-n-o!'

'You are shivering!'

'I am not cold,' replied Smike, quickly; 'I am used to it!'

'Poor fellow!' exclaimed Nicholas.

If he had struck the drudge, he would have slunk away without a word. But now he burst into tears.

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' he cried, covering his face with his cracked and horny hands; 'my heart will break! it will, it will!'

And then he told, in his poor, half-witted way, of the years of suffering he had spent at Dotheboys Hall. Some one, when he was quite a child, had left him there, and for six years money had been paid for his board, and then it had stopped, and he had been left dependent upon Mr. Squeers. No friends ever inquired after him; he had, indeed, none. 'Pain and fear; pain and fear for me, alive or dead. No hope, no hope!' groaned the well-nigh broken-hearted lad.

The bell rang to bed; and the boy, subsiding at the sound into his usual listless state, crept away, as if anxious to avoid notice.

It was with a heavy heart that Nicholas, soon afterwards—no, not retired; there was no retirement there—followed, to his dirty and crowded dormitory.

After this night Smike followed Nicholas about wherever and whenever he could, with a restless desire to serve or help him, content only to be near him. He would sit beside and look up patiently into his face; and a word would brighten up his careworn visage, and call into it a passing gleam even of happiness.

It was no sooner observed that Smike had become attached to Nicholas, than stripes and blows, morning, noon, and night, were added to his drudgery.

'You will do better, poor fellow,' said Nicholas one evening, after a sad conversation—accompanied by weeping on Smike's part—'when I am gone.'

'Gone!' cried the lad, looking intently in his face.

Nicholas tried to put off a direct answer, but

Smike said, imploringly, 'Oh! do tell me—*will* you go—will you?'

'I shall be driven to that at last!' said Nicholas; 'the world is before me, after all.'

'Tell me,' urged his poor friend, 'is the world as bad and dismal as this place?'

'Heaven forbid!' replied Nicholas; 'its hardest, coarsest toil were happiness to this.'

'Should I ever meet you there?' demanded the boy, speaking with unusual wildness.

'Yes,' replied Nicholas, willing to soothe him; 'and I would help you, and not bring fresh sorrow on you, as I have done here.'

The boy caught the young man's hands passionately in his, and, hugging them to his breast, he uttered a few broken sounds which were hardly intelligible.

Squeers entered at the moment, and he shrunk back into his old corner.

The following morning the hue and cry went through the school, for Smike was missing. It was little Tomkins who suggested, in answer to Mr. Squeers' inquiries, 'Please, sir, I think he's run away!' For this daring speech he was beaten by the brutal schoolmaster upon his bare skin, until he actually writhed—in his agonies—out of his tormentor's hands.

Poor Smike! Not for long was he to escape his wretched surroundings; the morning of the second day saw him brought back by Mrs. Squeers in a chaise, his legs tied and himself more dead than alive. He was securely locked up in the cellar until such time as Mr. Squeers could operate upon him in presence of the assembled school.

'Is every boy here?' asked Squeers, in a tremendous voice, as he flourished a new, supple, strong, and wax-ended cane, purchased expressly for the occasion. Then, fastening his cruel gaze on the unlucky Smike, he asked whether he had anything to say for himself.

'Spare me, sir!' cried Smike.

'Oh! that's all, is it?' said Squeers. 'Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that!'

Upon many careworn faces, looks expressive of indignation and pity mingled, but not a boy dared to move.

'I was driven to it,' said Smike, faintly.

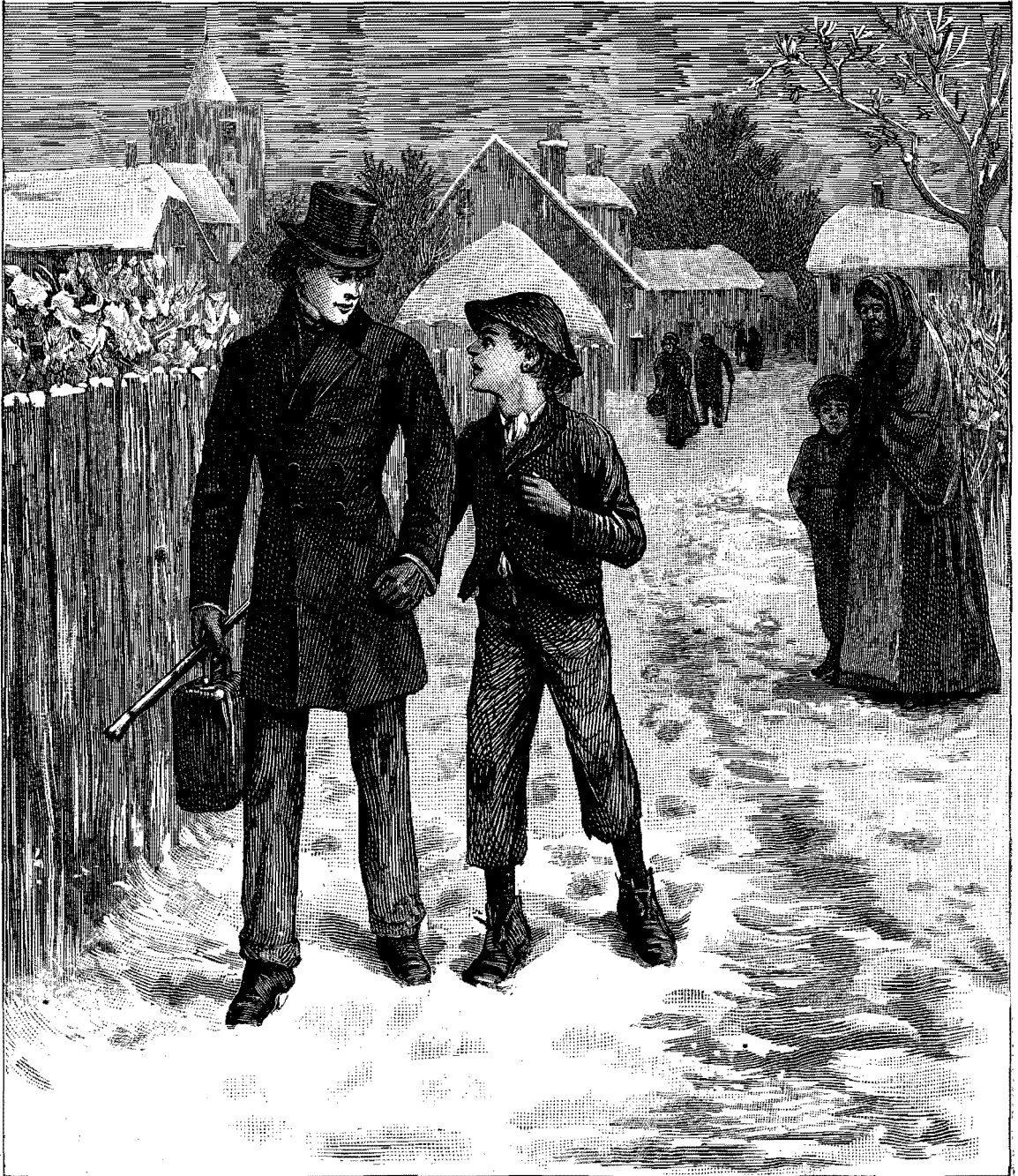
Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body; he was wincing from the lash, and uttering a scream of pain. It was raised again, and was again about to fall, when Nicholas Nickleby, suddenly starting up, cried 'Stop!' in a voice that made the rafters ring. 'This must not go on. Shall not! I will prevent it.'

In a violent outbreak of wrath that any one should dare to thwart him, the bully Squeers, with a cry like that of a wild beast, spat upon Nicholas, and dealt him a stinging blow with the cane right across his face.

Nicholas sprang upon his assailant, wrested the weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, he beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

That night, Nicholas slept at a cottage where beds were let cheap. He had quitted the Yorkshire school and its sight of infant misery for ever.

'And Smike?' asks some sympathetic boy-reader.



"Come, and the world shall deal by you as it does by me."

He followed Nicholas, and begged to be allowed to stay near him. 'I will be your faithful, hard-working servant—I will indeed,' said the poor creature, pleadingly.

Nicholas held out his hand and said, 'Come, and the world shall deal by you as it does by me;' and the two journeyed on to great London together.

JAMES CASSIDY.



Homeward Bound.



JOHN HERRICK, R.N.

(Concluded from page 155.)

WHEN the boat containing Captain Dunwich, Colonel Clive, Sylvia, and Herrick arrived alongside the English frigate, day was beginning to break, and within half an hour's time signal was made to the admiral's ship for assistance in getting the stranded vessel afloat on the morning tide. This was immediately answered, and repeated, with the result that, before long, boats might be seen pulling from all the ships in the fleet towards the prize. Five hours later she floated, the tri-colour hauled down and the Union Jack flying at her mizzen instead. Her sails were quickly bent, the guns securely lashed, and then such men as could be spared for the task were set to work to wash down her decks, and cleanse them from all traces of the previous night's terrible work.

A signal was now made from the flag-ship for Captain Dunwich to repair on board, an order which he hastened to obey. The admiral received him with more than ordinary cordiality.

'My dear sir,' he exclaimed, as the commander of the frigate entered the cabin, 'let me congratulate you. I little thought, when you drew the lot entitling you to so dangerous a duty last night, how soon I should be offering you my congratulations upon such a gallant piece of work as this. And now sit down here and tell me all about it.'

With a most becoming modesty, Captain Dunwich related very clearly the events of the previous night, not forgetting to give John Herrick his due share in the honour and glory of the attack, and especially begging Sir James's favour for the young sailor's gallantry in leading the onslaught upon the gun. Sir James, in reply, promised that this conduct should be mentioned in despatches, and brought to the notice of the proper authorities.

'And tell him, from me,' added the admiral, 'that if he does not take care, he may find himself a post-captain one of these fine mornings.'

At the conclusion of a long interview, Sir James instructed Captain Dunwich to accompany the prize home, and to bear despatches from himself to the authorities at Whitehall. It was finally settled that the *Agamemnon* should weigh on the following morning, and then Captain Dunwich took his leave, and returned to make his preparations.

Next morning, early, the captain sent word below that he wished to see Mr. Herrick. Upon the latter appearing, he took him aside, and in kind tones said:—

'Herrick, I have, as you know, always taken the strongest interest in your welfare, and in the successful, though dangerous, career you have had in the service. Some time ago, when you first centred your affections upon Mistress Sylvia Clive, I gave you my advice, upon which you loyally acted, and that advice was to do nothing then, but to await the

progress of events. The aspect of the case is changed now, and I counsel you to go at once to the colonel, and state your case to him. You are now certain of being made a post-captain within a short space of time, and, as such an officer, quite a fitting match for his daughter. I have already dropped a hint to him, both as to how matters stand between you young people, and also as to the high character you have made for yourself in the service. You will soon be full of prize-money—that alone, they say, ought to give a man confidence,' added the captain, laughing. 'so go and attack the old gentleman when he appears on deck; though, I warrant me, you would far rather lead the attack on another gun.'

Thus encouraged, John Herrick braced himself for the task before him, and then discovered, for the first time in his life, that there are many different forms of courage, and that the valour which will enable a hunting man to charge a five-barred gate is by no means the same as the splendid fortitude required by a patient under the surgeon's knife; and that a suitor who, for one cause or another, does not find favour in the eyes of a father or guardian, has far more need to 'screw his courage to the sticking point,' as Lady Macbeth hath it, than he who would be prepared to lead a forlorn hope.

However, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and John Herrick, in his straightforward way, none the less eloquent that he used only the simplest language in which to express himself, very soon laid the whole matter of his heart's desire before the kind-hearted, though rather irascible, old colonel.

'But—but—but, sir, although—pray understand me—I feel most deeply grateful to you for being the means of restoring me my only child, still, you will see, I am sure, that an alliance with the Clives is—er, well, is hardly a suitable one for—for—eh!'

And here the old gentleman came to a full stop, wishing to explain that a Clive should only marry into a family of equal rank with themselves, but unable to do so for two reasons: firstly, that he was of far too kindly a nature to hurt the young fellow's feelings; and, secondly, that he felt it would savour of snobbishness to make any allusion to the ancient lineage of his own family.

'I am not bold enough to say that "Love levels all ranks," Colonel Clive,' replied Herrick, 'but I venture so far as to think that no man living could love your daughter better than I do. I do not come of a noble stock, but surely of an ancient one, for three centuries ago a Herrick owned the manor-house of Reforme, where to-day my father lives. We are only yeomen, but yeomen have, in times past, done "yeoman's service," to their country, and younger sons carved out a road to fame and fortune. Before I am thirty years of age I shall be holding post-rank in our glorious service, thanks not to myself, but to the many chances that have been given me since that eventful night when I was carried aboard the *Hecate* by a press-gang. But if you still think that I am beneath you—'

'Nay, nay,' broke in the colonel; 'why so hasty? I am conquered and stand rebuked. Herrick, I love you well; you restored to me my daughter, and now I do but make an act of reparation, after all, when I say I freely give her up to you.'

The next meeting between Herrick and Sylvia may safely be passed over. Such interviews have been often described in print, though, as a matter of fact, they occur perhaps but once in most men's lifetime. Suffice it to say that these young people enjoyed it to the full; their hearts the while overflowing with a joyful gratitude to the kind Providence which had brought them together at last through so many vicissitudes of fortune.

Right cheerily was the anchor got up, the boys in blue chanting a merry tune as they trotted gaily round with the capstan bars. The good ship under weigh, her canvas spreading to the favouring breeze, all was sunshine, for they were 'homeward bound.'

Not until the great Napoleon's power was completely shattered; not until the disturber of the peace of Europe was finally carried to the lonely isle of St. Helena, and the olive-branch was held out between England and France; and not until young John Herrick had been paid off at Portsmouth from the first ship he had had the honour of commanding as a Post-Captain, did his wedding with Sylvia Clive take place. The parish church was crowded with villagers and blue-jackets mixed, whilst naval officers' uniforms lent brightness and colour to the scene. John Herrick might well have felt a proud and happy man as, with medals on his breast, he conducted his beauteous bride down the aisle after the ceremony; the organ pealing out what sounded in his ears like some grand tribute of praise to Providence for all the blessings and happiness he was enjoying.

Five years later, a peep into the garden of a pretty house in South Devonshire, whose windows overlooked the calm, sapphire sea beneath, would have revealed to our gaze some old friends. Fastening up a rose-bush, a bluff, hearty-looking old fellow was saying to himself, as he tied all sorts of outlandish knots in the cord: 'Well, here have I been trying ever since eight bells to splice this here rose-bush on to a spar, and it's not done yet. If I can get the captain to find me a marlinspike, I'd do it as quick again. Can't do any gardening without a marlinspike! A marlinspike, a rope, and an axe to clear away anything from the decks, and there you are! That's what I call a complete gardener's outfit. Belay there, I see the skipper just coming out on to the quarter-deck,' as a young man stepped from the window of an upper room on to the veranda, and looked over into the bed of hydrangeas below.

'Morning, your honour; fine westerly breeze, this.' 'Good morning, Batson. We must get the boat out and have a sail up to Salcombe to-day. You had better get her ready as soon as breakfast is over.'

'I will, your honour. But I shall have to beat up to the farther field first, where Master Johnny's donkey is—'

'Why, what do you want with the donkey, Batson? You are not going to ship him as boatswain, are you?' answered his master, laughing.

'No, no, sir. But yesterday he broke through a gap in the hedge, and so I just reeved a rope on to him with a kedge-anchor at the other end of it, and I must get the kedge back to put into the boat, that's all. Shall I cast the donkey off or moor him to something else?'

'Never mind the anchor, Batson; we only want to sail about for two or three hours to-day. Your mistress and the two little ones will come with us;' and 'young John Herrick,' not so very young now, though still on the sunny side of thirty-five, disappeared within the house to breakfast.

An hour or so later, and Sylvia steps from the French window of the dining-room, accompanied by her husband, and leads on to the closely shaven lawn a merry-eyed little lad, who seems to be a small edition of his father. A nurse follows with a three-year-old girl, whose eyes are Sylvia's eyes over again. They all move leisurely down the garden, descend the steps to the beach below, and there embark in the little vessel which old Bill Batson handles with such pride, and with all his old seaman-ship and skill. The sails are quickly shaken out, and she dances gaily away over the gently rippling waters, heading for the lovely natural harbour of Salcombe. Presently they pass a picturesque headland, near which is a small inlet from the sea. A whitewashed, long, low building stands upon the Down above, inhabited by the revenue officers stationed there. It stood upon the site of the old smuggler's cottage, where first these twain had met. Sylvia looks up at it, and pressing her husband's hand, murmurs playfully, 'Do you remember our first walks together there, dear?'

'Yes, indeed I do,' he answers fondly, 'and I never see those rocks without thinking of the risks you ran in those days—and without thanking God, who has brought us through so many dangers and adversities to our present happiness.'

And in the enjoyment of this home happiness we leave Captain John Herrick, R.N., till the claims of King and Country summon him again to active service with the Fleet.

FOX RUSSELL.

ANIMAL-WORSHIP IN INDIA.

(Concluded from page 158.)

THE bull is considered sacred to the god Siva, in whose temples images of it are worshipped. These animals are allowed to wander about with garlands of flowers round their necks; and to set a bull stamped with the symbol of Siva loose in the crowded streets of one of the holy cities is thought to be an act which will bring down the greatest blessings.

The monkey is worshipped from admiration and awe. The Hindus have an intense respect for cleverness and cunning, and the marvellous instinct of the monkey stamps it in their eyes as sacred above measure. Monkeys are supposed to have aided the god Ramu in the conquest of Ceylon, under the command of the black-faced monkey, Hunooman. This monkey is worshipped by the Hindus on their birthdays, as he is supposed to be able to bestow the gift of long life. Many people keep an image of him in their houses and perform their devotions before it daily, and some of them even wear his sign upon their foreheads, and thus openly own themselves as his followers.

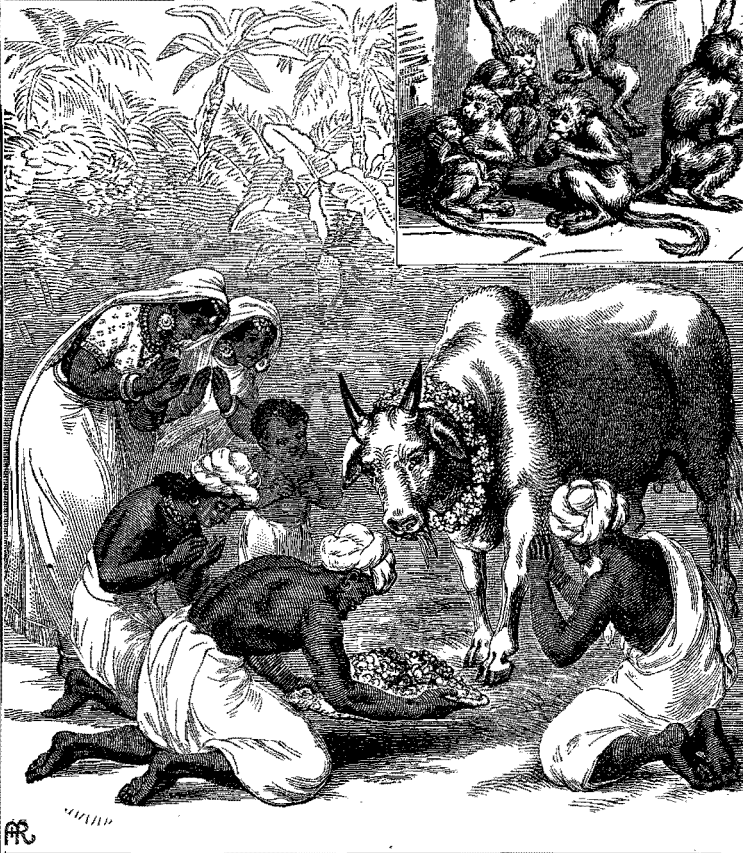
All monkeys are supposed to be related to this monkey-god, and are therefore held as holy throughout India. They are allowed to commit any acts of mischief that they please; even if they should strip

an entire orchard of its fruit, or tear the roof from a house, the unfortunate owner dare not revenge himself upon them, or even so much as drive them away. They swarm into the temples, climbing wherever fancy may take them; and at Benares, the holy city, there is a temple especially devoted to their worship, in which about a hundred monkeys are kept, and are waited upon with slavish attention by the priests.

Serpents are worshipped from fear. These reptiles seem to inspire dread wherever they are found. Their silent, stealthy movements, and damp, chilly bodies, their forked tongues and lidless eyes, give them a horrible fascination. And yet we are told that there is a mixture of admiration in the Hindu's feeling towards them. The yearly casting of their skin, by which they



A Monkey Temple.



Worshipping the Cow.

renew their youth, and their spiral markings, are considered by him as emblems of eternity. The sacred books teach the people that by worshipping snakes they will be delivered from the danger of being bitten, and many of them make a drawing of a snake on the walls of their houses, and constantly worship before it. There is a snake well at Benares in which devotees bathe, and there are various serpent temples where curious rites are practised.

Professor Monier Williams, in his *Religious Life and Thought in India*, gives a strange account of the serpent temple in South Kānara, where hundreds of these reptiles live in holes and crevices which are made for them. He says that, to propitiate the serpents, people who come to perform their vows 'roll and wriggle round the temple serpent-fashion,



George Barnes, with his little dog Wasp, leaves his early home.

and some will even roll their bodies up to it from the foot of the hill, a mile distant. They also take home with them portions of earth from the sacred serpent-holes; this earth is believed to cleanse from leprosy if rubbed on the parts affected.' We might well believe that superstition could go no further than this, but the writer adds that there are men who, for a small sum, will go through these wriggings and rollings by proxy for the richer persons who come to the shrine!

Although the Hindus fear snakes so intensely, they do not on that account take any measure to destroy them; on the contrary, they believe that any one who kills a snake, even by accident, will be visited with terrible punishment, either in this life or the next. Professor Monier Williams tells a story of a man who bought a piece of ground, and was sitting under a tree in the middle of his new property, when he heard a hissing sound over his head, and, looking up, saw a serpent in the branches. Instantly the conviction rushed upon him that he had neglected to propitiate the spirit of the man to whom the ground had formerly belonged, and that it had appeared to him embodied in the form of a snake and ready for vengeance. Far from trying to kill the intruder, he fled in terror, and actually never dared to return to the ground or take possession of it again!

AN UNJUST WILL.

CHAPTER I.

ON a bright September day, about one hundred years ago, a funeral passed along the lane leading from a substantial farmhouse to the churchyard of Rothbridge, a small town in one of the pastoral counties of England.

The farm was a large, rambling place, with plenty of garden ground, full of old-fashioned flowers, beyond which there lay a cosy orchard, with cornfields and pasture-lands in the distance. It was indeed a pretty homestead, and had been for many years the home of old Joseph Barnes. Joseph Barnes, who had owned the farm, upon the day that our story opens had been carried to the grave by his labourers, and followed by his two sons, Richard and George, and a few of the neighbouring farmers, the old man's friends. After the service the funeral party had returned to the farm, and, according to the old custom, they sat round the table in the big kitchen while the lawyer from Rothbridge read the will. Then in

groups of two and three the neighbours returned to their homes. After the rest had dispersed one man remained, leaning his elbows on the garden gate, and looking earnestly at the pleasant scene before him, yet with a bitter and angry expression of face which showed that a storm of some kind raged within.

He was a good-looking young fellow of about two-and-twenty, though the thin lips were close and firm and the grey eyes perhaps too keen and careful. He had a bundle slung over his shoulder, as though about to start on a journey. A wiry grey terrier sat at his feet, watching his every movement with that wistful expression by which a dog can show that he knows that something has gone wrong with his master, and is puzzling to know what it can be. This was George Barnes, the younger son of the dead man, by whose will he had been really disinherited, for, while all his father's possessions had been bequeathed to Richard, a legacy of 50% was his sole portion. George had, of course, heard the will read, but, though his face had darkened, he had said nothing. He had silently left the room, while one or two of the farmers had muttered to the lawyer that it was a burning shame, and they didn't know how old Joseph could have done it. The lad was a good lad, though a bit solemn and grumpy, and was worth a dozen such men as his elder brother. But, as the lawyer had said while gathering up his papers, it was no affair of his; old Joseph had earned every penny he possessed, and surely a man might do what he pleased with his own.

And now the question arises, Why had the farmer made a will so unjust as to call forth these remarks from his neighbours? Well, who can say? If the question had been asked of old Joseph himself, he would have said, 'Because I love my elder son, and I cannot abide the other!' Yes, he had loved Richard, the elder, though a coarse young man, idle, fond of beer and low company. His father had loved him because he had loved his mother. Richard's mother was his father's first and best-beloved wife, who had been the wife of his youth, who had been laid with many tears in an early grave.

George, the younger, though he was industrious and attentive to every duty on the farm, had always been treated with coldness by his father. George's mother was his father's second wife, and his father had visited the dislike he felt for her upon her son. She, too, by this time was dead.

The different dispositions of the two brothers might partly account for their father's will. The farmer, being rough and ignorant himself, had felt more at ease with his elder son, whose coarse good humour seemed pleasant and homely in his eyes; while George's coldness of manner and scorn of his brother's pursuits and tastes had caused the old man to feel ill at ease, and had added to the dislike which he had felt to the poor lad because he resembled his own mother. But we must now return to our story.

As George Barnes stood on the evening after his father's funeral, taking his last look of the familiar scene around him, with a bitter sense of the injustice with which he had been treated rankling in his heart, the house-door opened and his elder brother came out. As he sauntered down to the gate he

shouted, 'I say, George, you're not such a fool as to be making off? Have I not told you—ay, twenty times and more—that you're welcome to a home here?'

'Yes,' said the younger man, with a scornful look on his pale face, 'yes, till you turn me out of doors in your next drunken fury! You and I live together again? No, Richard, never, and you know it!'

The elder brother only laughed. He had not persuaded his father to make his unjust will, but he was none the less pleased that it had been made in his favour.

'Well,' he said, 'one might as well talk to a mule as you, George; I can see it in your face. But where are you setting off to? Can't you at least say as much as that?'

But George's face had become hard as a flint. 'I take nothing of yours with me,' he said, 'but Wasp here, and where I am going to I shall tell to no one, and least of all to you. But mark my words, Richard Barnes, mark my words—you will have no luck with what you've got! Injustice never thrives, and no one knows better than you that our father's will is an unjust one. Wait a little: the money will melt away from you like snow, and while you are losing I shall be earning. I shall have a home of my own, when perhaps you will have only the workhouse over your head.'

Richard laughed again loudly.

'Ay, you may laugh,' George went on, with added bitterness, 'but, for all that, I believe it will come true! Your thriftless, drunken ways will land you in the workhouse, and neither you nor any belonging to you shall ever be the better of any earnings of mine!' And, with his brother's laugh sounding in his ears, George Barnes, followed by his little dog Wasp, had turned away from his early home with a swelling heart, to begin life once more among strangers, none of whom could remind him of the injustice with which he had been treated.

And where was he going to and what were his plans? In the old days of which we are writing every cottage had its spinning-wheel, and in many the hand-loom weaver plied his shuttle. George Barnes when a boy had learned something of weaving, for his own amusement, at the loom of a man who had lived for some years at Rothbridge, but who had long since returned to his own village in Cambridgeshire. The lonely boy had loved the friendly weaver, and had often sat in his cottage of an evening listening with interest to many a story of the Fen country and its people, while he noticed every detail of the old man's work.

His thoughts had reverted to that far-off time while standing, on that sad afternoon, at the gate of his old home. As he stood there, it occurred to him that weaving might be a good handicraft for him to follow now that his work as a farmer seemed to be over. He therefore at once made up his mind to make his way to Peter's cottage, and there to set up a loom under his direction and guidance. In coming to this resolution, George felt certain of a hearty welcome, and not without reason, for the weaver and the farmer's boy had been mutually attracted one to the other, so that, though six or seven years had passed away since they had parted, George felt that

their pleasant friendship could be readily resumed. And he was not wrong, for when after the long journey he knocked at Peter's cottage door, and Peter opened it, the recognition was immediate and hearty.

'Is it you, George, my lad?' he said. 'Well, now, but I am pleased to see you once more. Come in, come in, and sit ye down in the chimney corner there and tell me what brings you to the Fens, for I am glad to see you, that I am!'

Then George, with a curious lump in his throat, which had arisen there at the sound of the friendly voice and hospitable welcome, entered the little cottage, and seated himself as desired, while Wasp, weary and hot, crept below his master's chair, and, with a sigh of content, curled himself up into a ragged-looking ball, and fell into a sound sleep.

(Continued at page 173.)

MOTHER AND SON.

NOW, Percy dear, you must restrain
Your hasty words, your actions too;
When other boys torment and tease,
I'll tell you what I'd have you do.

'Count ten, my boy, and not too fast.
Count slowly thus: One! two! and three!
Four! five! and six! seven! eight! and nine!
Then when you come to ten, you'll see

'That all your wrath has died away,
And gentle thoughts are in your mind.
Now, Percy, if you'll try this plan,
A sweet composure you will find.'

'But, mother dear, I've really tried!
I tried quite hard when Jack was here.
(You know he thumped me on the back
And boxed me soundly on the ear.)

'Well, mother, I began to count,
Intending when I reached to ten,
To have it out with Cousin Jack,
And thump and box him back again.

'But scarcely had I counted six,
When, to my anger and dismay,
I found—now, mother, only think!—
I found that Jack had run away!'

B. M.

LYNMOUTH.

LYNMOUTH and Lynton, the 'Siamese twins of watering-places,' have become famous of late years through the wonderful hydraulic railway by which they have been connected.

Perched on the edge of a steep North Devon headland, proud little Lynton has long looked down upon its humble neighbour, nestling snugly against

that same headland, 500 feet below. Each has its own peculiar charm, and tourists have found it difficult to decide between the lovely rivals. The distance from one to the other is not great, and, to the young and active, the ascent from the shore by the narrow, winding lane, will always be enjoyable enough, in spite of what an American writer has called its 'perspiring perpendicularity.' But all are not equally sound in wind and limb; and natives as well as tourists agreed, some years ago, that 'the steepest bit of road in England' was somewhat of a trial. They set their wits to work to devise an easier way of mounting from the Lynmouth Valley to the breezy height of Lynton.

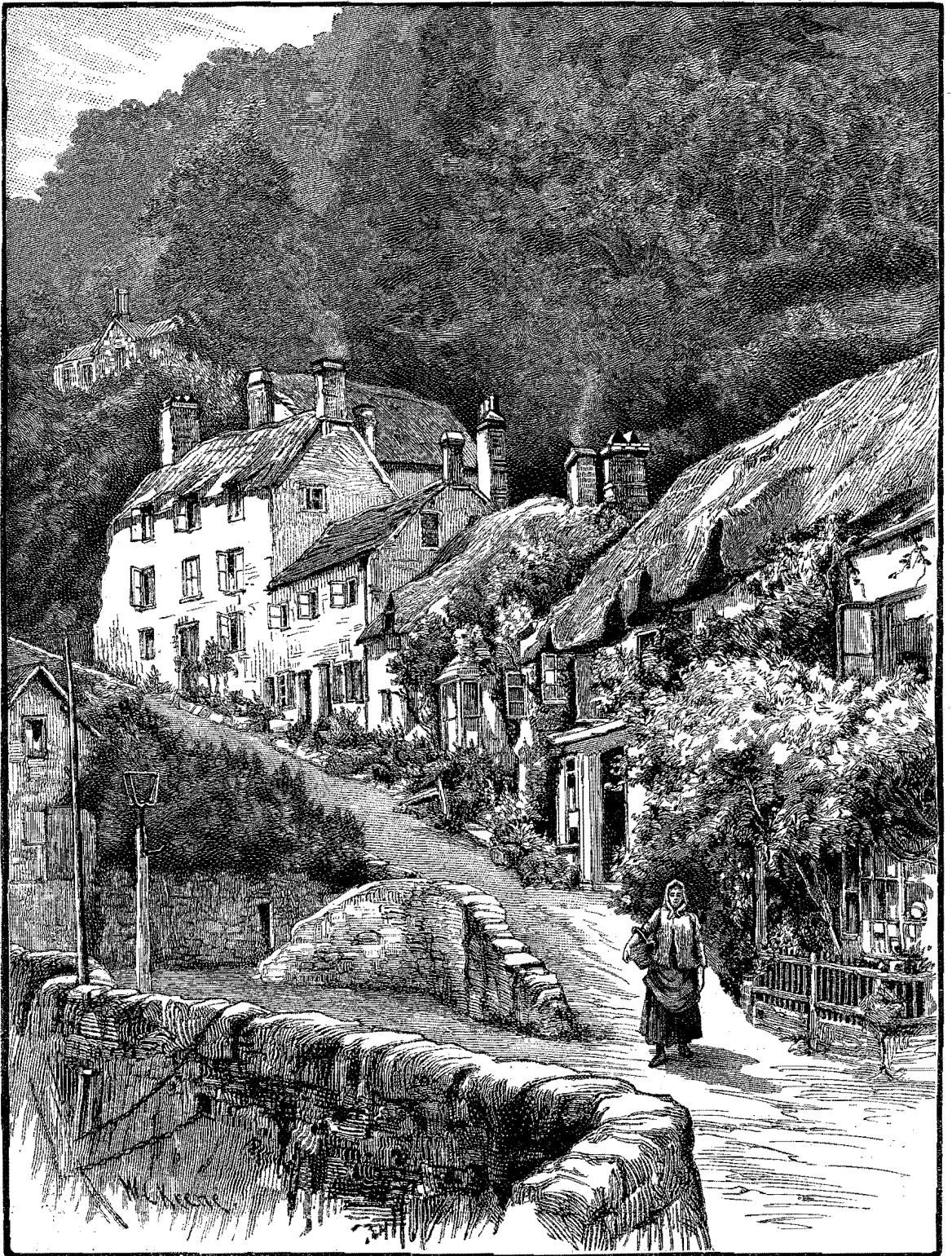
The idea of the railway was not new, a similar line having been constructed in Switzerland. The Lynton and Lynmouth line is, however, both longer and steeper than that which connects Glion and Montreux. The promoters of the scheme wisely determined to avoid, as far as possible, any interference with the beauty of the scenery, and the line has, therefore, been carried upwards through a deep cutting in the solid rock. The sleepers are bolted into the rocky wall on either side, and the road consists of a double line of rails, 900 feet in length. The cars are so connected that the ascent of one causes the descent of the other.

The journey occupies about a minute and a half, and the view from the car is magnificent, extending along the Devonshire coast, and over the bright waters of the Bristol Channel to the distant shore of South Wales. This wonderful line which, short as it is, can fairly be counted as one of the triumphs of modern engineering, was opened on Easter Monday in the year 1890.

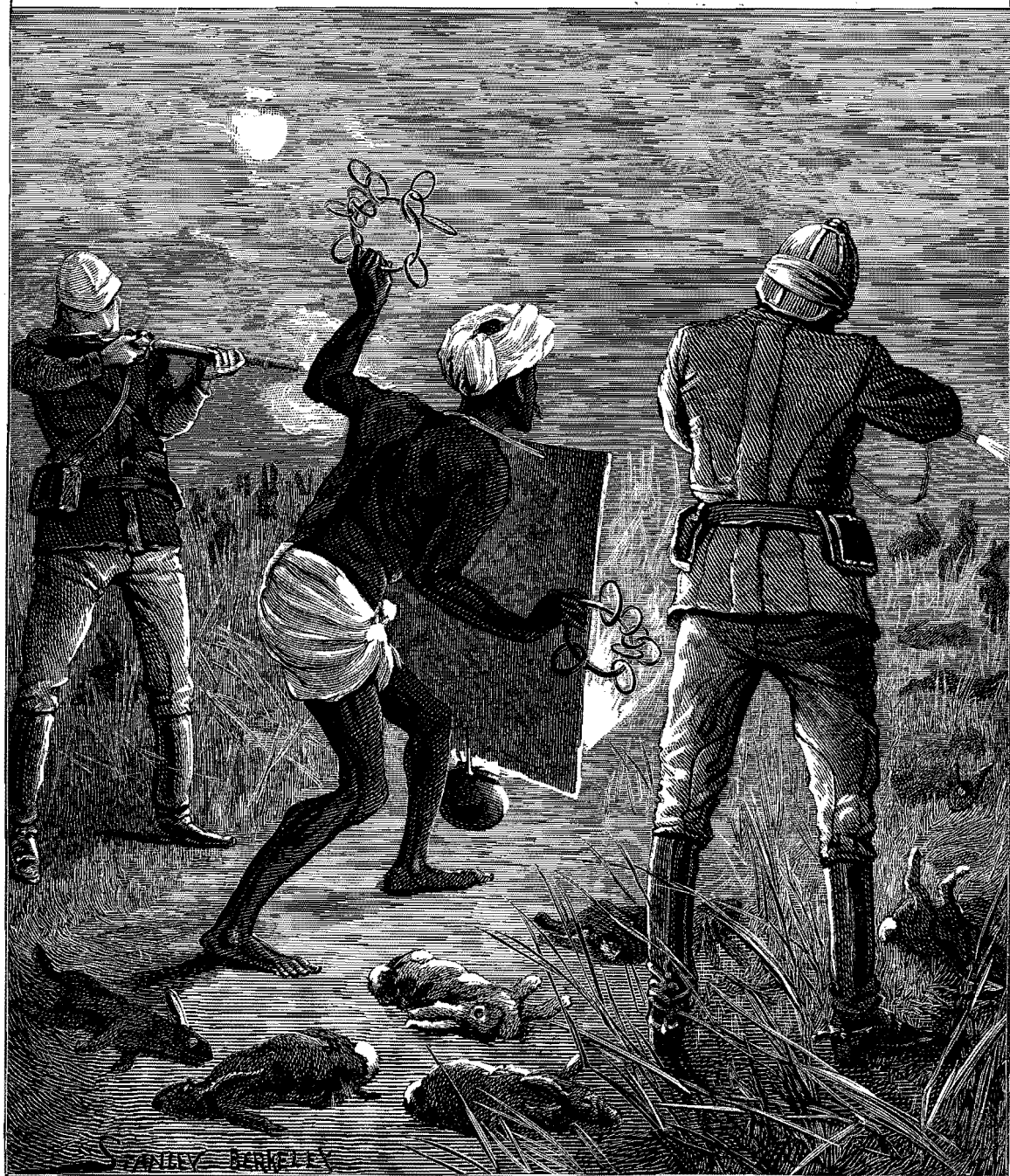
But, long before that date, lovers of nature had found their way to this, the 'most beautiful corner of England.' The 'lake poets' at one time thought of settling in the neighbourhood, and Southey speaks of Lynmouth as the loveliest spot he had ever seen, excepting only Cintra and Arrabida. The Valley of Rocks, the Waters Meet and Glen Lyn are close at hand, and beyond Lynton stretch the wild uplands of Exmoor. Within easy reach is the Doone Valley, said to have been the home of a lawless band of poachers and sheep-stealers, the story of whose misdeeds has been told in that exciting novel, *Lorna Doone*.

The whole coast near Lynmouth consists of a series of bold headlands, between which are the *coombes*, or valleys, formed by the several streams on their way from the moor to the sea. Two of these streams, the East and West Lyn, meet at Lynmouth, whose protecting headlands are known as Countisbury Foreland and Hollarday Hill. Just below the crest of the latter is the North Walk, leading to the Valley of Rocks, 'a wild and desolate valley, where the Titans seem to have been making experiments in architecture, abandoned as soon as begun.' Not far from Lynmouth is the tiny village of Culbone, which consists of two cottages and an ancient church. This sacred edifice is surely one of the smallest in England, for it measures only thirty-three feet by twelve. The little dell in which Culbone lies is so deep, that for three months in the year no ray of sunshine falls upon it.

H. L. T.



Lynmouth.



Hare-hunting in Bengal.

HARE-HUNTING IN BENGAL.



ONE evening two young sportsmen, camping out in the Mirzapore district, Bengal, rode across country to some gram-fields* a few miles distant, with the view of hunting hares after the native fashion. It was a delightfully cool evening, though rather dark, while the uncertain light of the moon made fast riding difficult.

Onreaching the gram-fields, where the hares were feeding in hundreds, the sportsmen found a native hunter waiting for them, who was to act as 'Master of the ceremonies.' He had a large board hanging in front of him. This projected at each side, and a round earthenware pot was fastened to the lower edge of it. When the gentlemen approached, the man applied a light to the stuff in the pot, and a brilliant flame immediately shot upward. The native held in his hand a large iron ring, on which were strung a number of smaller rings.

The two sportsmen kept close to their guide, who turned off into a footpath leading across the gram-fields. The use of the board was now apparent, for it served as a first-rate screen to hide the enemy from the sharp eyes of the hares that were scurrying about in every direction. They all went on at a jog-trot, the flaming pot swinging to and fro at the foot of the board, while the guide jangled his rings as loudly as possible. The light and the noise attracted the unfortunate hares. One after another they sat up on their hind legs to see what was going on. Each hare as it sat up and remained stationary for a minute, was shot and bagged.

It was a strange, weird, and very un-English scene. The gram-fields dimly lighted by the moon stretching away into the darkness; the stooping figure of the native as he ran along rattling his rings, while the lurid light that flamed from the swinging pot cast long and uneven shadows behind. When the fun was all over, and the sportsmen were riding back to camp, this time in deeper darkness than ever, the elder of the two informed his less-experienced companion that they were passing through the tiger preserves of the Rajah of the district! After this uncomfortable information it may well be believed that the ride home was as rapid as possible, the *syces*, or grooms who carried the game, keeping close behind.

D.

THE LEGEND OF SIR RICHARD GRESHAM AND THE GRASS- HOPPERS.

IN some pleasant summer country, miles and miles from London town,

How many years ago it's hard to say,
Some farmer men were walking o'er the meadows
and the down,

As brightly broke the pleasant summer day.

* *Gram* : a peculiar grain used to feed sheep.

As they cross a little meadow where the grass is
waving high,

They come to quite a sudden little pause,
For some grasshoppers are chirping in a patch of
clover nigh,
And they turned aside to ascertain the cause.

Such a merriment of chatter, such a wonderment and
noise!

The farmers never heard a greater roar :
'Tis just for all the world as if a hundred tiny boys
Were playing as they never played before.

The farmer men drew nearer till they pushed the
grass aside,

And at their feet the chirping voices swell ;
You couldn't guess what there they find, however
much you tried,
So perhaps it would be better if I tell.

There lay amongst the clover, where he slumbered all
the night,

A baby boy, with locks of sunny gold ;
The farmer men in pity lifted up the tiny mite,
And bore him into safety from the cold.

'Twas the grasshoppers that saved him, as many
people know,

By chirping out as loudly as they could ;
And he ne'er forgot the usefulness that even insects
show

When he grew to be a wealthy man and good.

His name was Richard Gresham—you will hear of
him again ;

And now I'm sure you will not think it strange
That he put a golden grasshopper upon the weather
vane

That shines upon the top of the Exchange.

JOHN LEE.

THE GREAT MEN OF OLD.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT



ALEXANDER, surnamed the Great, was the son of Philip, king of Macedonia, and through his mother, Olympias, derived his ancestry from the ancient hero, Achilles. He was born at Pella, in the year 356 before the Christian Era. He was educated chiefly by Aristotle, one of the greatest philosophers that ever lived.

When only sixteen years old Alexander gave a proof of his courage and skill by breaking in the fiery horse Bucephalus, an animal that had defied all the efforts of the most practised horsemen to ride him. At the battle of Chæronea, where Philip defeated the Athenians and Thebans, the day was won by the young prince's bravery, though he was then only eighteen. After

the engagement his father embraced him, saying, 'Go, my son, seek another empire, for that which I can leave you is unworthy of you.'

This victory established the power of Philip in Greece, and two years afterwards, whilst he was preparing to attack Persia, he was murdered, and Alexander succeeded to the throne of Macedonia only to find himself surrounded on every side by enemies. But he had inherited his father's cool forethought and his mother's fiery temper. A report having reached Greece that he was dead, the Thebans took up arms; but by rapid marches he reached their city before they heard of his approach, took it by storm, killed most of the inhabitants, and selling the rest into slavery, he razed it to the ground, sparing only the house of the poet Pindar.

The fearful punishment of Thebes awed the rest of Greece, and Alexander now prepared to invade the Persian Empire. He was in the twenty-second year of his age when he crossed the Hellespont into Asia with an army of 4,500 horse, and 30,000 foot soldiers. When he advanced to the river Granicus he found the Persian satraps awaiting him on the other side; but he boldly crossed the stream at the head of his army amid the shower of arrows and darts of the enemy, who strove to prevent his landing, and completely routed them, though their army amounted to 80,000, half of whom were horsemen.

As he marched through the country he came to the city of Gordium, in Phrygia; and in a temple there a plough was fastened in such a manner that no one could untie it, or find the ends of the cord; and there was a prophecy that the conqueror of Asia alone could loosen it. Alexander, on seeing it, drew his sword and cut through the knot, and was held to have fulfilled the prophecy. This was the origin of the saying about 'Cutting the Gordian knot.'

Darius, the Persian King, met him at Issus with a vast army, but he was vanquished with dreadful slaughter. The king fled, leaving behind him all his rich equipage. His mother, wife, and daughter were taken captive, and brought to Alexander, who treated them with the greatest respect. The Persian Queen died soon afterwards, and he had her buried with all the honours due to her rank; insomuch that Darius wrote to him, acknowledging himself conquered by his courtesy, and offering to pay a large sum in ransom for the rest of his family, to give him his daughter in marriage, and to share the empire with him. But Alexander refused the offer, saying that Asia could not endure two such emperors, any more than it could two suns.

He now subdued Syria, and all the cities on the western coast; but Tyre resisted him so bravely that he did not capture it till after a seven months' siege, and in anger he put the principal inhabitants to death. The Jews had failed to send him the supplies he demanded, so he marched against Jerusalem, intending to destroy it, but is said to have been deterred by the venerable appearance of the high priest and his attendants. In Egypt he was welcomed as a deliverer from the Persians. He founded the city of Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile, to form a centre of commerce between the east and west; and marching through the desert as far as the temple of Ammon, he was saluted by the priests as the son of their deity.

He now turned his arms against Darius, who had collected an immense army, numbering more than a million of men. But the Persians had no good generals, and their vast multitudes were overcome by the superior discipline of Alexander's troops, and they were again routed. Darius escaped; and after this victory, which is known as the Battle of Arbela, Alexander, as the conqueror of Asia, assumed the pomp and estate of an Eastern despot, exacting from his subjects the slavish homage which they were used to pay to the Persian kings. Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis all surrendered to him; and at a banquet, when inflamed with wine, he set the royal palace of Persepolis on fire, the ruins of which exist at the present day.

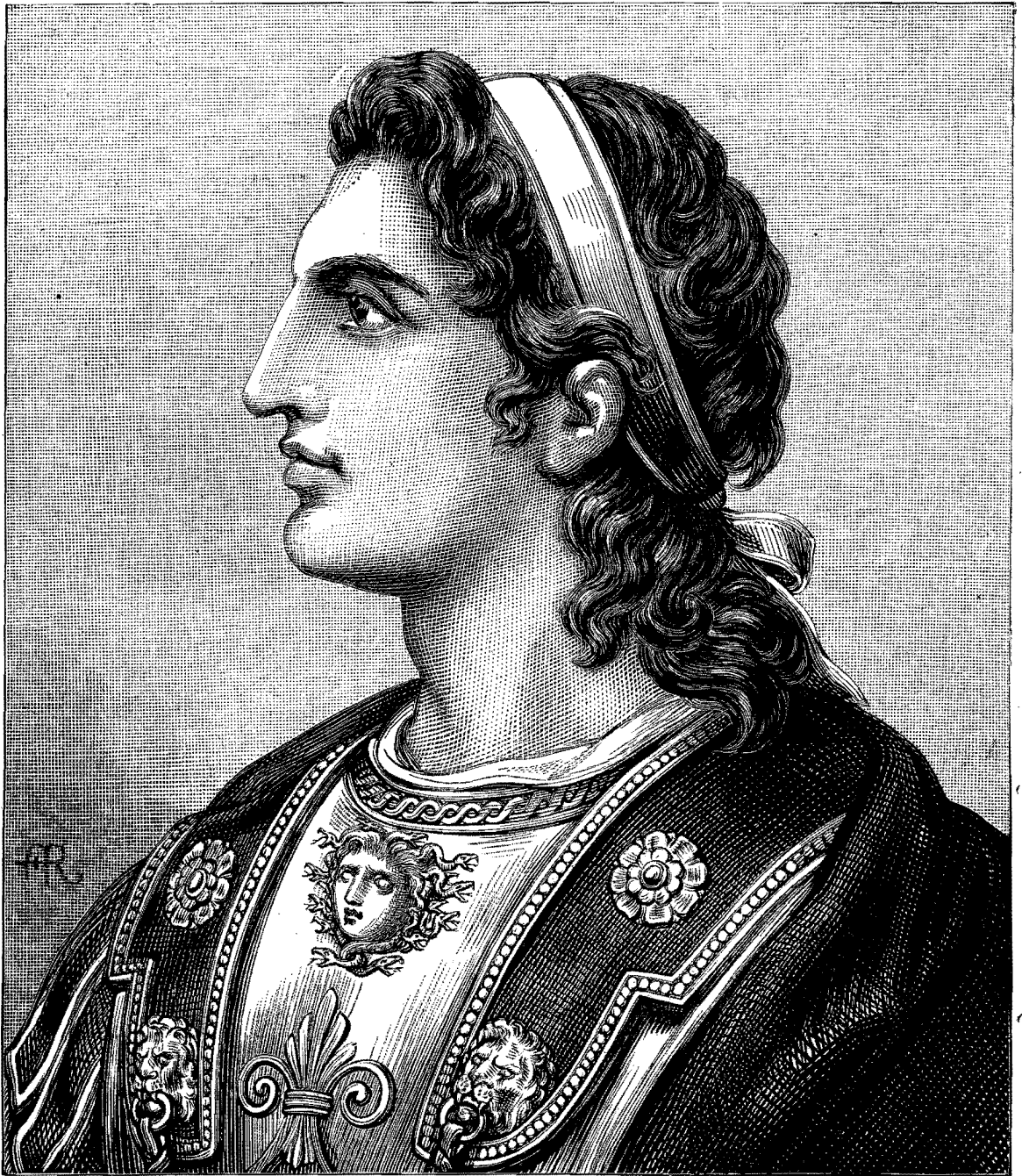
Darius now made a last effort, and gathered another army together; but as Alexander advanced against him he retreated, and fell a victim to treachery, for Bessus, the satrap of Bactria, murdered him in the flight, and the pursuers only arrived to find the unfortunate monarch dying. Alexander had his body conveyed to Susa, where it was buried in the royal sepulchre. Bessus, who fled to Bactria, assumed the title of King of Persia, but was taken prisoner, and given up to the brother of Darius, who put him to a cruel death. Alexander's generous character was now changing; he gave way to excess and to fits of passion. At a banquet he killed his friend Cleitus; and, on a suspicion of conspiracy, he put Parmenio, one of his faithful generals, to death, together with his son Philotas.

After marrying Roxana, the beautiful daughter of a prince of Bactria, Alexander marched to India, and crossed the Indus, where the king of that part of the country submitted to him; but at the Hydaspes he was opposed by King Porus, with a great army and several hundred elephants. The Indians fought very bravely, but they were vanquished; King Porus was wounded, and brought a captive to Alexander, who treated him with great honour, and restored his kingdom to him. Whilst he was here, Alexander's famous horse, Bucephalus, died, and he founded a city, and called it Bucephala, in honour of the noble steed that had borne him through so many victories.

He still marched on, subduing all the rajahs who opposed him, till his career of conquest was stopped by his own Macedonians, who, weary with the toils which they had undergone, refused to go any further, and he was obliged to turn back. Erecting twelve great altars to mark the limits of his progress, he divided his army into two parts. One, commanded by Nearchus, went by sea, and, sailing up the Euphrates, arrived at Babylon. He led the other division by land through many hostile countries, enduring severe hardships and losses from the enemy, and was himself dangerously wounded.

As he approached Babylon he was met by embassies from all parts of Europe and Asia, anxious to pay homage to the great Conqueror of the East; but the priests of the Temple of Belus tried to dissuade him from entering the city, warning him that it would be fatal to him. He paid no heed to them, having determined to fix the seat of his mighty empire at Babylon, the oldest and greatest city of Asia.

He had not yet finished his conquests, and was



Alexander the Great.

forming plans for future expeditions, intending to explore the Caspian Sea. Many great works he had in his mind when, after he had been examining the marshes of Babylonia with a view to improve the distribution of the water, he gave a great banquet to his principal officers. But he had caught a fever in the marshes, and, after a few days' illness, he expired at the age of thirty-two, in the year B.C. 323.

Whilst he was still conscious, his friends asked him to whom he left the empire, and he replied, 'To the worthiest.' He was certainly the greatest of all conquerors, and the love of discovery had nearly as much to do with his expeditions as ambition. His coins show us that the energy of his character was expressed in the fine features of his countenance.

A. R.



"I'm glad you have brought the dog, too; he will be company for us."

AN UNJUST WILL.

(Continued from page 167.)

CHAPTER II.



PETER NIMMO, the Cambridgeshire weaver, was a small, sturdy man, with an upright figure, ruddy cheeks, and a nimble step scarcely to be expected at sixty years of age; but there are some

men, and women too, who never seem to grow old, however long they may live, and the old weaver was one of those pleasant folk. The truth is that his heart was young; he was guileless, simple, and humorous, and though unmarried he had not grown hard, worldly, and money-loving, as men who have seen much of the rough side of life, without a happy home, are somewhat apt to be.

Peter was shrewd too, and he saw at a glance that George's mind was ill at ease; but he did not press for his confidence.

'Better wait till he speaks himself, as he is sure to

do,' he thought as he toasted some bacon, and laid the table for two. Then the friends sat down to the evening meal, and ere it was finished George had told his old friend the story of his wrongs.

'Well, well,' said the weaver in a musing tone, after George had ceased to speak, 'it does seem hard, and I don't wonder that you feel it, George, very deeply; but, oh, my lad, don't speak so hardly of him as is dead, and of your only brother too.'

'And is it not enough to make a man hard and bitter?' cried George, 'to be turned adrift like a prodigal by my father for no fault of mine, and to have a drunken fool like Richard put over my head, and treating me like the dirt beneath his feet? But, as I told him, he will come to the workhouse as sure as he lives, and I would not lift my finger to keep him out of it—not I!'

Peter did not speak for a minute or two after this outburst. He sat with his hands on his knees, gazing into the fire with an expression half of pain, half of perplexity on his kindly face. But at length he broke the silence.

'Ay, ay, George,' he said; 'well, it does seem hard lines for you—it does, indeed. But, oh, surely, my lad, you did not really speak such words as these to your own brother?'

'But I did, though!' replied the angry youth.

'And did he not deserve it, think you, after robbing me of my inheritance?'

'Perhaps he did,' replied the weaver thoughtfully. 'But, George, we must forgive and forget. We must remember Him Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again. It was Him, George, as said, "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."'

'I don't understand you, Peter,' said George; 'you seem to think that it was I who was in the wrong, and my brother in the right, and if so—' Here he paused, while tears rose to his eyes.

Old Peter laid his hand kindly on his shoulder. 'You think me changed, George,' he said, 'and maybe I am in some things, but not towards you, not one hair's breadth. I do feel for you in all this trouble, but I know you will never be happy so long as your heart is full of hatred. Yes,' he added, 'I am changed a bit, and it is all along of this book,' and he reached down a big Bible. 'It was my mother's, George: she was old when she died, but her mind was as clear as could be. I had always thought her queer in her notions, but I know now that it was not so. When she came to die she put this book into my hand. "Take it, Peter, and read it," she said, "and may it bring the same blessing to you that it has brought to me." Well, George, after she was gone, the cottage seemed lonesome, and at night I took to reading mother's book. It was that as changed me, George; but I am not changed to you, don't you think it. But now I'll make up a bed for you, and to-morrow you can tell me what brings you to the Fens, and how I can help you.'

'No, no; I can't think of lying down till I have told you everything,' said George. 'I want to follow your handicraft, Peter. I have no other prospect in life, and I came here hoping that you would help me to set up a loom, and maybe let me live in a corner of your cottage, at least for a month or two. Will you do this for me, Peter?'

'Yes, my lad, most gladly will I take you in! And, George,' he added, 'I can teach you to weave the double damask that the farmers' wives are all so fond of nowadays—it wears well, and has a shine on it like satin. Yes, George, you and I will get along famously. And I'm glad you have brought the dog, too; he will be company for us. Here, Wasp, come and speak to me.'

And the dog, hearing himself called, rose up, stretched himself, and licked the weaver's hand, as though to settle the bargain made between his master and this civil-spoken stranger.

And now began a long period of years—years of quiet labour and tranquil enjoyment both for George and his old friend. If the former had been like other young men, he might have wearied of the dull work of the cottage, and made his way to the village in search of that company which most young people enjoy. But George was grave, and did not care for society; his favourite relaxation was a solitary walk across the fens, or a seat in the chimney-corner with a book. But, true to his nature, he never rested till, under Peter's guidance, he could weave linen—coarse or fine, single or double—with any man in the country-side; so that Peter felt quite proud of his pupil, and, when the noisy looms had ceased their clatter, his lively humour often

astonished George, who sometimes felt as though he were the old man and Peter the young one.

But those quiet and happy times, though they lasted for nearly twenty years, could not last for ever. They came to an end one day when George found his old friend lying speechless on the floor, beside the noisy loom which he loved so well. He had been stricken by paralysis at the age of eighty-one!

Old Peter was not yet beyond all converse with human beings; his eyes followed George up and down the room with full intelligence, and as soon as he had been settled in bed he recovered in some degree his speech, though he spoke with difficulty. George leaned over him, thinking that the old man might have some last request to make.

'Tell me all you wish me to do, Peter,' he said, with a full heart, 'and you may trust me to carry out all your wishes.'

Then the old man, after some effort, succeeded in saying clearly the following words: 'Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.'

The colour rushed to George's face as he felt that the dying man wanted him to forgive his brother Richard. Could he promise to forgive him, even to please his dying old friend?

'I scarcely know what you mean, Peter,' he said.

'My dear lad,' was the reply, 'my breath is short, and quickly failing me. I have loved you as my own son, but I have seen that you are not happy. Oh, my lad! you never can be truly happy as long as hatred lives in your heart. Will you remember an old man's dying words?'

George bowed his head, but did not speak; then he started up. 'Peter,' he said, 'you will be wishing to see your parson; shall I go for him? I could be back again in less than an hour.'

'I would like to see him, George,' he said; 'but, my lad, I might die while you are away, and I would not die alone. Still—'

'Yes, yes! you would like to see him, I know,' said George. 'See, now; swallow this soup, and then lie quiet till I come back. I promise you I won't be long;' and, so saying, George sped away towards the village, where he left a message for the clergyman, and then as swiftly returned.

He found the cottage bathed in the soft sunlight of approaching evening; everything was calm and still, even the rooks wending their way homeward seemed to have forgotten to make their usual clamour as they went. George turned into the kitchen, which was nearly dark. The same silence prevailed here too. Save the slow and measured tick-tack of the old clock in the corner, all was still. Then George approached the bed, and leaned over his old friend; but Peter was no longer there—the good old weaver had gone to his Rest.

(Continued at page 179.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

16.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

- | | | |
|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| 1. In Perth. | 5. Care. | 8. Do learn. |
| 2. I braise. | 6. A nice load. | 9. Noisy peal. |
| 3. Try a rat. | 7. I sat, Laura. | 10. O! treats. |
| 4. I rage, go! | | C. C. |

17.—ANAGRAMS AND DEFINITIONS.

1. Get a nap. A grand spectacle.
2. U get on. An unruly member.
3. Set a plan. Agreeable.
4. No! fear not. The middle of the day.
5. Wings. To move to and fro.
6. A pet, Vic. A person deprived of liberty.
7. Cry to Sue. Politeness and kindness of manner.
8. Sees puns. An anxious time of waiting.
9. I was not a B. Found on board a ship.
10. A toy Ben. A weapon.
11. Their copy. One who keeps up a false appearance.
12. O gloomy ten. A study in natural history.

C. C.

[Answers at page 187.]

ANSWERS.

13.—ANARCHIST.

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------|--------------|
| 1. Chart. | 5. Shirt. | 9. Chain. |
| 2. Tiara. | 6. Hist! | 10. Stair. |
| 3. Sin. | 7. Star. | 11. Train. |
| 4. Rain. | 8. Cart. | 12. Sarah. |
| 14.—1. St. Helena. | 5. Niger. | 8. Rosetta. |
| 2. Deal. | 6. Persia. | 9. Madeira. |
| 3. Damietta. | 7. Agra. | 10. Algiers. |
| 4. Mansfield. | | |
| 15.—1. Few. | 5. Blue. | 9. Hue. |
| 2. Mew. | 6. Yew. | 10. Mew. |
| 3. Crew. | 7. View. | 11. Loo. |
| 4. Rue. | 8. Dew. | 12. Rue. |
| | | 13. Two. |
| | | 14. Sue. |
| | | 15. Woo. |
| | | 16. True. |

THE PRUDENT FATHER.

AN overfond father had so indulged his infant son that at last he expected to have all his whimsical demands immediately gratified; and whenever his wishes were not readily complied with, he would threaten to drown himself. This was at last carried to so great a length that the father determined to resist, and, one day, when the urchin made a most unreasonable request, which the father refused to grant, the insolent boy cried out that he would go instantly and drown himself, and ran out of the house towards the water-side. Here he prudently made a stop, that his father, who was close behind him, might have the opportunity to prevent him from carrying out his threat.

His father, quite contrary to the boy's expectations, gave him a sudden push, and forced him over the bank into the shallow water beneath, saying, 'Now drown thyself!'

This soon changed the young gentleman's tone, who, thoroughly frightened, cried out piteously for help; when the father took him up, and led the dripping penitent home again, who never afterwards made the same experiment.

MORAL: Too much severity, or too much indulgence, are mischievous. Overmuch indulgence is in general the most pernicious, as it is apt to make a tyrant, who becomes the tormentor of himself and of all those who have to do with him.—*From Fables Original and Selected*, by JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

WARRIOR TERMITES (*Termes bellicosus*).

THESE insects are frequently, though wrongly, called white 'ants,' probably on account of some resemblance in form, their manner of living, their skill in constructing their abodes, and providing food for the necessities of the whole community.

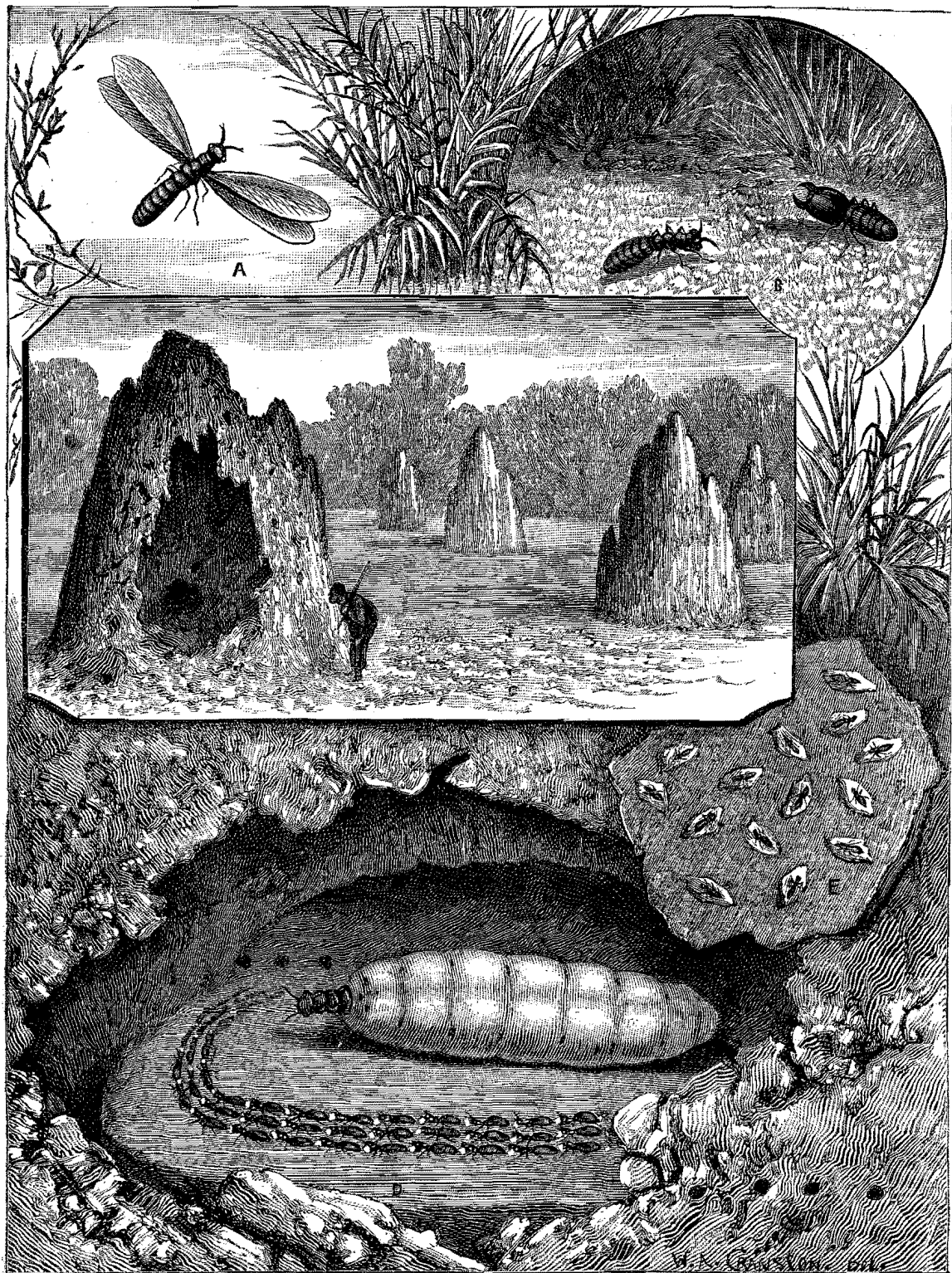
Like the majority of insects, the Termites proceed from an egg, and, before attaining their final shape, pass through various stages. In every nest are to be seen larvæ, nymphs, and perfect insects, together with an immense number of neuters. The latter are the soldiers; their only occupation consists in fighting the enemies of the community, watching over the common safety, and maintaining good order at home. The larvæ and nymphs during their transition states are not, as might be supposed, idle, but are busily engaged in helping on the work of the colony. The workers are not larger than the common ants. Their bodies are so delicate and fragile that the slightest touch crushes them; but the head is armed with powerful horny mandibles, so keen and sharp that they are enabled to attack the hardest bodies. The labourers of the termites attend the queen while she is laying. She cannot then move about on account of her immense bulk. She is compelled to remain fixed to one spot; her eggs are laid at the rate of sixty a minute, or eighty-six thousand in a day. The labourers carry off the eggs as they are laid to the nurseries.

These termites almost excel ants, bees, and wasps in the art of building. The size and solidity of their nests are very surprising, compared with the smallness of the builders; these structures are sometimes twenty feet in height. Their external form is conical, resembling a sugar-loaf enlarged at the base, flanked on each side with smaller additions, also conical in shape.

In some regions where the colonies of termites abound, these buildings, when seen at a distance, might easily be taken for an Indian village. The interior of some of these dwellings contains chambers large enough to afford shelter for a dozen men, and hunters often make use of them as places of concealment when lying in wait for wild animals. Besides these chambers, in some of the cities of the termites long galleries are found, as wide as the bore of a large cannon, and extending as much as three or four feet into the ground.

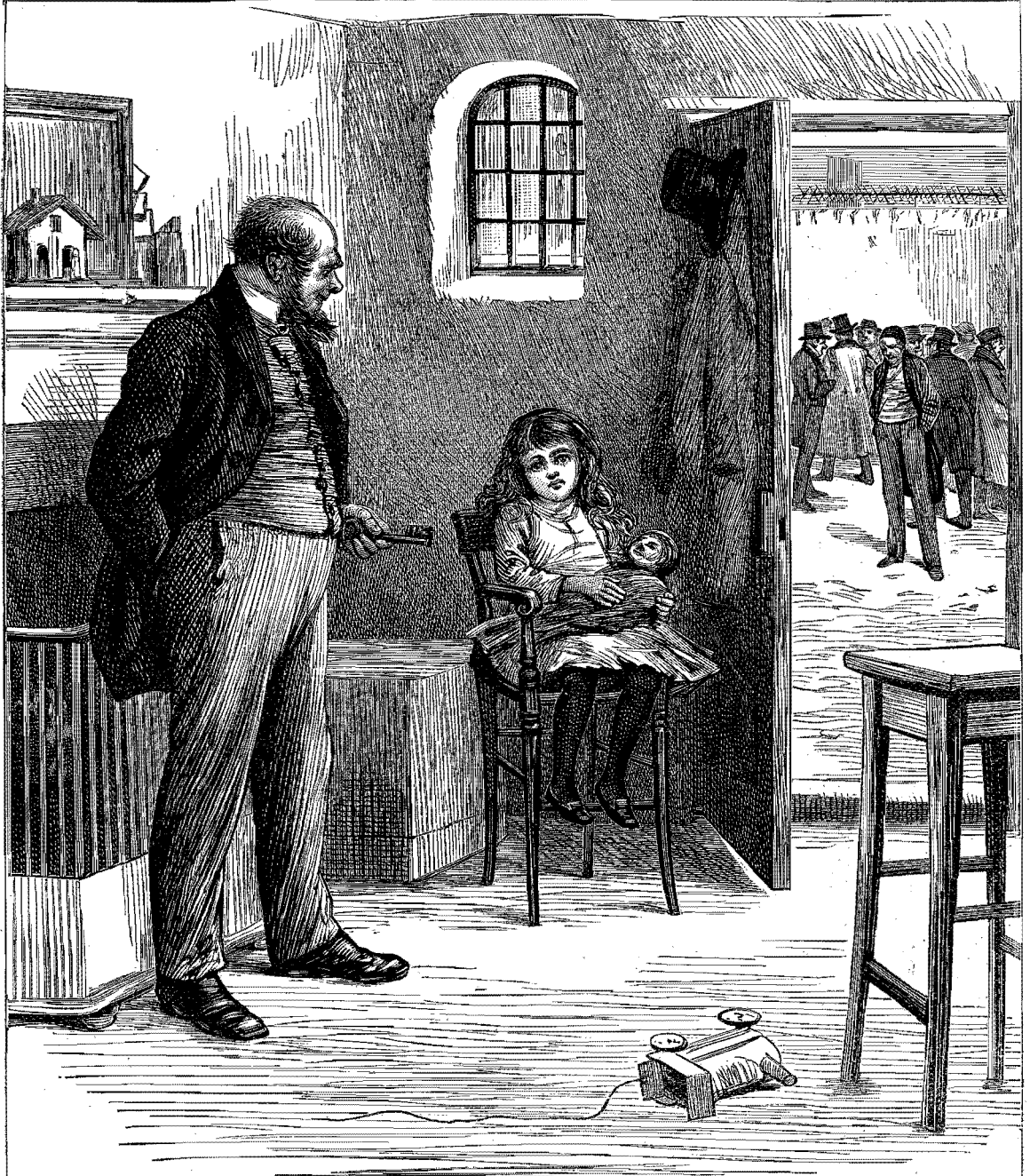
The warrior termites live in republics composed of different sorts of individuals: the males, which have wings, and the workmen, soldiers, and queens, which have none. Their magazines are always well filled with provisions; the nurseries, in which the young generations are reared, are looked after with tender care. They are very loyal to their sovereigns, who are in truth the actual father and mother of their subjects.

W. A. C.



Warrior Termites.

A—Male Winged. B—Soldier and Workman. C—Village of Warrior Termites. D—Cell of the Queen.
E—Interior of Nursery.



“‘Thinking of the fields, are you?’ said the Turn-key.”

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.



'LITTLE DORRIT,' THE CHILD OF THE MARSHALSEA.*

ANY years ago there stood close by the church of Saint George, in the borough of Southwark, the Marshalsea Prison. It is gone now, and the world is none the worse without it.

It was an oblong pile of barrack building divided into squalid houses, standing

back to back, so that there were no back rooms; surrounded by a narrow paved yard, hemmed in by high walls, spiked on the top.

The Marshalsea was a close and confined prison for debtors, containing sundry strong dark cells for smugglers. There was brought one day to this gloomy prison a very amiable and very helpless middle-aged gentleman, who said that he should be 'going out again directly.'

The following day the wife and two little children of this debtor came to see him, and within two or three weeks he had taken a small room in the gaol. He furnished it meagrely, and he and his wife and children had settled down to it as 'home.' Months passed and a baby girl was added to the Dorrit family.

'By rights,' remarked the turn-key when she was shown to him, 'I ought to be her god-father.'

So it came to pass that one Sunday afternoon, when the turn-key, being relieved, was off the lock (as we might call his duty), little baby Dorrit was carried up to the font of St. George's Church and there duly christened.

When she began to walk and to talk, the old turn-key became very fond of her; he bought her a little arm-chair and put it beside the high fender of the Lodge fire-place; he liked to have her company when he was on the lock, and used to bribe her with cheap toys to come and talk to him.

The child soon grew so fond of the turn-key that she would come climbing up the Lodge steps, of her own accord, at all hours of the day. When she fell asleep in the little arm-chair by the high fender, the turn-key would cover her with his pocket-handkerchief; and when she sat in it dressing and undressing a doll, he would gaze fondly at her from the top of his stool.

She was a very, very little girl when it first struck her that her father could never go beyond the strong door in which her friend the turn-key inserted his great key. She found out that always when she reached that door her clasp of her father's hand must be loosened, and that while her own light steps were free to pass beyond it, his feet must never

cross that line. She would look pitifully at him, but she knew that she could not help him to liberty.

Her sister grew wayward, her brother idle; new faces came and went, old faces became more faded, the prison children whooped and ran, and played their games at hide-and-seek, and made the iron bars of the inner gateway 'home;' but wistful and wondering little Dorrit would sit in summer weather by the high fender in the Lodge, looking up at the sky through the barred window, thinking about it all.

'Thinking of the fields,' the turn-key said once after watching her, 'are you?'

'Where are they?' she asked.

'Why, they're over there, my dear,' said the turn-key with a flourish of his key. 'Just about there.'

'Does anybody open them and shut them? Are they locked?'

The turn-key was puzzled. 'Well,' he said, 'not in general.'

'Are they very pretty, Bob?' She called him Bob by his own particular request and instruction.

'Lovely. Full of flowers. There's buttercups, and there's daisies, and there's dandelions, and all manner of games.'

'Is it very pleasant to be there, Bob?'

'Prime,' said the turn-key.

'Was father ever there?'

'Hem!' coughed the turn-key. 'Oh, yes, he was there, sometimes.'

'Is he sorry not to be there now?'

'N—not particular,' said the turn-key.

'Nor any of the people?' she asked, glancing at the listless crowd within. 'Oh, are you quite sure and certain, Bob?'

At this difficult point of the conversation Bob gave in and changed the subject to hard-bake; always his last resource when he found his little friend getting him into a corner.

This was the origin of a series of Sunday excursions which these two curious companions made together. On alternate Sunday afternoons they came out from the Lodge bound for some meadows or green lanes that had been chosen by the turn-key in the course of the week; and there the child picked grass and flowers to bring home while he smoked his pipe. Afterwards there were tea-gardens and shrimps, and other delicacies; and then they would walk back hand in hand, unless she was more than usually tired, and had fallen asleep on his shoulder.

When 'Little Dorrit'—she was always known by this name in the Marshalsea on account of her very small stature—was eight years old, her mother, who had long been languishing, went upon a visit to a poor friend, a nurse in the country, and died there.

Her father shut himself up in his room for about a fortnight, refusing to see any one. His grey hair grew greyer and his hands were oftener raised to his trembling lips, but in a month or so he got pretty well over it. In the meantime, the children played about the prison-yard as regularly as ever, but they were dressed in black.

(Concluded at page 186.)

* *Little Dorrit*, by Charles Dickens, is a story of thrilling interest. Readers interested in this short sketch may follow the fortunes of its little heroine, and of hosts of other entertaining characters, through thirty-six long chapters, not one of which can be truly termed 'dry.' The book may be bought of any bookseller for as small a sum as sixpence.

WASN'T WANTED THERE.



HE was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine which had seen much careful wear, her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her as she tottered up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on getting a good seat. A great man was to preach on that day, and the church was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, and had come to hear him. Some of those who were there early saw the old woman. They thought that she must be in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the verger, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said gently, 'Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable here.'

'But you are not wanted here,' said the verger, pompously. 'There is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat.'

'Not room!' said the old woman. 'Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—'

But the verger took her by the arm, and shook her roughly in a polite, underhand way, and she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered, but she rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the seat which she left vacant she said gently, 'I hope, my dears, there will be room in Heaven for us all.'

Then she followed the pompous verger to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

'She must be crazy,' said one of the ladies in the pew which she had at first occupied. 'How can an ignorant old woman like her wish to hear Dr. Blank preach? She would not be able to understand a word he said.'

'Those people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! There's Dr. Blank coming out of the vestry. 'Isn't he grand?'

'Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here.'

He was a commanding-looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped and he looked over the vast crowd of worshippers gathered in the great church, he seemed to scan every face. Suddenly he leaned over the reading-desk and beckoned to the verger, who mounted the steps to receive his bidding. Then the three ladies in the grand pew were amazed to see the verger take his way the whole length of the church, to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its occupants

making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service went on, and he preached a sermon which struck fire from every heart.

'Who was she?' asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the verger at the door.

'The preacher's mother,' replied the verger, in an injured tone, remembering how they had led him to act.

How few remember that 'while man looketh on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh on the heart.'



A WISE DOG.

ONE of the Newfoundland fisheries, a boat and crew, trying to enter a small harbour, found themselves outside a long line of breakers in great peril.

The wind and weather had changed since the boat went out in the morning, and her getting safely back seemed pretty doubtful.

The people on shore saw her danger, and could not help her. Every moment increased the danger, and anxious crowds ran to and fro.

Among the crowd was a large dog, which seemed fully alive to the peril of the boat and the anxiety of those on shore. He watched the boat, surveyed the breakers, and appeared to think as earnestly as anybody, 'What can be done?'

At last he plunged boldly into the angry waters and swam to the boat. The crew thought he wanted to join them, and tried to take him aboard. No; he would not go within their reach, but swam around, diving his head, and sniffing, as if in search of something.

What was he up to? What did the creature mean? What did he want?

'Give him the end of a rope!' cried one of the sailors, divining what was in the poor dog's brain: 'That's what he wants.'

A rope was thrown out. The dog seized it in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where, not long after, thanks to the intelligence and sagacity of Tiger, the boat and crew were landed safe and sound.

Be kind to the dogs! Many an heroic deed and faithful service have they done for man.

AN UNJUST WILL.

(Continued from page 174.)

CHAPTER III.

IT was the evening of the day which had seen the old weaver carried to his grave; the few neighbours who had attended the funeral had returned to their several homes, and George sat alone in the cottage, his arms on the table and his head bowed on

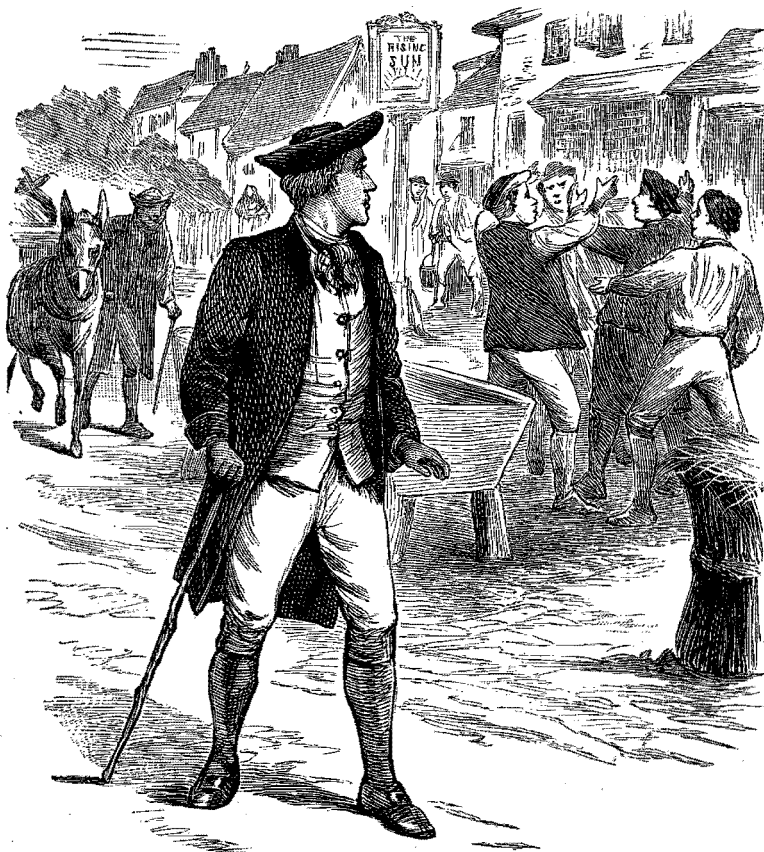


“Give him the end of a rope!” cried one of the sailors.”

his hands. And his thoughts — where had they wandered to?

Of course, he sadly missed his old friend, and truly he lamented his death; for George, though he dis-

liked the society of the many, was not a man who could be happy quite alone, and Peter's death had put him in this position. What to do in the future he could not tell; still, it was scarcely his plans for



"A group of young men rushed out of the 'Rising Sun.'"

the future which were troubling him just now. Memory was wandering away to the past—to another autumn day, now twenty-one years ago, when he attended the funeral of another old man—his own father. What a miserable day that had been! How bitter had been his feelings! How strongly had hatred and anger taken possession of his heart when the unjust will had been read in his presence! And Richard—the idler—the drunkard—the lover of low company—where was he? Probably dead! Well, if so, surely it was no fault of his; he could not have helped it; he had never injured Richard as Richard had injured him!

'Am I my brother's keeper?' What words are these? Quite suddenly they had flashed through George's memory, yet he could not tell whence they had come. He was no Bible-reader; therefore the words conveyed no very clear idea to his mind, except wonder as to where he had heard or read them. Ah! he remembered now. Old Peter had read them aloud one Sunday evening out of his mother's old Bible. Somehow the words seemed to have fixed themselves so firmly in George's mind that on this evening, when he could not as yet bear to touch his

loom, he rose, brought down the old book, and, beginning at the first chapter of Genesis, he was not long before he came to the words.

The story of the two brothers, Cain and Abel, made a deep impression on his mind. He saw that, in the sight of God, the bond of brother-hood was a strong one, and that every man would have to answer for the manner in which he had conducted himself towards his brother. Had he behaved well to Richard? Had he not scorned him, hated him, looked with contempt upon his foolish ways, and almost hoped that he might come to the workhouse? Had he not said that he would not lift a finger to keep him out of it? Had he not vowed in his heart that not one penny of his money should ever go to his brother or his family, not even to keep them from starvation? At this point George Barnes hastily closed the old book, rose to his feet, and paced about the kitchen. Yes; he had done all these things. He had nursed and cherished his anger, and refused to let it die out of his heart, all these twenty-one years; and he felt now that this feeling of his towards Richard had been the one burden which lay on old Peter's heart when his

gentle spirit was just about to take wing to his Home above. Why should the old weaver have cared about it? It was no concern of his. Ah! but the good old man had drunk in the spirit of the Gospel of love and forgiveness, and he could not bear to see George keep himself outside in the dark and cold, instead of pressing in to the sunny region of forgiveness and love.

At this crisis of his life, George seemed to see the hatefulness of the sin which had so long held him in thrall, and, groaning under the heavy burden, he knelt down and, for the first time in his life, he confessed the sin and sought forgiveness.

During these weeks and months the old weaver's Bible was diligently studied, till at length George Barnes felt that the demon of hatred was expelled from his heart.

But he did not return to Rothbridge to see his brother, as he might have done. He had always been shy of disclosing his feelings to any one, and, though he longed to hear something of Richard, he took no immediate steps to satisfy this longing, but he remained on at the cottage, which was now his own, working as busily at his loom as though he had to earn every morsel of bread which he ate. But this was not the case. During the twenty-one years he had lived with Peter Nimmo he had earned by his own industry enough money for his own wants to the close of life. Besides this, Peter, having no relatives of his own, had left his savings to his young friend, and on his death-bed he had said a word to him as to his future. 'Take a wife to yourself, George,' he had said, 'if you mean to stay on at the cottage. A life of perfect solitude is not good for any one, and you never seek the society of outside friends.'

These words of Peter had recurred more than once to George's memory during the months that followed the weaver's death, and were always accompanied by the thoughts of a comely farmer's daughter, who, with her mother, used to spin linen thread in their own home to supply old Peter's looms. George had several times been invited into this farmhouse to rest by the good dame, but he had never done so. 'If he accepted one invitation, he would need to accept all,' he had said to himself; and, so long as Peter was waiting for him at home ready for a chat over the evening meal, George had needed no other companionship. But now things were different. Perfect solitude he did not like, and gradually the vision of Rose Harmer waiting for him when he returned from his rounds grew upon him, till he resolved to have the matter settled one way or another. Accordingly, one afternoon, nearly a year after Peter Nimmo's death, George made his way to the comfortable homestead where the Harmers lived, and, having been invited in, as usual, while the good dame parcelled up the thread, he accepted the invitation, somewhat to her surprise. Rose was not at home, a fact which rather pleased George than otherwise, as, before speaking to her, he wished that her mother should look favourably upon his suit.

When George had said his say, and it was Mrs. Harmer's turn to speak, she said, 'Mr. Barnes, my Rose scarcely knows you—does she now? You have never been in our house before, though we have

always felt friendly both to you and to him that is gone. And—and you see this notion of yours comes too late, for Rose is engaged to her cousin at the next farm. They are to be married in a fortnight!'

The look of disappointment which crept over George's face at this sudden collapse of his hopes quite went to the old dame's heart. 'Never you mind, Mr. Barnes,' she said, kindly; 'there are plenty of comely maids in the country—ay, and good ones, too—and, though you can't have Rose, you may have some one else as good, I dare say; so don't be down-hearted now, but try your fortune once more, and don't put off time—you've been too long about it already, Mr. Barnes!'

And with these kind and encouraging words from the good dame ringing in his ears, George Barnes turned away from the comfortable homestead, and sought his lonely cottage once more. 'Never,' he said to himself, 'never shall I think of this again. As that good woman says, I've been too long about it. I believe I have lived so many years alone, except for Peter, that I am unfit for any other kind of life; perhaps it is better that things remain as they are.' And, sitting down in front of the great clumsy machine, George made the shuttle fly back and forward with as much energy as though his life depended upon finishing his task. But, after half an hour of this extra hard work, he stopped the loom. 'It won't do,' he said to himself, somewhat sadly; 'I cannot live this lonely life much longer. I must make a change of some kind.'

Meanwhile an eventful change was nearer at hand than George could have imagined. He had gone to the village one day on business, when a group of young men rushed out of the 'Rising Sun,' talking loudly with each other, and quarrelling in the open street. George at first took no notice of them; but before they were out of earshot a lad who was with them spoke a few words in the drawl and dialect of the country which had been George's early home. He looked at the youth keenly, yet furtively; he did not wish to be known by any one from Rothbridge. Then, after a moment, he smiled to himself as he remembered that this lad must have been an infant when he had left the farm; there was certainly no danger of being known by him. Just as this thought flashed through his mind, the youths crowded back again to the 'Rising Sun,' while George went slowly home, pondering how he could best secure an interview with this stranger.

(Concluded at page 189.)

A CUTE ASTROLOGER.

AN astrologer predicted the death of a lady with whom Louis XI. was in love. The lady died, and Louis, provoked with the astrologer, determined to revenge himself on him by putting him to death. He sent for him, and sternly said to him, 'You, sir, who foretell everything, pray when shall you die?' The astrologer replied, 'I shall die, Sire, three days before your Majesty.' The reply so alarmed the King, that he ordered the astrologer should be lodged in one of his palaces, and every care taken of his health.

SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. IV.



HERE'S another bit of a yarn for you—that is if you're not tired of hearing me talk. No? All right then. Well, Arizona Joe had been my partner in a hunting trip through the Black Hills, and we had been out something like a couple of months, when game began to get scarce, and we held a palaver together to decide on what we should do. My partner was for pushing along the left fork of the river, in spite of the Injuns all up that way being on the war-path. I was young at the time, but I was quite level-headed enough to know that we might come on a nasty picnic party at any moment. However, spite of all I could say, Arizona was bent on it, and I gave in and agreed to go. We got on all right for quite a while, and my pal was always ready, after a good day with the buffalo or deer, to laugh at my fears and call me an old woman for being frightened of Injuns when there weren't any there.

One night when we were both as full of fresh deer-meat and tea as ever we could hold, and were smoking a pipe afterwards, he began on me again. 'Seth, I do believe some of the boys must have been stuffing you with rubbish about the red men. We've been three or four weeks above the fork, and not a sign of them is there.'

I only says to him, 'Wait.'

Next day we had a rare hunt, which took us over thirty mile higher up the stream. There were big rocks at the foot of the valley, and when we knocked off for the day, we went up to camp in a place between two tremendous high sort of cliffs, wedge-shaped, the broad end being the one you entered at. At the far end it finished in a kind of a cave. There was a lot of dry brushwood about, and we had soon collected enough to make a good fire. Just as I was stooping down to light it, I saw Arizona (who I believe could hear the grass grow) suddenly grip his rifle and take a step forward to listen. Another moment and he caught me by the arm, saying, 'Injuns!'

We kicked out the dry bushes and skipped into the back part of the cave in no time. Two minutes later, we could just catch sight of a war party in full paint and feathers, riding over the opposite ridge straight towards where we were. They came right to the mouth of our gully, and then they dismounted and made preparations to camp for the night.

This was a pretty fix for us, as you may guess. There was no way out of the gully but the way by which we had entered it, and some hundred and fifty red-skins were now occupying the spot, and for all we knew to the contrary, they might be going to stay there for a week!

Joe looked at me and said, 'Seth, I reckon we're as good as gone.'

'Seems to me as though we might just as well go right out and make them a present of our hair,' I answered, feeling pretty blue; 'that is, if they're thinking of making any sort of a stay.'

The whole of that night we lay in the cave watching the blessed copperskin sentries tramp up and down. Both me and Joe were mortal hungry; we hadn't had a bit to eat for six hours, and had been just about to have supper when the Injuns arrived. However, it couldn't be helped; we tightened our waistbelts and suffered.

Next day it was worse; not only had we to go hungry and thirsty, but we were always in terror that they should come poking about the place and find us out. When night came on again, we saw that they didn't look at all like making any move, and we got desperate.

'I'm going to have a gnaw at this raw venison,' says Joe, and I joined him. It wasn't nice, but we were starving men and could not pick and choose. About what I should judge was midnight, I thought of a chance—it was only a chance—to get away. I told it to Arizona, and he says, 'Well, I'm game, Seth. But I reckon we had better say good-bye to each other first.'

'Never mind, it's better anyway than starving to death;' and without saying anything more, we began to crawl on our stomachs out of the cave, Joe going to the right and I to the left.

Now the scheme was just this. There were only two sentries walking about in their buffalo robes, two hundred yards or so apart. Joe was to go for one and I for the other. It was a hard job to stalk my gentleman, I can tell you. He evidently thought he heard something when I got to within ten yards of him, as he turned round suddenly and thrust his spear into the bushes near him. Then he remained listening for some time—he was as artful as a cart-load of monkeys! When he seemed a bit quieter, I crept a little closer, and still closer, till I got within five yards of him; then, waiting till his back was turned and he stood leaning on his spear, I suddenly rose up out of the long grass behind him, clapped one hand over his mouth, and caught him fast round the windpipe with the other. He was so surprised that he could make no show of resistance, and I had him on his back, in absolute silence, in a moment. I shoved a gag into his mouth and tied it tight with a handkerchief, kneeling on his chest all the time. Then, with some raw-hide thongs, I bound his arms behind his back, and tied his ankles together. I slipped his buffalo robe on my shoulders, took his spear, and stalked off with the majestic air which I had already noticed in him.

None of the red-skins seemed to be awake but one. He grunted out some question to me as I passed, and I grunted something back with which he seemed to be quite satisfied. When I had got right through, I heard the bark of a coyote, the signal agreed on, away ahead, and pushing on, soon found Arizona waiting for me by the side of a small clump of trees. He had been luckier than I was, as he found his sentry asleep, so he just passed quietly on, and sneaked round outside the camp to meet me. We didn't wait to say good-bye nor nothing to the Apaches, I guess, but just legged it all through that night, tired and starved as we were. Next day we were so hard pressed by hunger, that we shot a wolf and ate a bit of him. Two days later, we luckily fell in with a party of trappers, and were safe once more.



"He was so surprised that he could make no show of resistance."

That little business quite cured Arizona of his habit of chaffing me about red-skins. Whenever the talk got round, afterwards, to our stay in that cave and

escape through the Indian camp, Joe used to say that he would just get up and take a walk round!

FOX RUSSELL.

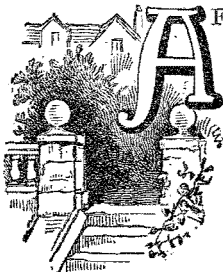


"Tip returns at the end of a month, in rags, without shoes."

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

'LITTLE DORRIT,' THE CHILD OF THE MARSHALSEA.

(Concluded from page 178.)



AFTER Mrs. Dorrit's death 'Little Dorrit' left her place by the high fender and sat quietly watching her widowed father. It was not much that one so young could do to help him, but he began to miss her when she was not there.

She had no earthly friend to help her, or so much as see her in the hundred and one little lowly things

which she did to cheer her father and help her brother and sister; she had no knowledge of the great outside world, and of the habits of the people not shut up in prison.

Through many mistakes and discouragements, through much weariness and helplessness, and many secret tears, the little girl toiled on, till she became so useful that her family did not know how they could do without her!

At thirteen, she could read and keep accounts—that is, could put down in words and figures how much the bare necessities which they needed would cost, and how much less they had to buy them with. She had been, by snatches of a few weeks at a time, to an evening school outside, and she got her sister and brother sent to day-schools, during three or four years.

There was no instruction for any of them at 'home,' for Mr. Dorrit, at that time known as the 'Father of the Marshalsea,' because he had been there longer than any other prisoner, was far too dispirited and taken up with his own troubles to teach his children.

Fanny, 'Little Dorrit's' sister, had a great desire to learn dancing.

Now, amongst the crowd of gaol-inmates there was a dancing-master.

The 'Child of the Marshalsea' presented herself before him, with a little bag in her hand, and thus she spoke:

'If you please, I was born here, sir.'

'Oh! You are the young lady, are you?' said the dancing-master, looking down on the small figure and uplifted face.

'Yes, sir.'

'And what can I do for you?' asked the dancing-master.

'Nothing for me, sir, thank you,' anxiously undrawing the strings of the little bag; 'but, if, while you stay here, you could be so kind as to teach my sister cheap—'

'My child, I'll teach her for nothing,' said the dancing-master, shutting up the bag.

And the good-natured man kept his word, continuing his instructions, too, long after he regained his liberty, and until his pupil, Fanny, was quite a first-rate dancer.

'Little Dorrit' herself was very desirous of learning to use her needle well. After watching and waiting some months, she heard one day that a new arrival had come in—a milliner. To her she repaired on her own behalf.

'I beg your pardon, ma'am,' she said, looking timidly into the room of the milliner, whom she found in bed and in tears: 'but I was born here.'

Everybody seemed to hear of her as soon as they arrived; for the milliner sat up in bed, drying her eyes, and said, just as the dancing-master had said, 'Oh! You are the child, are you?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'I am sorry I haven't got anything for you,' said the milliner, shaking her head.

'It's not that, ma'am. If you please, I want to learn needlework.'

'Why should you do that,' asked the milliner, 'with me before you? It has not done me much good.'

'Nothing—whatever it is—seems to have done anybody much good who comes here,' she said simply; 'but I want to learn just the same.'

'I am afraid you are so weak, you see,' the milliner objected.

'I don't think I am weak, ma'am.'

'And you are so very, very little, you see,' urged the milliner.

'Yes, I am afraid I am very little indeed,' said the Child of the Marshalsea, weeping.

The milliner, who was not hard-hearted, was touched, took the girl in hand with goodwill, found her the most patient and earnest of pupils, and made her a clever workwoman in course of time.

There was one deep source of anxiety to 'Little Dorrit,' and that was her idle good-for-nothing brother's welfare; this brother was known in the prison as 'Tip,' but his real name was Edward. She talked thoughtfully to 'Bob' about him, and the kind-hearted turn-key worked hard to get him a place in an attorney's office, where he would receive twelve shillings a week to begin with, and might have risen to better things if he had only made up his mind to persevere. But this young gentleman appeared one evening, about six months afterwards, before the poor little anxious Child of the Marshalsea with the announcement, 'Not going back again; I'm so tired of it; I have cut it.'

As many as twenty fresh places were found for this wretched Tip at different times by 'Little Dorrit's' influence; but whatever Tip went into he came out of tired, announcing that he had 'cut it.'

The brave little sister at length scraped together enough money to send Tip to Canada, and she grieved over him at parting, but rejoiced in the hope that he would be put into a straight course at last. And Tip went. But not all the way to Canada; in fact, not further than Liverpool. When he reached that port he felt so strongly impelled to 'cut' the vessel that he resolved to walk home again, and presented himself before 'Little Dorrit' at the end of a month, in rags, without shoes, and much more tired than ever. All this ended in Tip's being at last taken prisoner for a debt of forty pounds, which was a terrible blow to his tender-hearted, small second mother.

A patient, loving, self-denying little daughter was the Child of the Marshalsea; she stinted herself in everything in order to procure for her thankless father and thoughtless sister what small dainties she could, taking upon herself, while quite a child, duties which would have been hard and irksome for far older shoulders. Her early life shines brightly forth, a blessed example of what one unselfish child may do even under the greatest disadvantages.

JAMES CASSIDY.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

18.—WORD PUZZLES.

1. I AM a word of six letters expressing a person whom you would not care to meet at sea; behead me and I am angry; behead again and you will find something of which we all feel that we have too much; behead again and you performed me at your last meal; transpose the last word and you will form a favourite beverage.

2. There is a word of one syllable consisting of six letters naming a formidable enemy whose approach we should much dread; take away the first two letters and a word of two syllables remains, not a pleasant companion, but less to be dreaded than the first word; 1, 3, 4, 6 will form the name of a lady's attendant, also part of a book; 4, 3, 5, 2 will give the ancient name of a country in Europe.

C. C.

19.—PROVERBS PARAPHRASED.

1. If you offer to my acceptance the priceless treasure of your affections, let me entreat that you will extend the same valued gift to my favourite canine companion.

2. So great is the power of persevering industry that the monarch of the forest will in time yield to the insignificant, but oft repeated, efforts of the simple implement of the humble craftsman.

3. If opprobrious epithets be heaped upon the faithful guardian of your house and home, it is to be feared that his mortal career may be cut short by a violent and tragic ending.

C. C.

20.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. Find two numbers, one exceeding the other by 10½ and both together amounting to 55.

2. Divide 360 guineas into three equal numbers of florins, crowns, and guineas respectively.

3. A. and B. have the same amount of money. A. has 23 half-sovereigns, 15 half-crowns and 26 florins. B. has 19 half-sovereigns, 21 half-crowns, 3 shillings, and the rest in florins. How many florins has B?

4. A basket contained 175 oranges; but, on an average 24 out of 60 were bad. How many good ones were there?

5. If three-eighths of a ship be worth 2118*l.* 15*s.*, what is the value of the ship?

6. If I pay away two-sevenths of my money I shall have 30*s.* left. What sum have I?

7. How many eggs must be sold at 15*d.* a dozen to produce the same amount as 105 eggs sold at 9 for a shilling?

8. If 360 telegraphic posts are placed 66 feet apart, how many miles will the last be distant from the first?

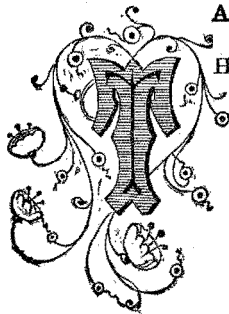
C. C.

[Answers at page 203.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 16.—1. Penrith. | 5. Acre. | 8. Ladrone. |
| 2. Siberia. | 6. Caledonia. | 9. Polynesia. |
| 3. Tartary. | 7. Australia. | 10. Rosetta. |
| 4. Georgia. | | |
| 17.—1. Pageant. | 5. Swing. | 9. Boatswain. |
| 2. Tongue. | 6. Captive. | 10. Bayonet. |
| 3. Pleasant. | 7. Courtesy. | 11. Hypocrite. |
| 4. Afternoon. | 8. Suspense. | 12. Entomology. |

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AN EAGLE AND A STAG.



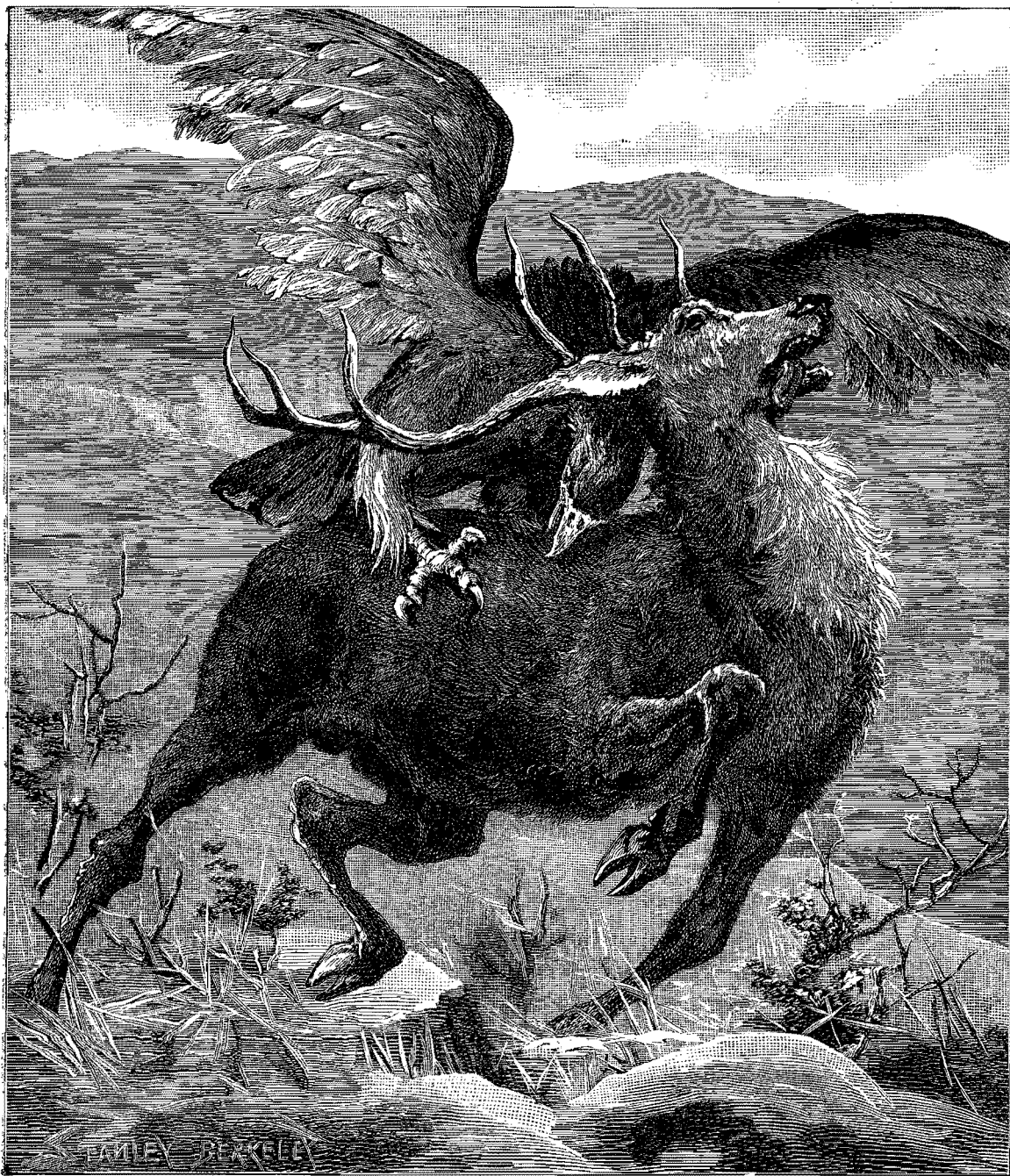
THE Golden Eagle, a bird which has long been regarded as the emblem of might and courage, and which seeks its home in the wildest and most inaccessible of mountain ranges, still lingers in some parts of the Scottish Highlands, where its appearance is greatly dreaded, both by the game-keeper and the shepherd. It is not only lambs, hares,

and the like, which are in danger from this powerful bird, for when pressed by hunger it attacks the antlered stag, an animal powerful enough, one would imagine, to defend itself from such an enemy.

A desperate struggle between two creatures so unlike each other was witnessed not long ago, on a lonely Scottish moor, where a herd of deer were browsing. The eagle was first seen while hovering on high, sailing round and round, gradually drawing nearer and nearer to his prey. At last, having reached striking distance, he poised himself on outstretched wings, and remained for a few seconds motionless. Then, like a flash, he swooped down, and in another instant his powerful talons were fixed in the back of a large stag.

The alarmed animal plunged about wildly, while the eagle held on, all the time belabouring the stag's sides with blows from its wings, and now and again, making darts with his beak at the eyes of the terrified deer. All this time the poor stag, whose sides were running with blood, was making desperate attempts to dislodge his adversary; he jumped into the air, then sank to the ground, and tried to roll over, but finding it impossible to do so, he again sprang to his feet. Then raking backwards, with his wide antlers he thrust the eagle to the ground, while the stag fled towards a neighbouring forest. But, alas! he had not gone far before the furious bird was again on his back, and this time so near the loins that all the efforts of the stag to sweep him off with his antlers were in vain.

Once more the animal rolled on the ground, and again he shook off the bird. Again the stag made for the forest, followed by the eagle, whose flight



Encounter between an Eagle and a Stag.

was seen to be less strong than it had been. It overtook the stag, however, just as it reached the forest, both combatants disappearing among the trees. Here they were found the following day by the game-keeper, both dead, the stag with the flesh torn from its sides and one eye destroyed, while the eagle had been severely mauled.

We sometimes hear persons lamenting that so grand a bird should be becoming scarce in the Highlands, but after this account of its strength and ferocity, we have more sympathy with the inhabitants of lonely moorland huts, who tremble for the lives of their children when it is reported that an eagle is in their neighbourhood.

D. B.



George Barnes meets with his Niece.

AN UNJUST WILL.

(Concluded from page 182.)

CHAPTER IV.



the evening on which George had met the youths in the village street, he was about to close his premises for the night; but, before doing so, he stepped out upon the moor to take a look round at the starry skies. After a minute or two, he noticed what looked like the figure of a man leaning against a large stone which he often used as a seat.

He stepped forward to see what this might be, and soon made the discovery that the sleeping man was no other than the young stranger whom he had seen in the village that very afternoon. George roused him with some difficulty, and guided his heavy and stumbling feet across his own threshold, and then he closed his door for the night. He made up a bed on the oak settle, and soon his visitor was sound asleep.

The following morning, sober and ashamed, the young fellow thanked George for the shelter given to him, and then proposed to leave.

‘Not without breakfast,’ said George, with more pleasantness of manner than usual. ‘You are a stranger, I think?—at least, I don’t remember ever seeing you hereabouts before.’

‘Yes, I am a stranger,’ replied the lad. ‘I come from Rothbridge, away south; I am on my way to Lincoln. I fell in with an acquaintance in the village, and he treated me at the “Rising Sun;” but, really, I do feel ashamed of myself, and greatly obliged to you for your kindness.’

‘I was once at Rothbridge, long ago,’ said George; ‘and I used to know one or two of the people. I wonder if they are there still. There was John Martin, the storekeeper, and James Edwards and his family—he was a saddler; and then there was Richard Barnes: he had a tidy farm, I remember, just outside the village. Can you tell me anything of these folk?’

‘Oh, yes,’ replied his visitor. ‘John Martin keeps the store still; his son helps him now, but his wife is dead—long ago. James Edwards moved off to London with his family. Richard Barnes went all to smash; he was sold up about seven years ago, and a man called Challoner took the farm. He had it for some years and then he died, and now the place is to let, but nobody has made an offer for it; you see, it needs repairs badly; the out-houses are fairly tumbling down, and folk are afraid of taking it.’

'Did you say that Richard Barnes had died?' asked George, beginning to arrange his loom, lest his young visitor should observe the agitation which he could not entirely suppress.

'Dead? Oh, no! he is not dead; but he might as well be, for he will never do a day's work again, and he is just a burden on Joseph, his son, who works as a day-labourer, poor chap!'

'His son?' echoed George. 'When I knew Richard he was not married.'

'Well,' replied the lad, 'if you did not know his wife, it is no loss. She was a regular bad one; she spent everything on finery, and then she took to drinking. After a while she left him, and went off to a foreign place—I don't know where—but I heard that she is dead now.'

'Tell me about young Joseph,' said George, without looking up; 'he must be quite young.'

'Yes, only nineteen. He was at school with me. Oh, he is a real good fellow, but he has never had a chance in life, both father and mother being such riff-raff folk; but after his father was sold up, and had taken a miserable two-roomed hut on the Common, Joe began to work as a boy-labourer with Mr. Challoner on the farm where he had been born, and which had been his father's and grandfather's before him. Well, now, don't you call that hard lines?'

George assented to this, and the lad went on: 'Then the mother cleared out, and Richard had a stroke, and has never been out of bed since. The neighbours say now that he will be taken to the workhouse yet, for young Joe has a sister to keep too, and he is fair worked to death. Ah, but he is a good one! His father will never be sent to the workhouse as long as he can keep him out of it. The girl is a good girl too, and a pretty one. Joseph and she are main fond of each other. Katie is her name. But, sir, I must be going now, and I thank you very sincerely for your kindness to me.' And, so saying, the young man shook hands warmly with his host, and set off towards the village.

As soon as he was out of sight, George Barnes started up from his loom and walked up and down the room in much agitation of spirit. Then he stopped and began to put together a few things—a bundle that might be slung over his shoulder, for he intended to leave for Rothbridge that very afternoon. Oh, if he should be too late! if Richard should die or have been carried off to the workhouse before he could stop it! And to think of that boy, his own nephew, working himself to death to keep both father and sister!

True to his resolve, that very day George left the cottage, and, putting the key in his pocket, he struck across the Fens to a certain point where he could meet a carrier's cart, which would give him a long lift on his way; after that, he would walk the rest of the distance.

On the evening of the second day, George Barnes approached the village which had been his boyhood's home. He had been told that Richard's cottage stood on the Common, and as he neared the village he noticed a tumble-down hut near the spot which his young visitor had described. It was such a wretched-looking place that it did not seem possible

that it could shelter all three—the father, the son, and the young girl. As he stood a moment, hesitating whether to approach it, the door of the hovel opened, and a young girl appeared with a pitcher in her hand, evidently going to the spring for water. She had a sweet and patient look, gentle eyes, and a slender, shapely figure. George felt certain that it was his niece who stood before him, and, going towards her, he asked whether a man named Richard Barnes lived anywhere near?

'Why, that is my father's name,' said the maiden; 'but, sir, he is very weak and low to-day. I doubt whether he could speak to you; but, if you will please to step in, I can ask.'

George followed his young guide, feeling as though he were in a dream.

The interior of the cottage was almost bare of furniture, but everything was clean and well cared for, he could see that at a glance, although there were signs of desperate poverty.

But for a minute or two he did not see the bed on which Richard lay, as it stood behind the door by which he had entered. 'You must not disturb your father,' he said gently to the girl; 'if he is asleep, I can easily call again to-morrow.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a skeleton arm and hand feebly drew back the curtain of the bed, and a hollow-eyed man, with a flushed face and breathing painfully, fixed upon him a bewildered gaze. 'George!' said the poor death-stricken Richard, 'George, can it be you? Have you come to curse me, to jeer at me? You said I would land in the workhouse. I am not there yet, but I know that I must go soon.' And he covered his face with his hands and fell into childish tears.

George took his brother's hand and pressed it. 'Never,' he exclaimed, as soon as he could find his voice. 'You are not going to the workhouse, Richard; put the thought far from you, brother, and forgive me for my harsh words of long ago, as I fully forgive you for any injury you ever did to me.'

Our story has nearly come to a close. George Barnes secured a long lease of the old farmhouse, and removed his brother's family to it, after it had been thoroughly repaired from attic to cellar. 'And now, Joseph,' he said to his nephew, 'this house is to be yours and your sister's so long as she is unmarried, and I am sure you will receive your old uncle as a permanent lodger. But I shall not interfere with any of your arrangements on the farm, for in these matters my hand has forgot its cunning. I will bring my loom here, and I will work as diligently as I have done for twenty years past—only, instead of selling my fine double damask, I will keep it all as a wedding present for Katie. And oh, my lad, although I do not think you need to be warned against a hard and unforgiving spirit, still we are all tempted at times to some form of pride and temper. Then think of me, Joseph. For twenty years my heart was full of anger and bitterness, and it was only after God in His mercy showed me my sin, and enabled me to repent of it and cast it aside, that anything like peace and happiness visited my heart. In my own experience I have found out how true it is, that we must forgive if we ourselves hope to be forgiven.'

M.

TURNED OUT TO DIE.

TURNED out to die! The faithful horse you mounted twenty years ago,
A laughing boy, and galloped fast amid the whirling flakes of snow.

A better friend man never had than Dobbin with the gentle eye;

But now a stranger's in his stall, for you have turned him out to die.

How oft he drew the heavy wain to market o'er the winding road,

And homeward, cheerily again, pulled back of winter stores a load;

And oft, bedecked with ribbons gay, to fairs beneath the autumn sky,

He drew a crowd of girls and boys: to be at last turned out to die!

Have you forgot the stormy night when little Ned was taken ill?

The way to help was long and dark, skirting the spectre-haunted hill.

Old Dobbin failed you not that time, though lightning cut the inky sky;

He bore you to the doctor's door, and now he's been turned out to die!

And when your father, breathing low, committed all things to your care,

He said, 'Be kind to Dobbin grey; the good old horse has done his share.'

He never shirked before the plough, but drew it steadily; and why?

He loved you all, and never thought that he would be turned out to die!

Oh, shame! call back the trusted friend, and shelter from the biting blast

The good old horse that served you well in happy times for ever past.

Give Dobbin true the warmest stall—the one he graced in years gone by;

He's been a noble friend to you: beneath the old roof let him die!

American.

GENTLEMEN!

GENERAL LEE was in the cars going to Richmond, and had a seat at the extreme end. The other seats were filled with officers and soldiers. An old woman of humble appearance entered at one of the stations, and finding no seat, and none having been offered her, approached the General. He immediately rose and gave her his seat. Instantly there was a general rising and proffering of seats to 'Mass. Robert;' but he calmly said: 'No, gentlemen; if there is no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me.' The effect was remarkable. One after another got out of the car, as if the seats were too hot to sit on; and the General and the old lady soon had the car before them where to choose.

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.

STONE-THROWING AND SLINGING.

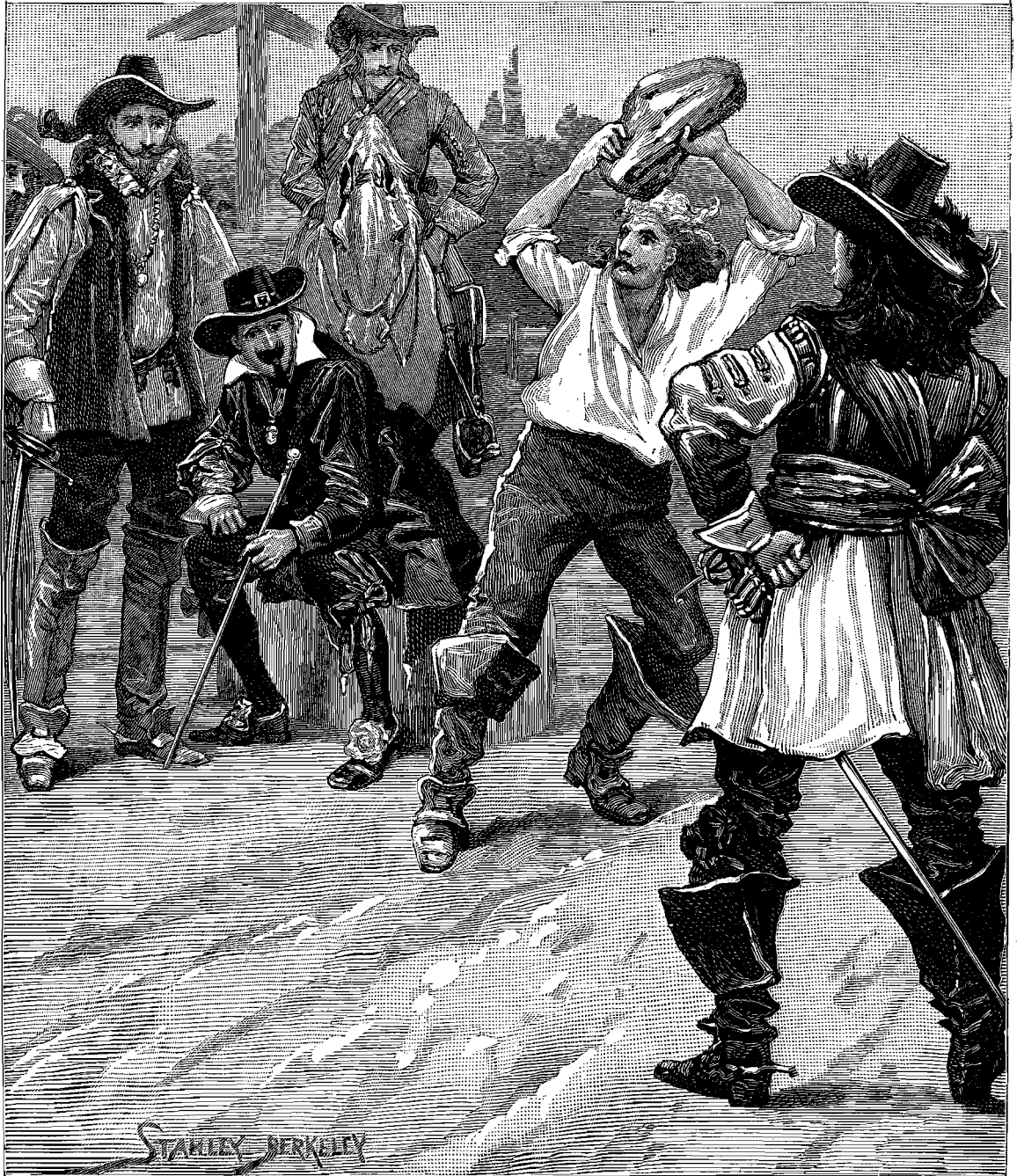


STONES are, perhaps, the most common playthings in town and country. We see children in the streets and lanes making fancy designs with stones, or piling them up into heaps, or dragging some little cart which they have filled. Stones are also the very oldest weapons. Some early Jewish writers say that it was with a stone which he threw in

anger that Cain killed his brother Abel. It is certain that stones were used in the oldest wars, either thrown by the hand or from slings. Some savage nations, too, are dexterous in flinging stones at game which they wish to capture. Both the eye and hand are sharpened by the practice of throwing stones at a mark, and around ancient London there was no lack of loose stones for the young citizens who wished to show their skill.

One of the old games played with stones was something like this: The boys chose out a level piece of ground, and they got together some stones as nearly round as possible; then they stood in turn at a spot fixed upon, and each threw a stone forward. Somebody was in front to watch where the stones fell, and he who could throw farthest was the winner. Another game consisted in putting up a big stone as a sort of target to be aimed at; to him who struck it oftenest, or hit it nearest the middle, was given the honour of victory. Then, as an exercise of strength, they tried to lift up and throw the largest stones that were lying about. Even young princes and nobles practised this, and sometimes on holidays the Londoners carried out to the fields great bars of wood or metal, which they cast, perhaps rather to the alarm of people strolling for pleasure. Henry VIII. is said to have been fond of casting the bar. No doubt, carrying or throwing heavy stones and bars made the arms strong, acting like the dumb-bells which are sometimes used now.

By the aid of a sling, any one with skill could hurl a stone with more force, and take good aim. We read about slings in the Bible amongst the Jews and other nations. Shepherds in old times found them very serviceable in keeping off wild beasts from their flocks. With a stone from a sling the stripling David slew the giant. The Anglo-Saxons were clever with the sling, and there are old pictures which show them in the act of twirling the thong round the fingers, while preparing to take aim. If we had lived nine or ten centuries ago, we should not only have seen the young men of London handling the usual sling made of leather, but also a sling of another kind, in which a loop, fastened to a staff three or four feet long, held the stone. This sling was grasped by both hands, and though it could be used for amusement, or for killing birds, it might serve, if need be, as a formidable weapon. Thus, in

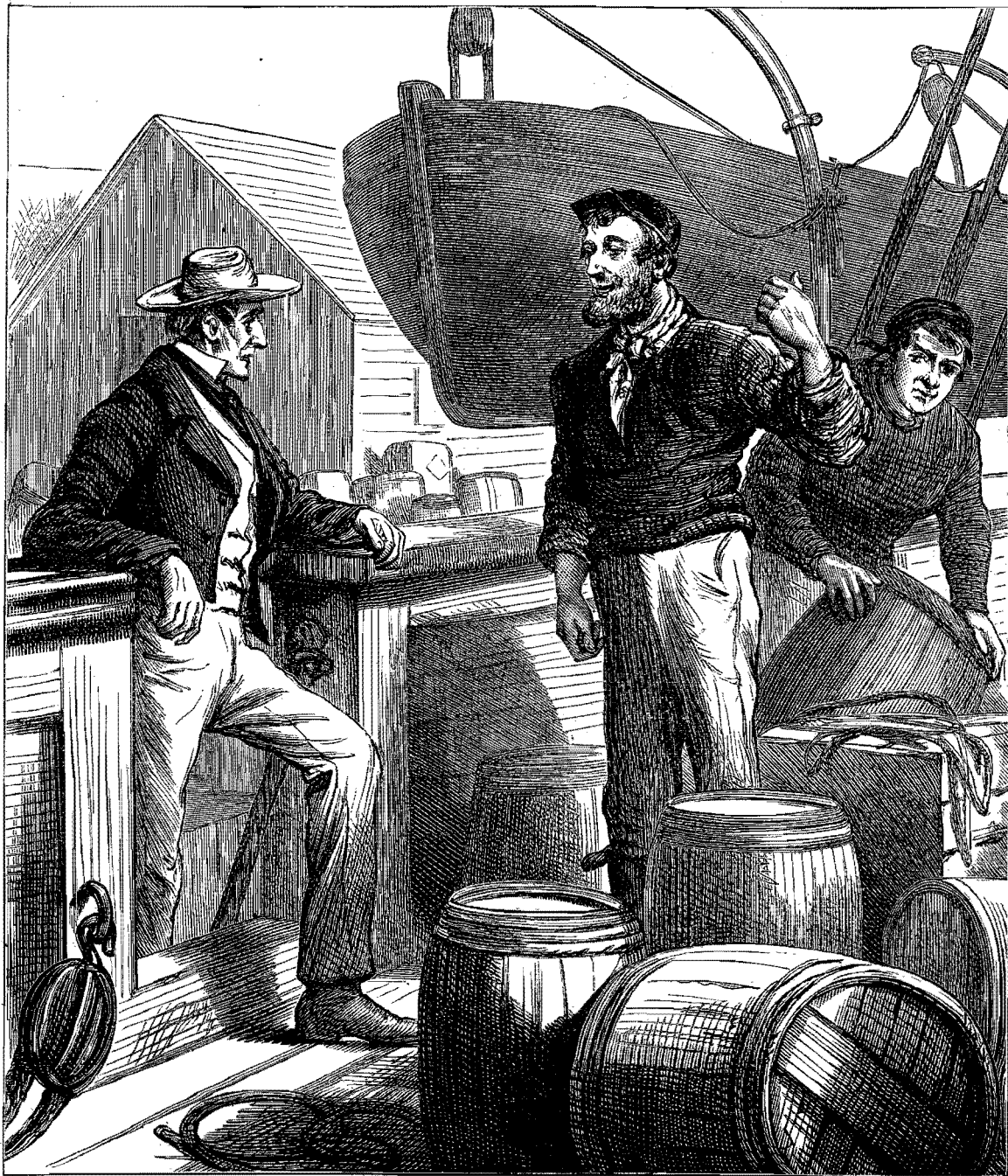


Stone-throwing.

sea fights there were slingers who aimed stones at an enemy's ship, trying to make a hole in its sides, which were not iron-plated then. The Normans threw stones from a special kind of crossbow. This

was called a stonebow, since it carried stones, not arrows. Boys, we read, sometimes played with this crossbow, though it was generally used by soldiers.

J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

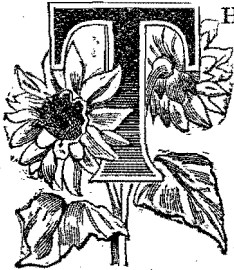


"I have taken a passage in this ship for two little boys."

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

By the Author of 'Phil Chester,' 'Lost in the Wilderness,' &c.

CHAPTER I.



THE clipper-ship *Beatrice*, trading to Sydney, with berths for a few passengers, had just arrived at that port after a good run from the old country, had got all her goods ashore, and was preparing for the homeward voyage again, with a full cargo of wool and tallow. It only wanted two days to Christmas, and yet the weather was fearfully hot. The blazing sun seemed ready to make the tallow boil in the casks, as they lay, hundreds and hundreds of them, on the wharf, waiting for shipment, while the pitch oozed out of the seams of the vessel, and the men's feet and hands were blistered as they carried on their laborious work.

'I shan't be sorry when we clear out of this place,' said Tom, one of the able-bodied seamen, and a real good fellow too. 'Everything seems to go backwards here. Why, day after to-morrow is Christmas, and, instead of a sensible kind of a snow-storm, here we are a-boiling and a-frizzling like mad! I wonder now what my old woman, as lives in Glasgow, would say to this kind of weather at Christmas-time?' And Tom stopped working for a moment to mop his forehead and heave a mighty sigh.

'You may say that,' grumbled Jack, his chosen crony on board. 'It really goes agin nature, but everything seems to be upside down in this outlandish place. Well, we won't be here long, that's a comfort any way. Once all this tallow is aboard we'll be off, and I won't be sorry, for one!'

'We've got no passengers as yet,' remarked Tom, after a pause, 'and all the better, say I.'

'Don't be so sure of that,' cried Jack. 'I heard skipper say only yesterday as there was two little shavers coming aboard—boys as was going home to school in the old country, and one or two other chaps as has made their pile, and is a-going home to spend it. Rum-looking fellows they are! I caught sight of them yesterday on the wharf, and they was a blowing out about the gold they was taking home. If I had a lot of gold to take home, I don't think I'd go and tell every rowdy about it—no, I wouldn't!'

'No more would I,' echoed Tom. 'Like as not they had been drinking, and "when wine is in, wit is out," you know; at least, so somebody says. But I say, Jack, here's a cute-looking chap as seems to want to come aboard. Who may he be, I wonder?'

Even as Tom uttered these words a bustling little man, with a face the colour of parchment, and the keen, sharp look of an attorney about him, called out to know if the captain was on board.

'No, sir, he's not,' said Tom, touching his cap; 'nor the mate, neither; they're both gone ashore, sir.'

'Ah, well, never mind,' said the little gentleman, taking a good look round the deck. 'I have taken a passage home in this ship for two little boys, and I would like to see their berths and so on; they are orphan boys, and one of them is sickly. I'm in a manner their guardian, and responsible for everything. Have you a woman on board—a stewardess, I mean?'

'Not unless we has lady passengers, sir,' answered Tom, 'and I haven't heard of any females as yet—ladies are not so very fond of a tallow-ship, and I'm sure I don't wonder; it's not such a sweet-smelling cargo as might be.' And Tom smiled rather grimly. He was very sensitive as to the sickly odour of the half-melted tallow.

'Well, it's all a matter of expense, of course,' said the visitor. 'I should not have chosen a tallow-ship, only it's cheaper than one that only carries passengers, and these two boys are not rich by any means; besides, I heard a good account of your captain, and that's another reason why I selected the *Beatrice* to send the little chaps home in. Well,' he added, after a moment's thought, 'when the captain comes on board, tell him that I was here, and that I shall be back to-morrow, and bring the boys with me. When do you sail?'

'Just as soon as we are filled up, sir,' replied Tom. 'It will take three or four days yet, or may be a week—not more, I should say.'

'Ah, well! the boys must be on board to-morrow. They have no home in Sydney, and it would cost a lot to keep them on shore. You chaps will be kind to them, I dare say. They've just lost their mother, and are rather down in the mouth, especially the sick one.'

'Oh, never fear, sir,' said Jack; 'boys always take to a ship, and Tom here has kids of his own in Glasgow. He'll be a father to them, I know, for he is real soft-hearted where young 'uns are concerned—aren't you, Tom?'

'You shut up,' growled Tom, who fancied he was being chaffed, and did not like it before the stranger. 'You may trust us, sir,' he added; 'the boys will come to no harm here—leastways, if Jack and I can help it.'

And with a brisk nod, the yellow-faced stranger skipped on shore as though the intense heat were nothing to him—indeed, as though he rather liked it than otherwise.

Well, the tallow was all on board at last; packed and jammed tight, so that there might be no shifting of cargo down in the hold; then the wool and various odds and ends were stowed away, and the men were beginning to see an end to their toil, when the captain came on board one forenoon, and ordered a certain cabin next his own to be cleared out for the reception of a large consignment of gold, which was brought on board next morning with a convoy of police round the trucks, the gold being packed in small wooden chests marked with a government brand, and strongly bound with iron. This was followed by the arrival of the four passengers, the men whom Jack held in such light esteem. They seemed to be still in the same boastful humour as when he had seen them vapouring about on the wharf, for their two small boxes of gold were also

guarded by policemen, much to the amusement of the ship's crew, who looked on with contempt, seeming from the very first to take an unfavourable view of their proceedings. The captain, having been entreated to allow these two boxes to be locked up in the same cabin as the government gold, gave his consent to the arrangement, and saw them stowed away himself.

'You see, captain,' said one of the men, whose name was Nixon, 'we have had more than one fight already for this gold, and one chap had four inches of steel in his ribs for trying to meddle with what wasn't his own!' Here he pulled out an awkward-looking knife, which he flourished in a menacing manner.

'Yes,' said another of the bullies, pulling out a revolver, 'and I made a noise, too, with this barker. No one shall rob us of our hard-earned gold if we can help it.'

'All right; all right, gentlemen,' said the captain coolly, 'but you may stow away your weapons as soon as you like; so long as you are aboard my ship, your gold is as safe as if it was in the Bank of England. My crew are all English to a man; none of your beggarly coolies or lascars. Wind and weather permitting, I'll see you and your gold safe into Liverpool docks, and if I don't, it won't be my fault. But, hark ye, gentlemen, put away your knives and revolvers, for I won't have any rows aboard the *Beatrice*, and the first man that goes against my orders in this respect will find himself clapped in irons before he can say "Jack Robinson!"'

This speech of the worthy captain's, which was highly approved of by the crew, seemed to put an end, at least for the present, to the hectoring spirit of Nixon and his three friends, who presently subsided into a quiet corner, where they sat whispering and drinking together, every now and then turning a surly glance upon the crew, who were not slow to return their threatening looks with jeering remarks of their own.

And now the *Beatrice* might have sailed away on her homeward voyage, had not a very unforeseen event taken place. On calling over the ship's roll, it was discovered that no fewer than six able-bodied men were missing, and it was necessary that their places must be filled up before the ship could put to sea. This occurrence annoyed the captain terribly, for two reasons. He was vexed that his men, in whom he had perfect confidence, should have deserted the ship, and he was more than vexed to think that their places must be supplied by men of a very inferior stamp; for during that year, when the gold fever was raging, no able-bodied Englishman would be likely to seek a passage home to the old country. Well, it could not be helped; he must take whom he could get, and when at length the *Beatrice* did leave the port, she had added to her English crew half-a-dozen lascars, whose arrival on board at once put an end to the harmony which had hitherto reigned in the seamen's quarters. But here we must pause in our narrative to introduce to our readers the two boys who had been brought on board by their guardian, and committed to the care of the captain several days before.

(Continued at page 206.)

A QUARREL.

H my dear, you cannot see
Why I put this wire
Ornament so carefully
O'er the bright red fire?

Didn't Mary, then, relate
Yesterday her woes,
How the Fire-irons and the Grate
Nearly came to blows?

Possibly you were in bed,
When that little bird
Came and told her what they said—
It was so absurd!

'No, we won't be stirred,' the Coals
To the Poker cried;
'How would *you* like gaping holes
Made in your inside?'

'Pinch me at your peril, Tongs,'
Next exclaimed the Coke;
'If you do, I'll air my wrongs
In a cloud of smoke.'

Then the Ashes wished to say
That they couldn't stand
Being pushed about all day
By the Shovel's hand.

Leagued together thus, the Fire
Grew so black with rage,
That it made the Irons retire
Frightened from the cage.

And when Mary came to see
What it was all about,
She discovered, not with glee,
That the Fire was out.

Now you know the reason why
People put a wire
Ornament so carefully
O'er a bright red fire.

F. H. S.

PARLIAMENT HILL FIELDS.



PARLIAMENT HILL, Hampstead Heath, is one of the most beautiful and famous spots on the northern heights of London. It is said to have its name from a tradition that the Parliamentary Generals planted cannon here for the defence of the city. There is, however, nothing to prove the truth of the story. It is also said

that the name comes from the fact that the Members for Middlesex were, in old times, elected here. Professor Hales suggests that these elections were

so held because, in Saxon days, the hill was used for the meeting-place of the 'Folk-moot,' or Council, of the shire. This carries us back a very long way.

There is another legend clinging to the spot. Here we are told that Guy Fawkes' comrades stood to see his match send Parliament House and Parliament, and, if possible, King James himself, into the air. But, unfortunately for the tradition, it is a known fact that the conspirators did not wait to see the

explosion, but at the time when it should have occurred, they were making the best of their way out of London to escape by different roads, so that the association of Parliament Hill with Gunpowder Plot can only be from its use for bonfires on the anniversaries of the 5th of November, A.D. 1605.

The fine old oak-trees and grassy slopes leading to the hill are a favourite resort of holiday-makers, and they have by recent legislation been preserved for the public for all future time.



Parliament Hill Fields.

THE ROSE HILL PARAKEET.

THIS bird is one of the most beautiful of the whole feathered race. It is a native of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. In some places which it frequents it is common enough, and in others they may be seen in large numbers, associating together, forming a gay and lively community. They will haunt a certain locality by hundreds for a time, and suddenly disappear from view, and not one can be seen for many miles. One of the special traits of this bird, and indeed of all the parrot tribe, is inquisitiveness. This leads it to come so near that it may be easily captured. As usual the 'sportsman'

with his gun seems to consider it his mission to blaze away and destroy as many as possible. Its plumage is so magnificent, and its form so elegant, that there is a demand among the dealers for the beautiful skins. When properly stuffed and placed in a glass case, they command a ready sale; thus on account of their exceeding beauty the parakeets are pursued and killed.

The flight of the Rose Hill Parakeet is not very powerful, and it does not seem capable of sustaining a lengthened effort, but will settle as often as possible, running on along the ground for a time, and then resuming its journey on the wing. Unlike most parrots, its voice is rather pleasing and by no



The Rose Hill Parakeet.

means harsh. It is a hardy bird, and can bear confinement well, and is a charming addition to the aviary. Its food consists of seeds, a diet which is varied by eating up insects of many kinds, easily obtained in the greatest variety and abundance in every part of New South Wales. The eggs, from five to ten in number, are laid in the hollow part of

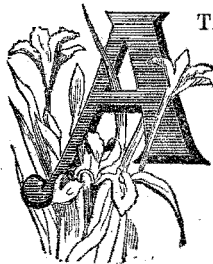
some decaying gum-tree; their colour is pure white. The plumage of the adult bird is exceedingly beautiful. 'The head, sides of face, back of the neck, and breast are glowing scarlet, connected with each other by a band that passes over the shoulders; the chin and upper part of the throat are pure white; the feathers of the back are very dark green, broadly

edged with light green of that exquisite hue to be seen in early spring leaves. The upper tail coverts are wholly of this beautiful leaf green; the shoulder of the wing is shining lilac, mixed with black; the central feathers of the tail are dull green, and the others are lilac-blue, deeper toward their base, and becoming nearly white at their tips; they are regularly graduated, the central being the longest, and on their under surfaces are a few scattered dashes of black; the lower part of the breast is yellow, which changes gradually into very light green under the body; the under tail coverts are light scarlet.* The total length of the Rose Hill Parakeet is about fifteen inches.

W. A. C.

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

IN AN INDIARUBBER MANUFACTORY.



A TREE from fifty to sixty feet high, about seven feet round in girth, growing on the banks of the river Amazon, in South America, before which a native with a pan is standing, catching the thickening fluid as it slowly trickles out from the tree. Now, what does this word-picture represent? 'The

Siphonia elastica of Pará, and the natives drawing the sap or indiarubber,' exclaims some intelligent lad or lass, with a taste for reading.

Exactly so, we reply, but it is not all caoutchouc* that is caught in pans or vessels. Several varieties are received into deep holes dug around the foot of the tree. Here the gum hardens, and is collected in the shape of oval lumps of various thicknesses. Although the best caoutchouc oozes from a South American tree, a great deal comes to this country from West Africa, East Indies, Java, and Madagascar. It is brought over in large casks or boxes, and presents a very ugly and curious appearance. Examined under a small microscopic lens, it looks not unlike the inside of a date.

A great deal of sand or earth is mixed with the African kinds, owing to the rough-and-ready way in which the natives secure it. It has been said that many fortunes could be made by Europeans, were they able to stand the deadly climate and go out to the various places where it is grown, and teach the rude natives a better way of collecting this valuable gum.

As we wished to learn something about the use to which indiarubber is put, and its treatment when it reaches this country, we visited one of the largest and most important manufacturing firms in England.

The factories and warehouses of Messrs. Abbott, Anderson, & Abbott are at Limehouse, in Dod Street, and the proprietors very kindly took a great deal of

trouble to make clear to us many interesting points.

The first process in preparing the caoutchouc for laying on cloth for waterproof clothing of all kinds is boiling. Sometimes it is boiled for a whole day before it is clean enough, or freed from dust and sand, to allow of its being passed under fluted rollers. A flow of water from a pipe, suspended above these rollers, pours on to the caoutchouc and washes it still more. The rolling equalises it, the pressure causing the irregular and detached lumps to adhere and become thin, so that, when it is taken off the rollers to hang upon the drying rack, it appears something like rough brown towelling.

The temperature at which it is dried is a low one, and it is exposed to this for a few days.

The fourth operation is known as 'kneading,' the caoutchouc being termed 'dough,' although anything more unlike baker's dough it would be hard to imagine. The kneading is done by machinery. A long fluted roller in a case, very similar in appearance to a magnified bird-cage, is made to revolve rapidly, taking the caoutchouc with it. This makes it quite smooth, and when removed, after being worked up for three hours or longer, it leaves the bird-cage machine in solid lumps of ninety pounds in weight. These are tough and hard to cut up, even with the long sharp knives kept specially for the work. The lumps are run through rollers and thinned, and then follows a bath in naphtha. Great care is necessary in the use of this spirit, as it is highly inflammable, and the London County Council wisely make restrictions as to the quantity, and as to the isolation of the building in which it is used. Spirits of wine, naphtha, and similar spirits are the only liquids that will act upon the gelatinous 'dough' of indiarubber. The 'dough' is thrown into a zinc or galvanised iron pan, in which a certain quantity of naphtha is placed, and left soaking for some hours, to absorb the spirit. A dark jelly is the result, not unlike heated glue. This is pure indiarubber.

Mixed with chemicals and coloured to whatever shade is required—if black, charcoal is used; if white, whitening—it is again thrown on to the rollers and kneaded for hours. A stranger, watching this curious-looking substance between the rollers when it has been mixed with chemicals, and asked to guess what it was, might easily mistake it for soft soap. From the rollers the caoutchouc is taken and placed in square galvanised iron boxes, where it is kept until required for use.

The application of indiarubber to cloth of all kinds, to render it waterproof, is not only a very useful but an exceedingly interesting process.

The first workshop we entered, where the gum was being laid on, showed huge machines, fitted with rollers revolving slowly, and yards of calico revolving with them. Try to picture a number of iron slabs, placed one against another, forming a long iron table, and at one end of these slabs two ebonite rollers, close to which passes a blunt steel knife the whole length of the rollers. The calico is run between the rollers, and the blunt knife distributes the sticky dough very thinly and evenly over the surface. The indiarubber is laid upon the cloth, very much as school butter is spread on bread, only a big machine

* Caoutchouc is the thickened milk or sap of various shrubs or trees. We call it indiarubber.

does it all. The iron slabs forming the table are heated with steam, and so the indiarubber is dried. It is wound on to another roller beneath the table, and the process is repeated several times, until a sufficient thickness has been laid on. This waterproof calico is used for ground sheets for soldiers when camping out, and for similar purposes.

We watched many fine rolls of cloth, tweeds, and coatings treated in a like manner. In lined waterproof, the lining and cloth are proofed separately, and brought together by doubling machines, the pressure of heavy rollers causing the two to adhere firmly.

(Concluded at page 202.)

THE LOST RING.

THE following strange story will probably be believed by some, and disbelieved by others, though it seems to be as well authenticated as many other stories of eighty years ago.

A servant lad having been sent to a jeweller's shop, with a valuable ring in his charge, took it out of its box to admire it while he was passing over a plank bridge. Unfortunately he let it fall on the muddy bank of the stream. After hunting for it without success for a time, he grew terrified at the idea of facing his master, and ran away from his place, went to sea, and finally settled in America, where he made a large fortune. After an absence of many years, he returned to England, and bought the estate on which he had lived as a servant.

One day while walking over the plank bridge, accompanied by a friend, he told him the story of the ring. 'I could almost swear,' said he, thrusting his stick into the soft clay, 'that this is the very place where the ring dropped.'

When the stick was withdrawn from the clay, the ring was upon the end of it. K.

FIGHT WITH AN ANACONDA.



AMONG other strange denizens of the gloomy forests of Brazil, on the banks of the Amazon, the largest river in the world, there lurks the water-serpent called the Anaconda, a creature closely related to the boa-constrictor of the old world. In size, however, the anaconda exceeds the boa. Some specimens have been secured which

measure from twenty-five to thirty feet in length. This formidable reptile either floats quietly on the surface of the stream, or, more commonly still, lurks among the foliage of the great tropical trees, from which it flashes down on man or beast who may be passing below.

The usual food of the anaconda is the strange-looking ant-eater, which it seizes, crushes to death in

the folds of its muscular body, and then swallows whole. It has been said that this reptile can crush and swallow an ox or a horse, but such stories are quite unworthy of credit. No doubt, from the ferocity of its disposition and the immense muscular power of its body, it may seize and crush to death animals like these, as well as man himself; still, to swallow them whole is simply impossible, and should not be believed. One may almost wonder that in these dark forests, all of which are traversed by innumerable branches of the great river, any men, even the most adventurous, would be inclined to wander; but we must remember that many men earn their daily bread among the deep mountain gorges and the vast forest plains of the Amazon River, for in these regions the valuable indiarubber-tree thrives luxuriantly, as well as the cinchona-tree, the bark of which yields quinine, the Brazil-nut tree, and many other products of a fertile soil which has a prodigious rainfall.

Besides the men who visit these gloomy forests in order to make a living, there are always a few daring spirits to whom excitement of some kind is as necessary as their daily bread. Such men now and again accompany the natives in their canoe voyages up the river, in order to share any sport which may turn up. One such young man, who had wandered away from the other men of his party, with no knowledge whatever of the dangers to which he exposed himself by so doing, suddenly found himself face to face with an enormous anaconda, which succeeded in folding one coil of its body round his leg before he could do anything for his own protection. It was a frightful position to be in, but the youth was not only quick-witted, but was an able-bodied young fellow, by no means willing to lose his life without a struggle. His first instinctive act was to shout loudly for help, while at the same moment he grasped the monster's neck with both hands, holding it at arm's length from his face with the utmost difficulty. The hissing of the reptile and its fetid breath so filled him with horror and disgust that he felt he could not long maintain the struggle unless assistance should speedily arrive. Would his companions never come, or could it be possible that they had not heard his first agonised cry for help? He tried to shout once more, but from his parched throat no sound whatever would come, while he had already been forced down on one knee by the superior muscular strength of the enraged anaconda.

Happily his companions had heard his cry, and not two minutes had elapsed when they made their appearance, armed with the axes with which they had been peeling the bark from the cinchona-trees. But by this time the excitement of the reptile, and the furious lashing of its tail, made it dangerous and difficult to destroy it without injuring the poor youth, who was now almost enveloped in its folds. But these men were accustomed to emergencies of every kind. Watching their chance they wounded the serpent above the tail so deeply that it was powerless to do any more mischief, and was speedily killed.

This was the unfortunate young man's first adventure with an anaconda, and we may well believe that he took care that it should be his last! M.



"He grasped the monster's neck with both his hands."



A Brave Swan.



A BRAVE SWAN.

are not at all surprised when we see some small animal or timid bird defend its young one, or its nest of eggs, with a boldness which it would not have courage to show at any other time. We are not surprised at this, for to defend their young is a God-given instinct, which all creatures show in a greater or less degree.

But some creatures, birds especially, show a sagacity in their manner of defending their young which is both interesting and surprising.

The plover, for instance, that wild shy bird which frequents the lonely hill-sides and moors of Scotland, wheeling in circles in the air, uttering its mournful cry, 'Pee-weet, pee-weet;' this bird, when it has its nest to take care of, will fall to the ground at the very feet of some traveller, and then run along in front of him, dragging one wing as though it were broken. At the sight of this the traveller tries to catch the bird, but it keeps out of his reach, till, having wiled him far away from its nest, it suddenly mounts into the air, and flies back to its little home, leaving the traveller to pursue his way without having found the nest at all, or even having caught the mother bird.

A curious instance of this kind of sagacity, in defence of its nest, was shown on one occasion by a female swan, which had built her nest on one side of a river. One day she saw a fox on the other side of the stream which seemed to have discovered her nest, and was preparing to swim across to the attack. The brave swan, feeling that she could meet the enemy with better chance of success on the water than on land, boldly swam out to meet him. She dashed suddenly forward with such a flutter that the water all round was lashed into foam. She seized the bewildered fox, and so battered him with her powerful wings that he was soon drowned. This curious sight was observed by several persons.

D.

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

IN AN INDIARUBBER MANUFACTORY.

(Concluded from page 199.)

A VERY important process is that termed vulcanising. After the various cloths have been treated in the manner described, it is found that they cannot stand changes of temperature, the action of heat and cold softening or hardening the indiarubber. Vulcanising is necessary to enable the waterproof cloth to remain perfect under all changes of temperature and in all climates.

Three ways of vulcanising are known to manufacturers. First there is 'Abbott's Patent Vapour

Process,' by chloride of sulphur; second, regular steam vulcanising; and third, dry-heat vulcanising. It would only tire the readers of *Chatterbox* were we to describe all these. We will describe what we saw upon looking through a small window of what is known as a dry-heat room. The floor appeared to be composed of rows of thick pipes—steam-heated, as we learned—and the walls of the chamber were interminable perpendicular lines of webbing. From side to side the cloth to be vulcanised is stretched, and the heat of the chamber, arising from the pipes, is so great that the little glass window is hot as an oven door. The temperature, at the time we looked in, was two hundred and fifty-four degrees. Sometimes repairs are required, and then the men are obliged to wear gloves and be very quick over their work.

From the dry-heat vulcanising chamber we went to the cutting-out room, and here, in skilful hands, the busy scissors shape waterproof garments in endless variety.

From the cutting room to the making-up department is the next journey. Here the cut-out cloth is laid upon zinc tables; the seams, having been carefully sewn, are 'taped,' that is, narrow strips of cloth are pasted over them with a solution of indiarubber; these strips strengthen the garment, and give the inside a neat appearance. A small hand roller, covered with rubber, is passed heavily up and down the seams, to clear away any superfluous solution there may be.

The fingers of the workers become very sticky, and the only thing that will remove the rubber solution from them is rubber, reminding us of the proverb, 'Cured by a hair of the dog that bit you.'

The button-holes are stamped, cut, and stitched by a wonderful American machine, which cuts and finishes from thirty-five to forty button-holes in five minutes, and one worker with this machine frequently makes as many as three thousand button-holes in a day.

At this busy factory all the capes are made for the Metropolitan Police, and have been for the last quarter of a century.

Unbleached calico, oiled, either by machine or hand, with the best linseed oil, is used.

'What!' exclaims some intelligent boy, 'you don't mean to say that those waterproof capes, worn by the police on wet days, which look like leather, are only oil-soaked calico?'

Yes, it is so. The calico, after the first oiling, is allowed to dry thoroughly, then the garment is cut out and machined, and afterwards oiled again several times. Of course, when the polishing takes place, something is added to give the black hue. Laid on hot iron plates, the capes are rubbed for a long time, by hand, until quite smooth and glossy.

One particular cape had a large red seal attached to it. This was the pattern, with the Government seal affixed, by which all the capes were to be cut. 'This identical cape,' said the manager of the oilskin department, 'is for the driver of a prison van. We have fifteen thousand police capes to make and deliver by the spring.'

Yachting suits for all the Royal family have been turned out here, and there were pyramids of ladies'

oilskins, seamen's coats, and numberless equally interesting garments, all made in the manner described.

But were we to try and tell all about the handsome liveries, driving rugs, patent pneumatic saddle covers for cyclists, hot-water bottles, air cushions, and beds for invalids, and so on, we should expect to find every one of our readers fast asleep long before they arrived at the last word we had written.

THE DISCOVERY OF CAOUTCHOUC.

The discovery of caoutchouc in Calabash Woods is thus described in *The Swiss Family Robinson*. 'Fritz saw some gummy resin exuding from cracks in the bark, and it reminded him of the boyish delight afforded by collecting gum from cherry-trees at home, so that he must needs stop to scrape off as much as he could. He rejoined me presently, attempting to soften what he had collected in his hands; but, finding that it would not work like gum, he was about to fling it away, when he suddenly found that he could stretch it, and that it sprang back to its original size.

'Oh, father, only look! this gum is quite elastic! Can it possibly be indiarubber?'

'What!' cried I; 'let me see it! A valuable discovery that would be, indeed; and I do believe you are right!'

'Why would it be so very valuable, father?' replied Fritz. 'I have only seen it used for rubbing out pencil marks.'

'Indiarubber,' I replied, 'or more properly caoutchouc, is a milky resinous juice which flows from certain trees when the stem is purposely tapped. These trees are indigenous to the South American countries of Brazil, Guiana, and Cayenne. The natives, who first obtained it, used to form bottles by smearing earthen flasks with repeated coatings of the gum when just fresh from the trees; and, when hardened and sufficiently thick, they broke the mould, shook out the fragments, and hung the bottles in the smoke, when they became firmer and of a dark colour. While moist, the savages used to draw rude figures and lines on the resin, by way of ornament; these marks you may have observed, for the bottles, obtained from the natives by the Spaniards and Portuguese, have for years been brought to Europe, and cut into portions to be sold for use in drawing. Caoutchouc can be put to many uses, and I am delighted to have it here, as we shall, I hope, be able to make it into different forms; first and foremost I shall try to manufacture boots and shoes.'

'Taking a pair of socks I filled them with sand, and then coated them over with a thin layer of clay to form a convenient mould; this was soon hardened in the sun, and was ready for use. Layer after layer of caoutchouc I brushed over it, allowing each layer to dry before the next was put on, until, at length, I considered that the shoes were of sufficient thickness. I dried them, broke out the clay, secured with nails a strip of buffalo hide to the soles, brushed them over with caoutchouc, and I had a pair of comfortable, durable, respectable-looking waterproof boots. I was delighted; and soon every one in the family was likewise provided for.'

JAMES CASSIDY.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

21.—HISTORICAL WORD PUZZLES.

From the following words form the name of an eminent person of whom a short account was given in *Chatterbox* for 1894.

One of the best and greatest of the ancient Greek philosophers. His writings are still held in high esteem.

1. 4, 5, 1, the highest point, a toy.
2. 1, 3, 4, a light touch, the native of a sister isle.
3. 1, 2, 5, 4, a conspiracy.
4. 1, 2, 3, 4, a piece of flat ground. C. C.

22.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. CLEF. Cid. Males.—A town in Cheshire.
2. Mace. Air.—A large division of the globe.
3. Blame. Riot.—A city in Maryland and in Cork.
4. Thin. Cases.—A county in the north of Scotland.
5. Read. Ream.—A British settlement in Guiana producing quantities of sugar.
6. Gain. Cur. To.—A village in France where the English gained a great victory.
7. Bob. Sad. Are.—One of the Caribbee Islands.
8. Rain. If. Coal.—A large country in North America.
9. Gem. Rid. Cab.—The site of an English University.
10. Lead. Ware.—One of the United States of America.

11. Hind. Beg.—A town in North Wales.
12. Clef. Nore.—A beautiful city in Italy. C. C.

[Answers at page 219.]

ANSWERS.

- 18.—1. Pirate. 1. Rate. Ate. Tea.
2. Plague. *Ague. Page. Gaul.
- 19.—1. Love me, love my dog.
2. Little strokes fell great oaks.
3. Give a dog an ill name, and hang him.
- 20.—1. Greater number 324: lesser 224.
2. 270 of each. 3. 37 florins.
4. 105 good. 5. 56507. 6. 42s.
7. 112. 8. 4 miles 3 furlongs 198 yards.

THE RUINED CHURCH.

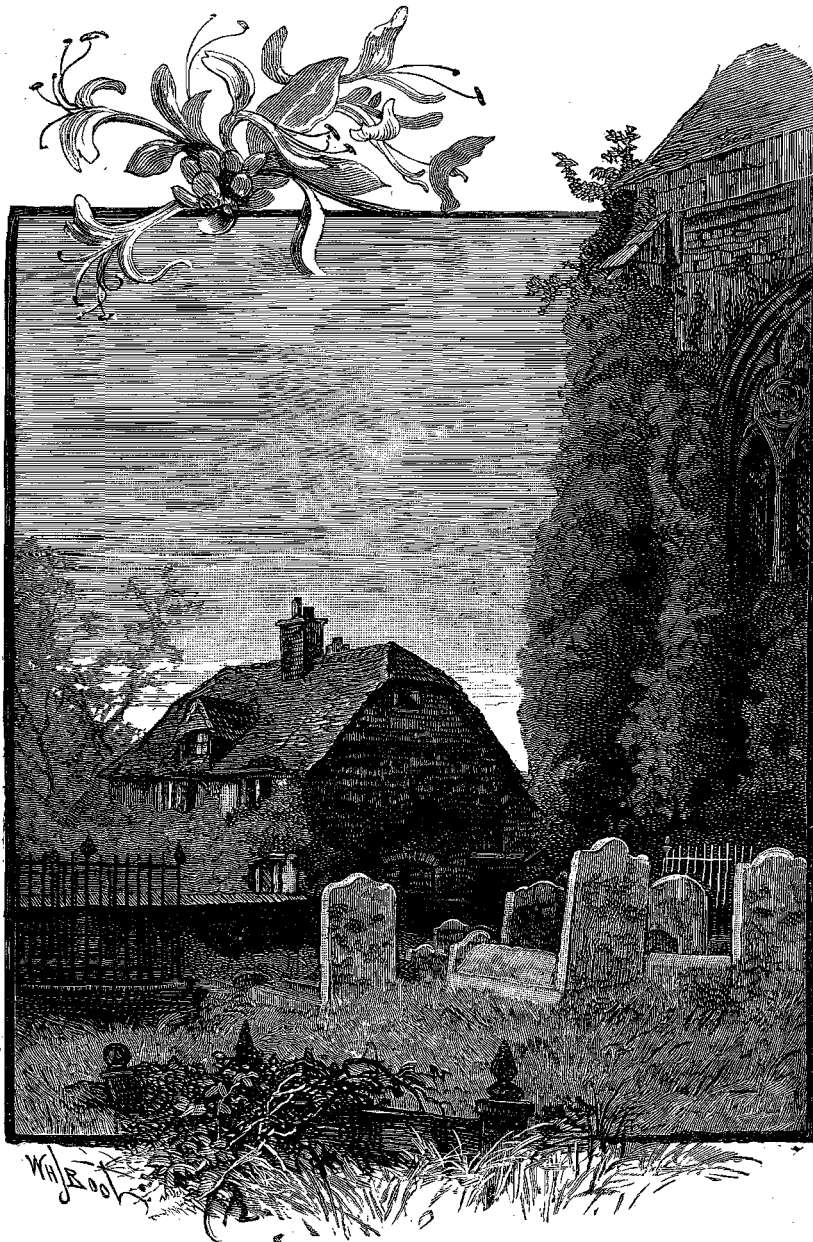
STILL do they stand—those crumbling grey old walls,

By trailing ivy bound,
On which the golden sunlight softly falls
When summer reigns around.

But, ah! the good old time has long since passed
When, each recurring day,
The assembled people rose to praise their God,
And then knelt down to pray

Within those walls, and when the glorious sound
Of music filled the air,
Ascending to the listening ear of Heaven
From that old House of Prayer.

Where are they now, those worshippers of old—
The youth, the maiden shy,
The tottering grandsire and his good old dame,
The bright-faced, laughing boy—



"Still do they stand, those crumbling, grey old walls,
By trailing ivy bound."

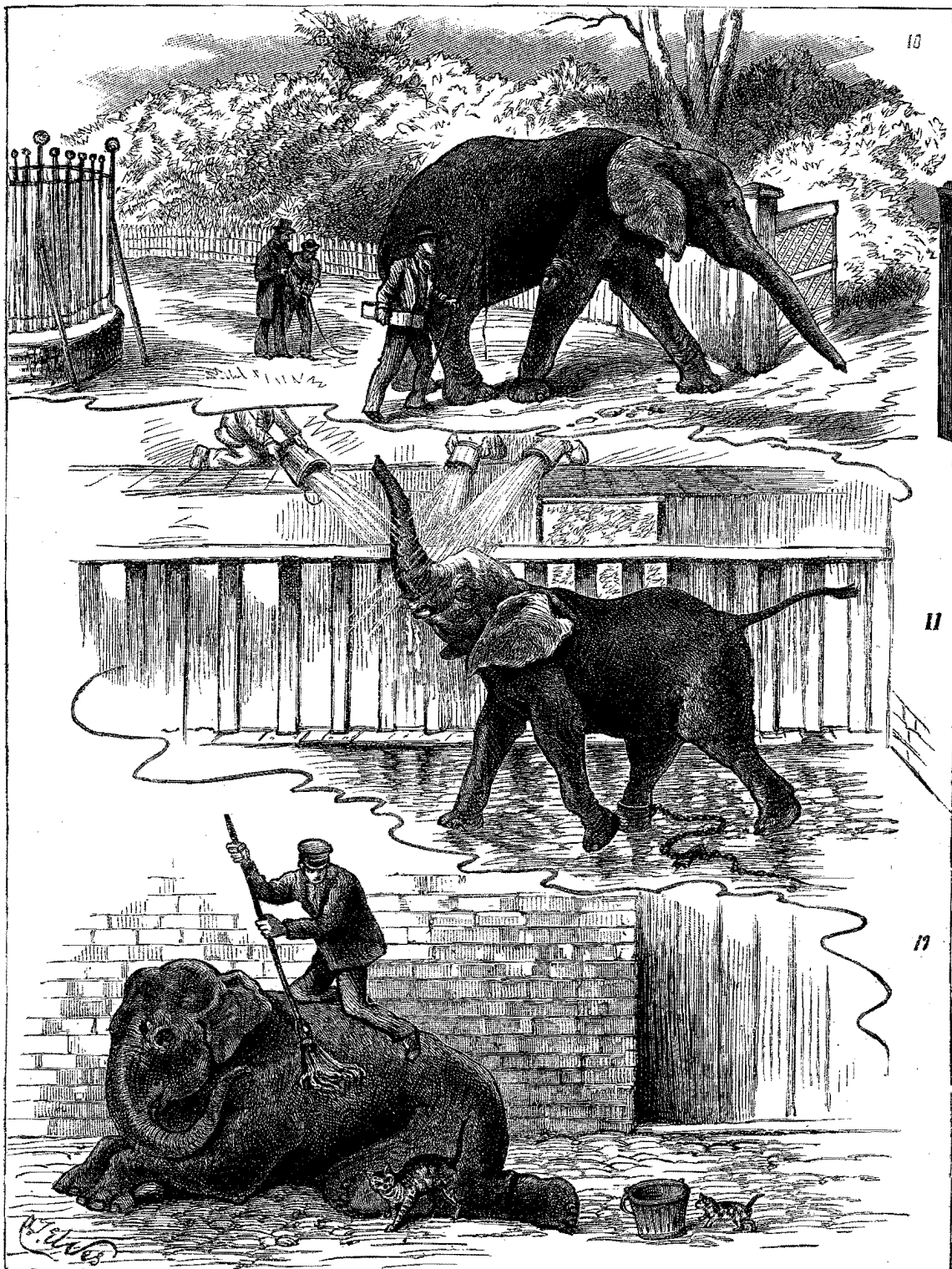
The rosy, blue-eyed, wondering little one
Who held by mother's hand:
Where are those vanished ones? — All gone are
they,
Gone to the silent land.

Their lowly graves, we see them scattered there,
Beneath the waving grass,
O'er which the raving storms of winter sweep,
And summer breezes pass.

Alas! and is this all that life can give—
A grave beneath the sod,
When this so busy brain at length is stilled?
Not so! — a Home with God

Is waiting for us all beyond that sky,
So blue, so heavenly fair—
A Home within our Father's house. God grant
That we may all be there!

B. K.



Three Favourite Elephants.

10. — Jumbo.

11. — Alice.

12. — Chunie.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

'JUMBO.'

THIS is poor Jumbo's last hours at home in the Zoo. There was trouble among London youngsters when Jumbo's sale to Mr. Barnum was made known. It was at first proposed to walk him down to the docks, but that signally failed, as Jumbo refused to take one step outside the Zoo gates. He sniffed the ground with his trunk, but he would not stir to the other side of the gates; so they had to build him a house and take him away on wheels, drawn by eight stout horses. His keeper, Scott, to whom he was much attached, went with him, but after getting to America in safety, Jumbo died by a railway accident. Crossing the line, a train ran into him and killed him on the spot.

'ALICE.'

THIS was the female African elephant, 'Alice,' who occupied the adjoining apartment to Jumbo. Some one wrote the following rhyme about the pair:—

'When Jumbo said to Alice, "I love you!"
And Alice said to Jumbo, "I don't believe you do;
But if you really love me as you say you do,
Why do you go to Yankee-land and leave me in the Zoo?"'

Well, Alice had a great misfortune shortly after Jumbo left. She was a very restless animal, and not such a favourite with the children, and would only have them ride her barebacked; she never would put up with a saddle. One night, in one of her noisy moods (she was very noisy, trumpeting continually), she caught her trunk in the chain that kept her confined to the back of her compartment, and tore the end off, and in consequence she nearly went mad, and the keepers had to pour cold water over her head all night long. The noise she made when in pain and distress was terrible. She was also sold to Barnum, I think; and the Society were glad to get rid of her.

'CHUNIE.'

CHUNIE was an old favourite at the Zoo in 1851. She was the quietest elephant the Zoo ever possessed. She was a great delight to all the children of long ago. She died suddenly in 1875, after twenty-four years in the Zoo. The amount of food daily consumed by this favourite was wonderful. It was thought that, including buns, biscuits, and fruit given by visitors, it was not less than eighty pounds.

NEVER SAY FAIL!

KEEP pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail
Who daily march onward
And never say fail!

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb—
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail!

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's firm pride,
Let this be the motto
Your footsteps to guide;
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 195.)

CHAPTER II.



RED and Cecil Malcolm were the twin sons of a man who had begun life with fair prospects of success, but who, from sheer want of energy, and an easy-going indifference to everything beyond the present moment, had fallen, step by step, from the position in life to which he had been born

down to almost utter indigence, and, what was more lamentable still, he had dragged down with him his young English wife and his twin boys. It had been intended that Robert Malcolm should enter the medical profession, but he had wearied of this before his first year's studies had come to an end. He had then (most unfortunately for himself) received a legacy of 1000*l.*, which, to him, seemed to be endless riches.

On the strength of this fortune he had immediately engaged himself to an amiable girl employed as governess in a friend's family, after which he embarked the greater portion of his means in a mercantile speculation, and had lost every penny of his money before he had attained the age of twenty-five.

After this disastrous event he had made up his mind to emigrate to Sydney, and try what fortune might have in store for him in that far-off land. Therefore, gathering together such help as he could obtain from friends, he set sail for Australia, accompanied by his young wife, who had been easily persuaded into exchanging her laborious and not very well-paid tasks at home for a share in his future fortunes, whatever they might be. Having arrived at their destination, the young couple, who were both as ignorant and helpless as children, soon found them-

selves surrounded by difficulties from which it was impossible to escape. But the gradual fall of this unfortunate couple into almost abject poverty is too painful a subject to dwell upon; it is sufficient to say that, by the time the twin boys had attained their twelfth year, their poor father was begging for employment everywhere, and begging for it in vain; whilst Mrs. Malcolm, whose health had of late years become very precarious, had scarcely strength left to patch and darn the well-worn clothing of her darling boys and her poor husband, whom she had loved through every disaster with the undying love of a true-hearted woman.

The climax came to the misfortunes of this poor family quite suddenly one forenoon, when Robert, who was mooning along the street in his usual aimless manner, was struck down by a passing omnibus and killed on the spot. His wife survived him for only six months, being indebted to the compassion of the kind-hearted for the small charities which made life endurable to one so afflicted.

Mr. Stace, the attorney, who had brought the boys to the ship, had, along with his wife, been their nearest neighbours and kindest of friends. He it was who had received from the poor woman the address of such friends in the old country who she thought might possibly interest themselves in her boys, and he it was who collected among sympathising neighbours and acquaintances as much money as would give the little fellows a respectable outfit and pay their passage home to England.

'Ah, my poor Cecil!' the dying mother had said, as she held the hand of her kind friend, 'he is so frail, so weak, so shy of strangers. Oh, if I could have taken him with me to the Better Land! I am not afraid for Fred; he is bright, and bold, and winsome, he will make his way anywhere; but poor Cecil! Well, it is God's will; they are in His hands, and He knows what is best. Dear friend,' she added, 'how can I thank you and your kind wife for all that you have done for me and mine?'

'Oh, don't mention that, Mrs. Malcolm,' was the reply, 'and keep your mind easy about the boys. I pledge myself to see the little chaps safely off to England, and you know we can do no more.'

'No more,' repeated Mrs. Malcolm in dreamy tones; 'no more.' Then the poor lady seemed to fall into a quiet sleep, but it was a sleep which had no awaking in this world.

The day when Mr. Stace had brought the two boys, Fred and Cecil Malcolm, on board the *Beatrice* seemed to them to be the most eventful day in their young lives. Hitherto they had lived in great seclusion with their sick mother, learning such lessons as she was able to teach them, running errands for her, generally after dark, when their shabby clothing would not be observed by neighbours, and filling up their time with such amusements as they could devise for themselves in the semi-darkness of the sick chamber. But now to be on board ship, among the busy, active sailors—to watch the long line of coolies as they carried the wool and other packages on board, to

listen to the clanking of chains and ropes, to hear the shouts of the captain and the mate as they issued orders to the men! What a delightful change!—at least for Fred Malcolm, who looked all about him with a boy's eager interest and delight, although the noise and apparent confusion frightened Cecil so much that he clung to his more robust brother as to a protector. But presently the two boys were led into the captain's cabin, where their good friend Mr. Stace had been making some arrangements for their comfort.

'Well, and are these the young chaps?' said Captain Cameron, in a brisk and hearty tone of voice, as he clapped both brothers on the back. 'Going home in my ship, are you? Well, see that you are good boys and do whatever you are told. Mr. Scott, the steward, will take some sort of charge of you both, for you must not be running all over the ship and getting into the men's way—at least, till after we have sailed, then you may have a little more liberty; but you, little chap,' looking at Cecil as he spoke, 'you don't seem quite so hearty as you might be!'

Here Mr. Stace whispered a few words to the captain, who drew up his eyebrows and took another look at the poor boy. Then, as the ship's steward passed the cabin door, the captain called out to him to take the boys away, show them their berths, and give them some biscuits and cheese to keep them going till dinner-time. 'He's a poor-looking little chap, that youngest boy,' he remarked, as soon as the brothers were fairly out of hearing. 'Seems to me that he is in consumption, and it's my belief we won't get him to Liverpool alive! Remember, we have no doctor on board; though, to be sure, I know a little about medicine myself.'

'He is not a younger brother,' remarked Mr. Stace. 'The boys are twins, but he has been delicate from his birth, and, though my wife has done her best for him since his mother died, I can't say that he has improved much, either in health or spirits. But we had no choice but to send them to England. The boys have not a penny in the world, and no relatives on this side the ocean. I only hope the man to whom we are sending them will take them in hand.'

'Is he a relative of the boys?' asked the captain.

'He married their aunt, I believe,' said Mr. Stace, 'a sister of Mrs. Malcolm's, so he is their uncle in a way. He is a rich man, too; so it would be nothing to him to see their education finished, and the poor little chaps set out in the world.'

'That's just as it may be,' observed the captain. 'He may have a dozen of children of his own to look after. However, that is no concern of ours. You have done a charitable deed towards them already, and, so far as looking well after them on the voyage, and seeing that they get enough to eat, I am ready to do my part, too. After that they must be left to Providence, Who can look better after the orphan than you and I.'

Then Mr. Stace took his leave, the next few days being fully occupied with the annoying events already recorded—the arrival of the gold, as also the four disagreeable passengers, and, lastly, the vexatious



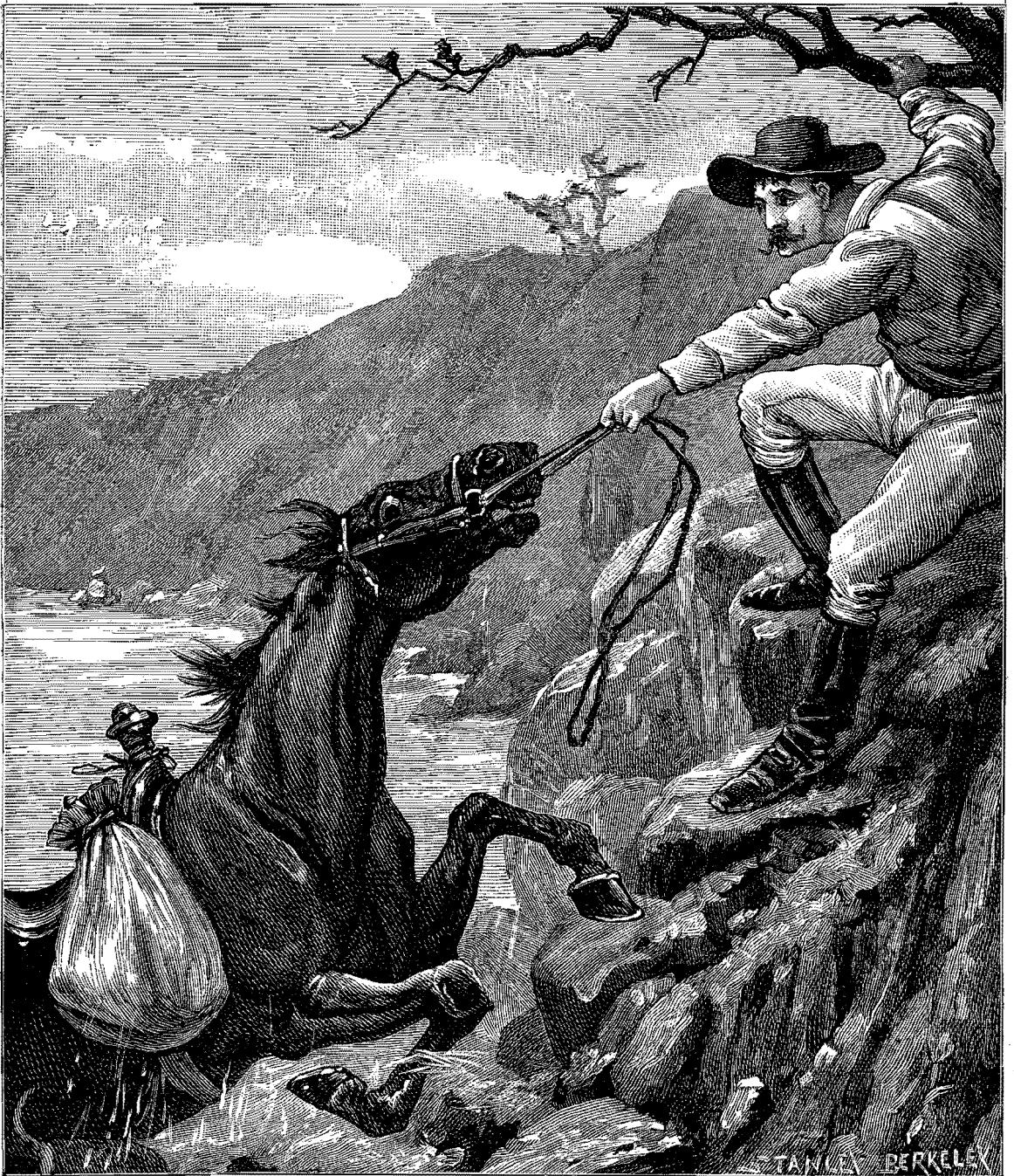
"With a lusty cheer from the crew the ship sailed gallantly away."

desertion of the ship by six of her crew, which involved the engaging of the lascars to fill their vacant places.

At length, however, all was arranged, the good

ship *Beatrice* spread her white wings, and, with a lusty cheer from the English part of the crew, she sailed gallantly away.

(Continued at page 211.)



Seth Baldur succeeds in saving the Mail-bag.

SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. V.



YOU want to hear of my ride for the Pony Express, do you? Well, it was a mighty exciting ride while it lasted, I can tell you, and I've never wanted to repeat the experiment. The way I happened on the job was this. Trade in furs had been very slack, and I was almost down to my bottom dollar, when I fell in with a party of emigrants, who asked me to act as guide to the place they were bound for, not many miles

from Bear River. They gave me twenty-five dollars a month, and I stayed with them four months or so. After that, I tramped into the nearest settlement.

Here I found a terrible trouble. The Cheyennes had risen all along the post route from Jackson's Valley to Pawnee Creek, the next station, about ninety miles away. They had shot the last three riders dead, and all the mails had been lost. The same day I reached the settlement I was hailed by the superintendent of the Pony Express Agency, a half-breed named Mungo, and asked if I would ride into the Creek with the mail, and bring out the one waiting there. Well, I wasn't exactly a nervous man, as you can guess, but it looked a mighty poor chance of earning anything but about six foot of ground, and I stopped to get a think about it, as you may say. Finally, Mungo, who had tried pretty well every man in the place, and only got laughed at for his pains, said:

'I'll make it worth your while; let's say a hundred dollars for the ride.'

'Not by a long way, Mister Mungo,' says I. 'When a man's hair stands such a chance of liftin', he wants a bit more than a hundred dollars. Make it two hundred, and I don't mind trying the gallop; but I've got no horse, nor money to buy one, so you'll have to fix me up with one of yours.'

Well, we finally settled the matter at one hundred and eighty dollars, and me to keep the horse for myself—if I got through—and next morning at day-break I started. Nothing happened, and I never saw a solitary Indian all the way there; but when I got within sight of the post station, I smelt danger ahead. The place was all silent, and I slipped off my pony, tethered him to a tree, and crept forward just to see a bit privately before I made any outside show, or put on any style in riding in. It was well I did so. The Cheyennes had been there before me, and sacked the place. Funny enough, the first thing I saw when I entered the post office was the mail-bag, ready packed to start. I need not tell you, young gentlemen, that I didn't go into that office by the front door. Sliding through a hole in the back saw-logs was good enough for me when Cheyennes was anywhere around. I just snaked that mail-bag out of the place and slid for it. I had got within twenty yards of where my pony was, when a rifle-bullet took my cap right off my head. I didn't stop to make no inquiries,

but legged it for all I was worth, jumped on to the pony, cut his lariat, and went. Two more shots were fired at me, the second one cutting my leather moccasin just behind the knee. No attempt at chasing me followed, so I guessed they must have been on foot. I suppose I rode ten miles or more on the homeward track before I dared rest the pony again, and then I didn't even sit down myself, but I kept my eyes brightly skinned, and my Winchester at full cock. I only waited an hour, and then went on again.

It was a terrible dark night, and both me and the pony were feeling very beat. We went slowly through a clump of pine-trees, when suddenly an Indian jumped out on the left side of me, and fired point-blank at my head. The pony swerved and I ducked, and between us the bullet did no damage. I shoved the spurs into my little nag, and galloped down to a stream that ran in front. It wasn't more than twenty feet across, and the pony tried to jump it. He was dead beat, however, and failed to clear the obstacle. We fell into deep water, and I slipped off the saddle and tried to get the pony up the opposite bank. As I did so, I saw a party of Indians running all they knew to cut me off. What became of the pony I never knew. I clutched the mail-bag, and, through a small storm of bullets, dashed into the bush. The darkness of the night was all in my favour, and though I could hear their howling and yells for half an hour after, they never caught a sight of me. Tired as I was I made very good travelling—one does make good records with a horde of yelling cut-throats at your back, you know!—for many a mile until morning broke. Then I hid up and had a big sleep.

I did the whole of the rest of the journey—the best part of eighty miles—by night, and rested day-times. That, I reckoned, would be a safer game to play than just journeying on straight away. When, at last, dead beat and worn out, I got into the settlement, I said to Mungo, 'I reckon I'm here, and I will take my one hundred and eighty dollars; but I shan't be any more expense to you that way, Mungo. I guess if your liver wants shaking up, you can't do better than take a turn at the Pony Express yourself.'

FOX RUSSELL.

MACARONICS OF LETTERS.

THE celebrated Dr. Whewell, of Cambridge, once wrote a very ingenious rhyme of ciphers which has puzzled old heads, but which perhaps some youngsters can make out without looking at the interpretation:—

'U O a O, but I O u;
O O no O, but O O me;
O let not my O a O go;
But give O O, I O u so!'

which, being deciphered, is this:—

'You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for you;
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me;
O let not my sigh for a cipher go;
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so!'

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 208.)

CHAPTER III.



OR many days after the good ship *Beatrice* had cleared out of port, everything seemed to go well on board, with the one exception that the six lascars were sometimes inclined to be quarrelsome with the English seamen. Neither the captain nor Mr. Rice, the mate, took any par-

ticular notice of this under-current of discontent, so long as it was confined to mere grumbling and growling at each other; but when at length a serious quarrel took place between two of the lascars themselves and knives were drawn, then interference, prompt and peremptory, became necessary, the man who seemed to have been the aggressor being put in irons for three days, while the other fellow was severely admonished.

'Tell ye what,' said Tom to his messmate Jack, shortly after this unpleasant occurrence had taken place—'tell ye what, we won't have no peace on this here voyage. As anybody with half an eye may see, these foreign skunks are up to something out of the common, or my name's not Tom Ryder, and it's not only quarrelling among themselves, for that wouldn't matter much according to my way of thinking; but haven't you seen how thick that man Nixon is with them?'

'Do ye mean Nixon, the rowdy chap in the cabin?'

asked Jack.

'Of course I do,' growled Tom. 'Is there another Nixon aboard, stupid? Well, they was a-whispering together last night when they didn't know as I could see them, and I tell you what, Jack, something will have to be done.'

'Done? how done?'

asked Jack, in a wondering tone of voice. (He was not nearly so sharp a fellow as Tom, though as honest to the full.)

'Well, I mean that we'll need to keep our eyes open, and the captain and the mate as well, for it's my belief that these four passengers, who looked so innocent when these foreign scum came aboard, knew them every one, every blessed mother's son of them!'

'Well, and what if they did?'

asked Jack, still with a perplexed look on his sun-burnt face.

'Just this,' said Tom, 'that, as sure as you're alive, the whole lot of them has an eye to the gold!'

'To the gold!'

echoed Jack; then, after a pause, 'And why not! Isn't the gold their own?—leastways don't it belong to Nixon and Potter, and the other two chaps, Denham and Shenk?'

'Well, now, Jack,' said Tom, 'you are green, you are! I mean the government gold, stupid—for, as for them three miserable boxes of gold as they was a blowing out about, I wouldn't give a plug of bacca for them all. Indeed, I'm blest if I don't think as

those three chests of theirs is all dummies! Now, then, what do you think of that, lad?'

Jack made no reply for a minute or two, he seemed quite taken aback by the extraordinary acuteness of his friend Tom. At last he spoke. 'What makes you think so?' he said.

'Well, what makes them so thick with them foreigners when nobody else is there, and not know them at all when somebody is a-looking on?'

Still Jack did not speak.

'And why do they want to know so exactly where the ship is, and to get her place marked on the chart—just tell me that?'

Still Jack kept silence.

'And why do they pretend to know nothing about the sea, and yet they always call every sheet and bit of tackle by the right name, and they have their sea-legs as soon as ever they come aboard?'

But Jack seemed still in a maze and said nothing.

'Well, then,' continued Tom in a low tone, 'I'll tell ye what it is, Jack, if so as ye can't see it for yourself. It's my belief as there will be a fight afore long, and perhaps a change of skippers, who knows? And if there should be a rumpus, well, there's twelve on our side and ten on theirs; and if we was all on our guard and ready, why, of course, we would win the fight; but, you see, the skipper won't believe nothing but what he sees with his own eyes, and Mr. Rice, too, he just guffawed when I gave him a kind of hint of what I thought, and, says he, "You're growing suspicious, Tom, in your old age! Never you fear," says he; "the gold is as safe as if it was in the bank already." Well, we'll see, that's all.' Here Tom paused, and seemed to fall into a fit of abstraction, during which we must go back for a little to our boy passengers.

During all these first days of the homeward voyage, the two young Malcolms had been left very much to their own devices, and it was quite wonderful to see how intensely both boys, but especially Fred, enjoyed the change from the melancholy surroundings with which they had been familiar on land to the brightness, the freshness, and the amusing variety of a life upon the ever-changing and ever-beautiful sea. Of course, for a few days, they were sea-sick, but this did not last long. As Tom expressed it, both youngsters soon found their sea-legs, and staggered about the ship with the occasional help of a friendly seaman amid peals of laughter from the mate, or from such members of the crew as witnessed the performance.

Captain Cameron was as kind to them as he possibly could be, the steward attended to all their comforts with constant devotion, while even the four objectionable passengers, whose names were Nixon, Potter, Denham, and Shenk, endeavoured, in a clumsy kind of way, to make friends of the two little fellows. But from these men both Fred and Cecil recoiled, finding their chief amusement in dogging the steps of the two seamen, Tom and Jack, for both of whom they felt the love which young lads almost always feel for kindly-hearted sailors—and these men were indeed kind to the poor lads, whose forlorn outlook in life was well known to them. Never once did they find fault with the brothers, though Fred played all manner of tricks



The Boys finding their Sea-legs.

upon them. Some of the other men, indeed, did grumble at times, when he tried their patience a little too much; but not even the grumpiest among them could keep up any kind of grudge against the laughing, merry-hearted boy, who, though brimful of fun, was still careful to do nothing that was really annoying.

And could it be that those two boys, of twelve

years, had quite forgotten the dear and tender mother at whose dying bed they had stood and wept only a few months ago? Not so; deep down in the heart of each that dear mother was enshrined; not a night passed that they did not kneel down together, and repeat the prayers which she had taught them, while the boy Cecil especially, after getting into his berth at night, would often wipe away the tears that

welled to his eyes when he recollected her loving words and her tender good-night kiss. As the time wore on, however, aboard ship, a change seemed to come over this poor lad: he gradually withdrew from his brother's more boisterous sports; he grew silent, dull, and languid, and only seemed to be really happy when lying on a couch on deck, reading a book, or else talking quietly with Tom, who, having boys of his own at home in Glasgow, took a deep interest in the suffering lad.

'Were you always a sickly boy, Master Cecil?' asked the seaman one day, as he attended to some duty in the near neighbourhood of the sick boy's couch.

'No, not till I was ten years old,' replied the boy; 'at which time my father moved from the country into the city, and I grew poorly then. Mother said that I did not get enough of good fresh air. Then my father was killed by a street accident, and we moved to a still narrower street—it was not at all pleasant; but Mr. Stace lived not far from us, and he had known my father, and was so kind. I used to hear my dear mother praying God to bless him and his wife as she lay on her dying bed.'

'Ah, then, you had a good mother,' said Tom, to whose eyes a suspicious moisture had risen. 'Well, so had I, a real good mother, dead and gone long ago! You must try not to forget all that she taught you, my boy. A mother's teaching should always be remembered.'

'Oh, I could not forget her teaching,' cried the boy, while a sudden glow overspread his pale face. 'I say my prayers every night, and so does Fred, and we read the psalms for the day—at least sometimes; but, Tom, I want to ask you a question, Do you think that I shall live to grow up?' Tell me truly, Tom.'

The good seaman looked earnestly at his young companion without speaking for a moment or two. In his secret heart, he thought the poor boy doomed to an early death, but could not bear to tell him so; at last he spoke. 'Would you be afraid to die, Master Cecil?' he said.

'No, I think not,' replied the little fellow, quietly. 'My mother always said, if we would trust in our Saviour, He would always care for us, and I do trust in Him, only I would be sorry to leave Fred all alone in the world.'

'Never fear for Fred,' said Tom, with a kindly pressure of the thin little hand, 'for, if nobody else looks after him when we get to England, Jack and I will, and there's my hand on it.'

A happy smile broke over Cecil's face as the two hands met in a warm clasp. He did not know exactly if Tom really meant what he said, but he loved and trusted him, and his young heart felt glad and happy.

(Continued at page 218.)

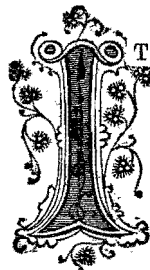
SIR FOWELL BUXTON'S LETTER TO HIS SON.

YOU are now at that period of life in which you must make a turn to the right or the left. You must now give proofs of principle, determination, and strength of mind—or you must sink into idleness, and acquire the habits and character of a

desultory, ineffective young man; and, if once you fall to that point, you will find it no easy matter to rise again.

I am sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my own case it was so. I left school, where I had learned little or nothing, about the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home, learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to college opened upon me, and such thoughts as I have expressed in this letter occurred to my mind. I made my resolutions, and I acted up to them: I gave up all desultory reading—I never looked into a novel or a newspaper—I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireland, I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting-place. I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions; and then *I speedily passed from one species of character to another.* I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment. I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and of irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and I found those things which were difficult, and almost impossible to my idleness, easy enough to my industry; and *much of my happiness and ALL MY PROSPERITY IN LIFE have resulted from the change I made at your age.* If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will, for your whole life, have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and to act upon that determination.

A BOY ISVOSCHIK.



THIS is Christmas Eve, but the broad, snowy streets of St. Petersburg are almost deserted. In vain do the fashionable shops of the Nevsky display their most tempting wares. Who cares to idle about looking into shop windows when the thermometer stands at 35° below zero? It has been a terrible winter for the birds and the poor. The pigeons, which abound at St. Petersburg, fall down dead in the streets by hundreds, and more than one poor *moujik* has met with a similar fate.

Perhaps none suffer more than the *isvoschiks*. Perched all day long, and sometimes half the night, too, on the uneasy boxes of their rickety little sledges, in spite of their long caftans and thick gloves they are often chilled through to the bone. It is a hard life for grown men, but many of them are mere boys. Look at little Sasha Ivanoff: he cannot be more than fourteen now, and yet he has been an *isvoschik* these two years. He is not a strong-looking lad, either; but perhaps his golden hair and pale face, with that peculiarly gentle expression one so often sees in young Russians, especially among the peasantry, make him appear more delicate than he really is. Anyhow, a gay temper and plenty of pluck have enabled him not

only to endure bravely many hardships and privations, but also to derive a good deal of enjoyment out of his rather precarious existence; and probably he would be happy enough still, were it not for his friend Pavel Vassilieff.

Poor Pavel! he could never look at life in the careless, happy-go-lucky way that Sasha did. He was an orphan, as Sasha also was, a fact which had probably drawn them to each other, and with the exception of his little friend, whom he had only met about a year ago, Pavel had never had any one to love. Ill-treated from a child by a brutal step-father, from whom he had run away as soon as he was old enough to manage for himself, he had gone through a series of vicissitudes which had made him at thirty as soured and cross-grained a young fellow as could be found among all the *isvoschiks* of St. Petersburg, which, after all, is not saying much, for, on the whole, they are the most easy-going and contented set of rascals on the face of the earth. Like many men who are quarrelsome with their equals, Pavel had a soft place in his heart for children, and the kindness which he had shown Sasha in many an hour of need had completely won the boy's simple, half-savage heart. As to Pavel, he adored Sasha with that exclusive devotion which is often characteristic of those who love but rarely.

Accordingly when, at the beginning of this winter, poor little Sasha fell ill, Pavel was almost beside himself. He knew well enough that Sasha's sickness was caused by nothing but lack of warm clothing and wholesome food, and he felt bitter towards all the world.

One night, when he was afraid that his young friend was going to die, as he sat in a *trakteer* drinking his tea and eating his frugal evening meal, he unburdened his mind to some university students who were there. These young fellows raved against the rich and the nobles, and even against the Tsar. Pavel joined in and spoke more violently than any of them. But, unfortunately, there was a little black-bearded man among them who seemed to sympathise with them, and lead them on to say more than perhaps they would otherwise have done. He was an agent of the secret police. The next day they were all arrested and sent without trial to Siberia; and before a week had passed, worn out with the long, weary march, Pavel had died in his chains.

When Sasha recovered from his illness, and heard of the terrible fate that had befallen his friend, for the first time in his life he lost courage. It is true that he did not know Pavel was dead, but he knew how seldom those who are sent to Siberia return safe and sound, and he had little hope of ever seeing his friend again in this world. Since then, too, nothing seemed to prosper with poor Sasha. The fact is, that his good-humoured gaiety had been the most valuable part of his stock-in-trade. The eloquence with which he flattered, and coaxed, and even at times almost bullied people into his sledge, had equalled, if it did not surpass, that of any *isvoschik* in the capital.

But now his only way of attracting custom is to ask less than any one else. To-day, Christmas Eve though it is, he has scarcely earned anything; and

now that a gentleman, dressed in a bearskin *shooba* and fur cap, comes out of a grand house by the Gostiny Dvor, and shouts 'Isvoschik!' though Sasha drives up with the rest, he has very little hope of success.

'The Great Theatre, fifteen copecks!' shouts the gentleman in Russian, but with a strong foreign accent.

There is a universal chorus of 'Oh, *barin*, *barin*!' in every tone of entreaty and expostulation. 'Fifteen copecks! Does the *barin* suppose they drive for their own pleasure? Fifteen copecks! Why, it would be robbing their wives and their children. But the *barin* is no doubt joking. Let them talk seriously.'

One demands a rouble, another will take eighty copecks, a third sixty; but fifteen, it is not to be thought of.

The *barin*, a good-natured Englishman, listens, smiling. He never intended to give only fifteen copecks, but he has been warned of the necessity of bargaining. He knows, too, that to whatever sum he agrees to give, at the end he will have to add a few copecks *nachai*—'for tea,' as the word literally means. He is just about to make his next offer, when a rather weary-sounding, boyish voice says meekly, 'Fifteen copecks; *horoshaw*, all right! get in, *barin*!'

The Englishman is touched. 'Don't be afraid, good *nachai*,' is all he can say, for he only knows a few words of Russian; but the boy understands and smiles gratefully.

When they arrive at the theatre, Sasha—for, of course, it is he, who else would have taken fifteen copecks?—manages, by a language of signs, to intimate that he will wait for the *barin*'s return. Russian *isvoschiks* will often do this; three or four hours' waiting out of doors in the bitter cold, while their customers are at a dinner party, or even a ball, seems quite natural to them.

'*Horoshaw*, good *nachai*,' the Englishman repeats, with a smile; and then he disappears in the crowd pressing into the theatre.

Poor little Sasha is terribly cold and hungry, but he comforts himself with the thought that, when the *barin* has paid him, he will go and get some food and warm himself. So he nestles down in his wraps and prepares to wait patiently till the opera is over.

Some of the other *isvoschiks* have made a great fire in the open place before the theatre, so as to keep a little heat in their half-frozen bodies. But Sasha feels too tired and sleepy to move; besides, perhaps the *barin* will not find him if he is not in the same place; so he remains where he is, and presently drifts off to dreamland. Poor little fellow! Does he not know the danger of sleeping out of doors on a night like this, or is he too weary and worn out to care?

When, three or four hours later, the opera is over, and the silent, snow-clad square is once more flooded with noise and laughter, as the streams of gaily chatting play-goers pour out in every direction from the different entrances, the Englishman, who is one of the foremost, finds his little *isvoschik* still patiently waiting.

His round, childish little face, rested on one hand, is turned toward the theatre, as if looking out for the *barin's* return, and a smile, perhaps at the prospect of the good *nachai*, yet lingers round his lips; but his eyes are closed in death's long sleep. Little Sasha has gone to join his friend Pavel, in the Home of the homeless, and will never feel hunger and cold any more.

E. E. BRADFORD.

THE NEGLECTED CANARY.

OVERHEAD in the lattice high
Our little golden songster hung,
Singing, piping merrily,
With dulcet throat and joyous tongue;
Singing from the peep of morning
To the evening's closing eye,
When the sun in blue was burning,
Or when clouds shut out the sky;
Foul or fair, morn, eve, or noon,
Its little pipe was still in tune.

But playful June brought holidays,
And bade our city hearts prepare
To leave awhile our beaten ways
For sandy shore and breezy air.
Some busy days then past us flew
And, though no special need it drew,
Our warbler, up above us there,
Was each one's joy—but no one's care.
The noise of preparation rang
From room to room, from hand to hand,
Until our little minstrel sang
Almost unheeded, and—unfed;
Singing on with trustful lay,
Piping through the livelong day.

But how it spared its ebbing well,
Or how ebb'd out its lessening meal,
We may but guess, we cannot tell,
We only think and sadly feel.
It saw the kittens on the floor,
Regaled with plenty from our board;
It saw the crumbs swept from our door,
Feeding the sparrows in the yard.
Ah! were those prison wires away,
And were it only free as they!

We know not if its song grew weak
As thirst and hunger gnawed apace;
And when to the accustomed place
It came its food and drink to seek,
We cannot tell if bleak despair
Rose in its breast when none was there;
Or whether, springing to its perch,
It piped again the merry strain,
Alighting to renew its search—
Search and sing again, again.
We cannot tell; our busy brains
Unconsciously drank in its strains,
Nor missed at morning, noon, or night,
The sweet unrecognised delight.

But, when the day to leave came round,
'Ah! who will tend the bird?' we said;
'Chirp, chirp! sweet, sweet!' Alas, no sound
Of wing or note! And is it fled?
We looked into the cage and found
Our little minstrel cold and dead!
And scattered on its little floor
The chaffy remnants of its store;
The last drop in its well was drained
And not a grain of seed remained.

We laid it in a little grave,
And wondered how so small a thing
Had ever piped the merry stave
That made our hearts and household ring;
Surely it was not this that sung,
But something that had passed away—
The voice that ran through limb and tongue.
Ay, call it spirit if we may;
Which haply in some other sphere
Repeats the song that charmed us here,
For life is sacred—great and small—
And He that notes the sparrow's fall
May keep a higher home for all.

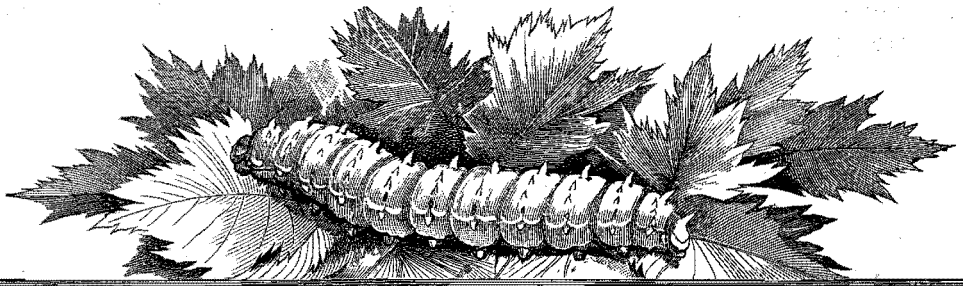
From '*Laddie's Lamentation and other Poems*,' by
ROBERT LEIGHTON.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE SILKWORM MOTH.

THE caterpillars of the silkworm moth come from the eggs laid by a moth in the autumn, and in May of the following year the eggs are hatched. The young ones are very small, less than the tenth of an inch in length. They grow in size very rapidly; a great change may be observed daily. Their colour at first is nearly black, later on they become nearly white. In India, the caterpillar of this moth arrives at its full growth in forty-seven days, and has finished spinning in five more, making altogether fifty-two days. During this period it sheds its skin three or four times, and on each occasion its colour becomes lighter and the head larger. When the silkworm is nearly ready to spin it ceases to eat, and its colour changes to a transparent yellow. It then begins to spin a few threads of silk among the leaves; then a regular oval ball of silk is spun, which is suspended from a twig or leaf. In the interior of this ball of silk the caterpillar continues to work from five to ten days; its cocoon will then be finished and compact. In about a fortnight or three weeks after the cocoon has been finished, the caterpillar within has already entered upon a further change in its existence, the chrysalis state. The final change which ends this strange eventful history is at hand: the skin or disguise in which the chrysalis has been enveloped cracks and opens, and the perfect moth appears. In watching an insect busy at the construction of a nest or cocoon, we feel impressed with the deepest admiration and wonder at the spectacle, because it seems to us that behind and beyond the curtain is hid the Supreme Artist.

W. A. C.

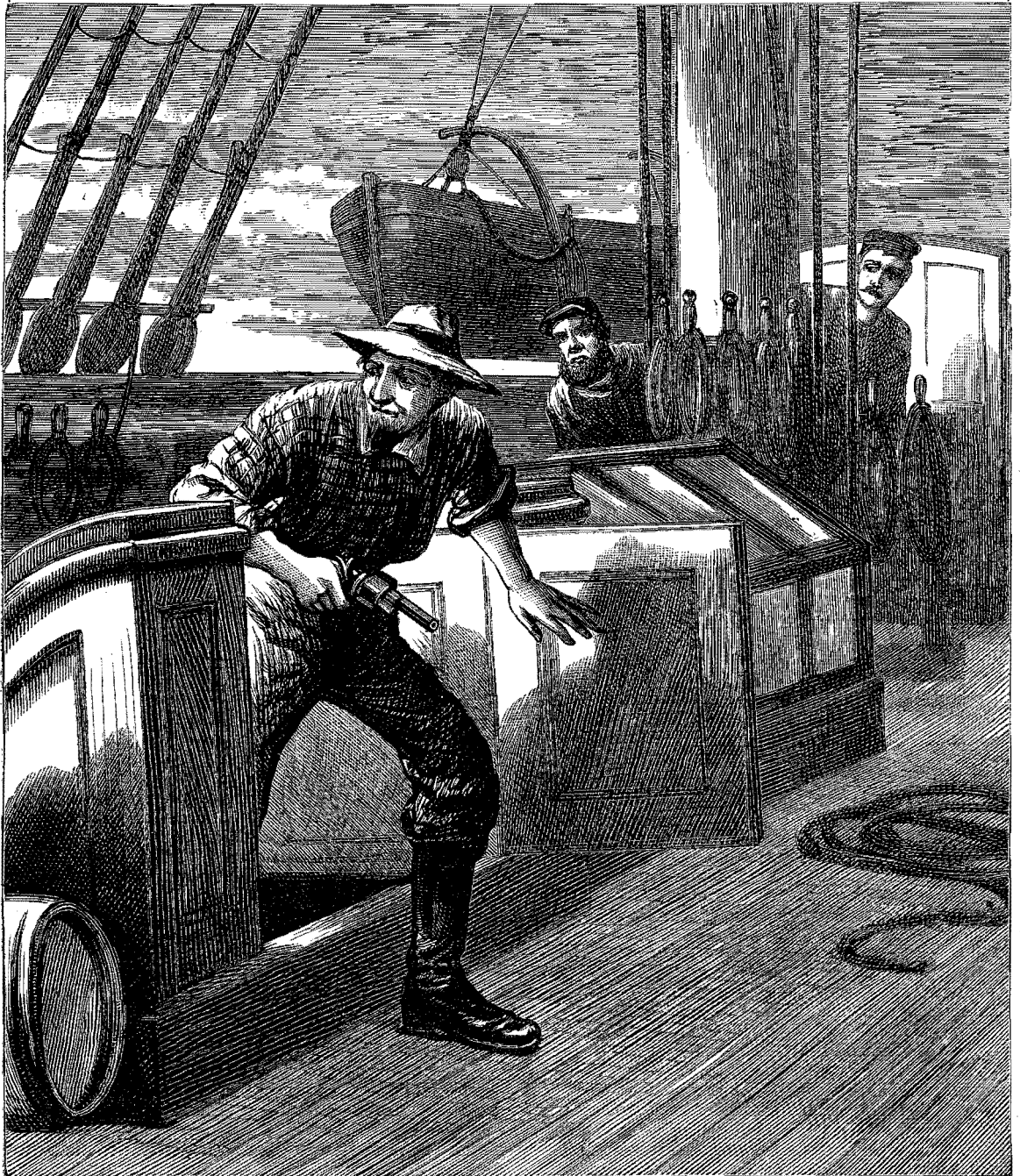


W. A. GANSTON.

The Silkworm Moth of India.

Caterpillar.

Eggs.



"There 's some one a-stealing up the companion-ladder."

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 213.)

CHAPTER IV.



ONLY a few days had passed since the conversation already recorded between Tom and Jack had taken place, when a somewhat suspicious event occurred on board the *Beatrice*. A heavy squall having been observed suddenly sweeping across the ocean, all hands were called on deck to get the vessel prepared for emergencies, the two boys, Fred and Cecil, having first been locked into their cabin, and the other passengers advised to remain below. Well, the squall, when it did come, was a tremendous one; the sky grew black, the wind blew furiously, while the ship flew along under reefed topsails, with a very heavy sea running. At this juncture Captain Cameron, who had been busy on deck giving orders, suddenly dived down to his own cabin for some article which he required. He had not been gone more than a minute, when he again appeared, in a towering fury, dragging along with him, by the collar of his coat, one of the passengers, the man Denham, whose face was very pale and wore a terrified expression. Calling the mate to his assistance, the captain then led, or rather dragged, the unlucky passenger along to his own sleeping berth, and turned the key upon him, saying at the same time, 'There, you can stop where you are till this gale is over, when you will please to give me an exact account of what you were doing in my cabin.' Then, turning on his heel, the angry seaman walked away, calling on the mate to follow him.

'I wonder what it all means,' he said to his subordinate. 'I found that fellow in my cabin prying about, and actually sounding the planks with a small hammer which he had in his hand! Do you think the fellow is a thief? My watch is hanging there— But no! it could not be that; for of course he must have known that I would miss the watch as soon as I entered the cabin. What do you think, Mr. Rice? What do you suppose the fellow was up to?'

'Not trying to steal anything, sir, I am sure of that,' replied the mate; 'but I believe he might be spying about him. I have always observed that that man pokes his nose into every corner; he is an underhand kind of fellow—but, indeed, the whole four of them are that. Still, sir, I believe he had no particular object in view; I believe it was nothing but vulgar curiosity that led him into your cabin.'

'Well,' replied the captain, thoughtfully, 'I can't feel so sure of that; I believe that the fellow is gold mad, and is afraid that unless he keeps a strict watch, his three precious boxes of gold-dust may be spirited away, somehow. I was a fool to allow them to be placed in the strong room with the government gold; but out they shall go the first thing to-morrow

morning. They can keep their own gold in their own cabins. Why not?'

But to this the mate made no reply, for, just as the captain uttered these words, a great commotion overhead called both men upon deck, where rather a wild scene met their eyes. The gale, which for the last half-hour had seemed to be abating, had again suddenly increased in fury; the man at the wheel (although an experienced seaman) had unfortunately allowed the ship to broach to, with the effect that, in half a minute's time, a great wave, fully fifteen feet high, had struck the *Beatrice* broadside with a noise like thunder, immediately thereafter pouring like a cataract over the deck, knocking two or three of the men off their legs. Both captain and mate rushed at once to the wheel, but ere they could right the ship, another tremendous wave struck her again, and she fell into the trough of the sea, in imminent danger of foundering. It was an anxious moment, taxing the energies of every man to the uttermost; but by skilful seamanship the half-submerged *Beatrice* slowly recovered her equilibrium, when it was discovered that one of the men was lying among a heap of splintered wood and glass with his head cut open in a very serious manner, while Mr. Rice, the mate, was almost senseless and had his knee-cap broken.

But the fury of the storm had now spent itself, the sea was already moderating, and, after attending to the two disabled seamen, the captain had a moment's leisure to visit his two boy passengers and cheer up the poor little fellows, who had been terribly scared by the storm. After comforting their hearts with kind words and turning them over to the care of the steward, Captain Cameron then retraced his steps to the mate's cabin, and, closing the door, he resumed the conversation which had been brought to a summary close by the exigencies of the storm. 'You were about to say something, Mr. Rice, when that fool of a steersman almost lost us the ship; something about Tom and that unlucky consignment of gold, were you not?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the mate, who was comfortably ensconced in his berth, 'Tom was speaking to me about these passengers of ours, trying to persuade me that they were in league with the foreign seamen, and that they had designs upon the gold, the government gold, I mean; but it seemed ridiculous to me, and so I told Tom; but he was not to be convinced. He and Jack have persuaded themselves that there will be a mutiny aboard; but it is arrant nonsense, of course, for even supposing they could break into the strong room, what the better would they be?—and what would be their next move I can't imagine.'

The captain paused for a moment in deep thought. 'Mr. Rice,' he said, 'Tom is no fool, he is a long-headed fellow; I must have a talk with him. You ask me what would be their next move. What would you say to both the ship and the gold falling into their hands, with Nixon as skipper, and that man Denham as mate, while you and I have become food for the fishes? Can't you imagine in that case how the *Beatrice* would be steered into the first safe port, while her would-be owners might trump up some plausible story, sell the gold, scuttle the

ship, and then enjoy themselves, each man after his own fancy? A nice programme, would it not be?"

The mate turned his head on the pillow in order to face the captain. "By George, sir," he said, "you will think me an idiot, but I never thought of that, and we are just about matched as to numbers; while here am I, laid aside for a fortnight at least! Sir, could you not disarm these fellows at once, take their weapons from them? All the men will stand by you. This would avert the mischief, for without arms they could do nothing, especially when they see that we are on our guard; don't you think so, sir?"

"I'll have a talk with Tom first," said the captain, rising to his feet. "Meanwhile, Mr. Rice, you must try to rest. I have talked to you too long."

It was the evening of the day after the storm, one of those calm, lovely evenings when the sinking sun turns everything, sea and sky, ship and rigging, all to a beautiful gold. The boy, Cecil Malcolm, had gone to bed, being more fatigued than usual, Fred, sitting close beside him, reading aloud from a book kindly lent to him by the mate. Tom and Jack were sitting together in a corner mending a sail, and talking now and then in low tones, as though to escape observation, Tom relating to Jack the talk which he had had with the captain. "The skipper begins to smell a rat," he said, "and high time too. Did you hear that he had cotched one of them skunks in his cabin? Well, he says as he means to have it all out with them to-morrow morning, and make them give up their bowie-knives and revolvers. "But," says I to him, "morrow morning may be too late," says I. "Why not to-night, sir?" But he just walked away thoughtful-like, and I saw him go into Mr. Rice's cabin. He's as good a skipper, ours, as ever trod the deck; I don't know as I would ever wish to sail with a better; but he's—just a bit—soft, you know. He don't like to be hard on any one—haven't you noticed that, Jack?"

"I dessay," replied Jack; "but now that the mate is laid up, and Charley too, skipper is perhaps afraid to bring on a row, seeing as we are a bit short-handed."

"That's what it is," replied Tom; "we are short-handed, we are, and we have got these two little chaps to look after. I'm glad, though, as there's no female woman aboard, to be a-screeching, and a-howling, and a-twisting of her arms about a man's neck just when he wants to have himself braced up and ready. But, I say, Jack, it's almost dark; but, as I'm a livin' man, there's some one a-stealing up the companion-ladder at this very moment! Jack, the devilment is up already!"

"Phew!" whispered Jack, but in a very low tone. "Let us run and warn the captain."

But Tom's only reply was, "If we can!"

(Continued at page 227.)

THE name of Christopher Columbus was suggestive of a mission, Christi or Christ, and Colombo, a carrier pigeon. By this combination of significant words in his name, he believed himself to be a Gospel-bearer to the heathen and often signed himself Christiferens, or Christ-bearer.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

23.—SQUARED WORDS.

- 1.—1. A GENTLE bird.
2. Not shut.
3. To sell.
4. Terminations.
- 2.—1. A famous ancient city.
2. A river in Prussia.
3. Contemptible.
4. A lake in Ireland.
- 3.—1. The seat of life.
2. A mistake.
3. Get up!
4. Fragrant flowers.
5. A lock of hair.
- 4.—1. A staff; a measure of length.
2. Short poems.
3. An active feat.
4. To look curiously.
- 5.—1. A Russian measure of distance.
2. A banished man.
3. Has ascended.
4. Small snow-flakes.
5. Movable habitations.
- 6.—1. A person of high rank.
2. A range of mountains between Europe and Asia.
3. A vegetable.
4. A woman's name.
- 7.—1. A game at cards; a group of islands.
2. An open surface.
3. Repose.
5. A grain, an equine food.

C. C.

24.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

ONE of three divisions of a large country in Asia, belonging to a much smaller one in Europe. It contains vast forests and jungles, in which many formidable wild animals are found.

1. Another division of the same country.
2. A country in Africa in which rain very seldom falls. It contains the remains of some very remarkable buildings.
3. A village in Northamptonshire, the scene of a decisive battle between a King of England and some of his subjects.
4. A bay, a county, a town, and a port of the same name in Ireland.
5. A town and port of Australia named after an English Queen.
6. An important city in France famed for its manufactures, especially that of silk.

C. C.

[Answers at page 238.]

ANSWERS.

21.—Plato.

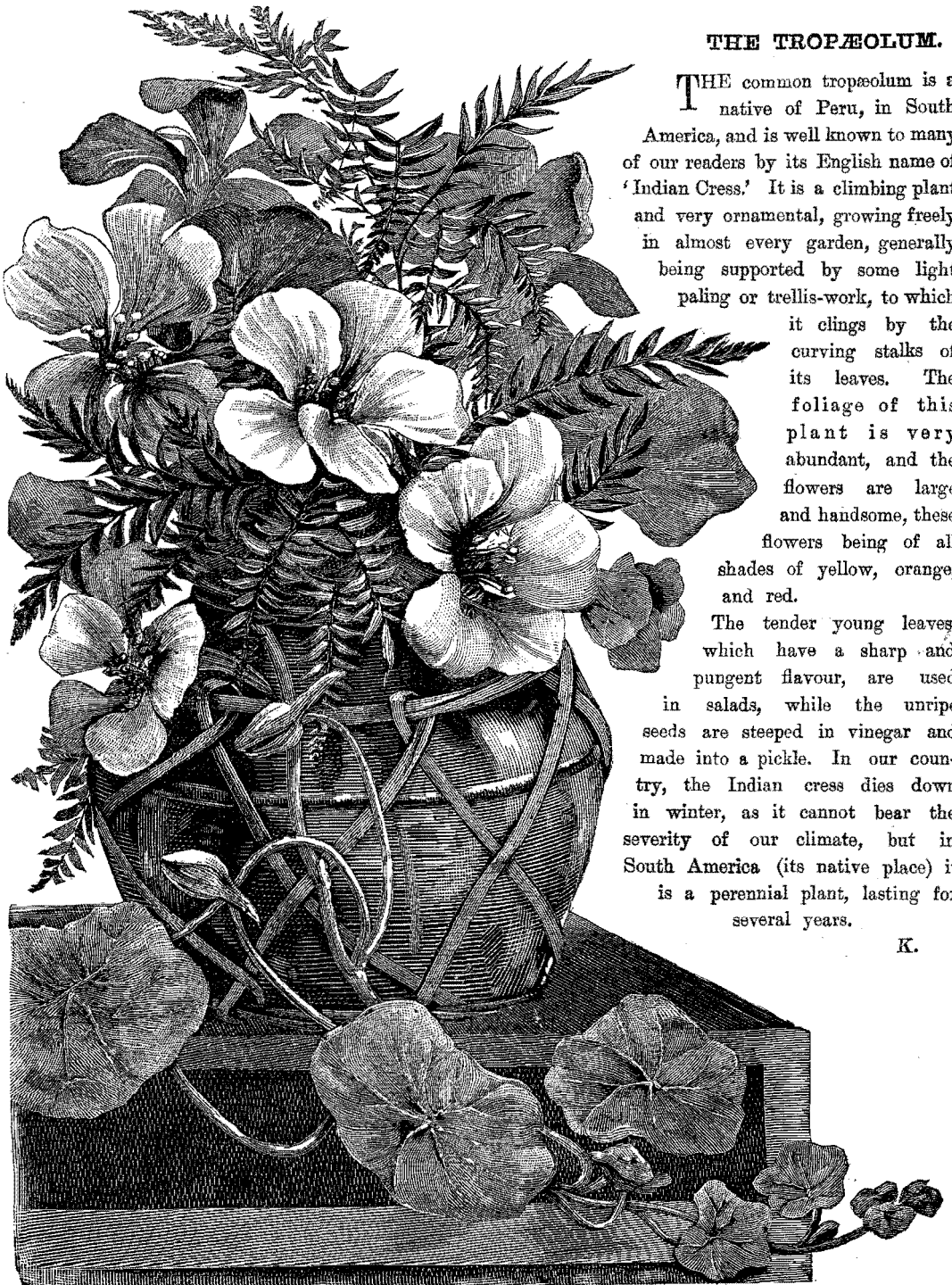
- | | | | |
|---------|---------|----------|----------|
| 1. Top. | 2. Pat. | 3. Plot. | 4. Plat. |
|---------|---------|----------|----------|
-
- | | | |
|----------------------|----------------|---------------|
| 22.—1. Macclesfield. | 5. Demerara. | 9. Cambridge. |
| 2. America. | 6. Agincourt. | 10. Delaware. |
| 3. Baltimore. | 7. Barbadoes. | 11. Denbigh. |
| 4. Caithness. | 8. California. | 12. Florence. |

THE TROPÆOLUM.

THE common tropæolum is a native of Peru, in South America, and is well known to many of our readers by its English name of 'Indian Cress.' It is a climbing plant and very ornamental, growing freely in almost every garden, generally being supported by some light paling or trellis-work, to which it clings by the curving stalks of its leaves. The foliage of this plant is very abundant, and the flowers are large and handsome, these flowers being of all shades of yellow, orange, and red.

The tender young leaves, which have a sharp and pungent flavour, are used in salads, while the unripe seeds are steeped in vinegar and made into a pickle. In our country, the Indian cress dies down in winter, as it cannot bear the severity of our climate, but in South America (its native place) it is a perennial plant, lasting for several years.

K.

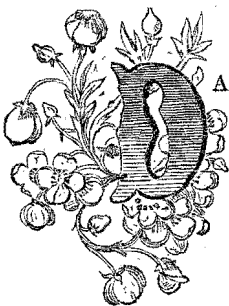




"See, see! he's waving—answer him!"

A BRAVE LAD.

By the
Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'



DAN never could bear, he said, to see a woman cry. 'Never could a-bear it,' was his own quaint way of expressing himself in relating to his mother a scene which had taken place at the village pump one April morning.

'And who was Dan?' you ask. Wait a moment,

reader. Dan is quite second in my thoughts just now to the village pump.

The pump was old and looked its age. It stood in the centre of the village, on a patch of grass just where four roads met, and where many others met besides four roads. Indeed, considering how many met there, it was wonderful that there should be a patch of grass; one would have expected it to be all trodden down and bare like the four roads. But it was not so trodden, it somehow remained green grass, just as it had been for many generations. And it was the pump that brought so many feet to tread

the patch of grass. Baby feet pattered over it because baby hands held on to mother's gown when mother went to fill a pail of water. Merry school children raced across it because a drink of water after school was pleasant; tottering old folk came thither as long as they could totter anywhere, to fill the kettle, and perhaps to hear the news, for much news was told at the village pump. And at the village pump many a friendship had grown up, and—well, I verily believe that at the pump the village had done half of its courting. Having given the first place to the one to whom the first place is assuredly due, let me now answer the question, 'Who was Dan?'

Dan was the eldest son of Barney Blacksmith, whose forge was a little way up one of the four roads which met at the pump. Dan had four brothers, all younger than himself, and one sister. At the time of which I am writing, Dan himself was sixteen. His father was a sober, hard-working man, his mother tidy and thrifty, and the home was a pleasant one. Nevertheless, home was not to Dan's taste. Ever since he had been able to read, his delight had been in books of travel; there were no pictures on the walls at school to equal in attraction for him the big maps which showed all the countries of the world, and he heard much about emigration, and some lads had lately gone from the village to New Zealand,

some to Australia, some to Canada, and with all his heart Dan longed to follow them. But Barney declared that he could not spare his eldest son, and Mrs. Barney declared that she should break her heart if he went away, and of all women Dan could not have borne to see his mother cry. I do not know whether Mrs. Barney really would have broken her heart; she talked a great deal about it, and tongues that talk and hearts that break do not often, as I have observed, go together.

'Dan is so handy,' she would say; 'his father tells me often and often that, young as he is, he works better than any man, and he's handy in the house, too, and always good-tempered; and when people say that it's a pity not to let him go because his heart is set upon it, I answer "Not a bit of it! If his heart were set upon it he would mope and fret; he would never whistle over his work as you may hear him at this minute." Oh, no; Dan is contented enough.'

'I call you downright silly, Dan,' a friend had said to him on this very April morning, after repeating one of these speeches: 'just show a little temper, lad; don't go about your work just as if you liked it; and don't take such pains with it that your father must needs think that no one could do it to equal you; and, mark my words, they'll soon let you go.'

A bad adviser this; but bad advice as well as good was given at the village pump.

Dan only whistled, whistled loud and merrily, and bent more closely over his work, which was that of attaching a drinking-cup by a chain to the old pump. At this moment the carrier's cart came along one of the four roads.

'Hi, Dan! let me have the first drink,' cried a voice from the cart; and the carrier, hearing it, drew up good-naturedly. Young Joe Bennett from 'up the village,' as it was called, sprang to the ground and ran towards the pump. 'The first drink and the last for many a day,' continued Joe, and I would not say that his voice was not a little shaky, and his merry manner a little bit put on. 'And mind you come soon, Dan,' said Joe, 'and I know you will come when you hear what fine tales I write home to mother.'

But mother, who was in the cart, looked as if she did not expect any fine tales, and Dan turned quickly to his work again after once catching a glimpse of her, because of his weakness of not being able to bear to see a woman cry.

'Good-bye, Dan!'

'Good-bye, Joe!'—and then the cart rumbled slowly up the hill.

'Oh, look, look!' said presently a tall, fair girl, who had come from the cottage close by to fill her pail.

Dan looked in the direction to which her face was turned. The cart had nearly reached the bend in the road, and the curtain of tarpaulin at the back was parted, and you could see a face peering through the opening.

'See, he's waving! answer him!' said the girl; and she quickly untied her apron and waved it over her head. Dan drew himself up and waved his cap until the cart was out of sight.

'That boy is emigrating, isn't he?' asked Alma, who was a stranger in the village.

'Yes,' answered Dan.

'And is he going all alone?'

'Yes,' answered Dan, 'all alone.'

'What a brave lad!' said Alma, still watching.

'And if this lad here had a bit more courage he might be going, too,' remarked the man who had given Dan bad advice.

The girl looked at Dan and was silent. Dan felt that she was wondering at his want of courage, and he flushed crimson. Then he finished fastening the chain, gathered up his tools, and walked away.

'Done it?' asked Barney, as his son returned to the shop.

'Done it!' answered Dan, throwing down his tools.

'And better than I would have done it myself, I'll wager,' said the smith nervously, for he had seen the cart go up the hill, and was glad Dan was not in it.

Dan whistled again and went to the next piece of work.

A few months after this Dan was reading the following letter:—

'MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—

'I take the pleasure of writing to you, hoping you are well, as I am. I am getting on all right, as I hope you are. We had a very fine voyage, only a little rough in the Bay of Biscay. We saw some splendid sights coming along. We saw a few whales, and thousands of flying fish. We went up the Suez Canal; that was Egypt. The land was bare; you could see here and there a tree. It looked a very strange country. We saw hundreds of camels at work drawing away sand, and they would lie down to be loaded. They looked funny after being used to horses. When we got to Colombo that was very fine; all along the coast looked beautiful with cocoanut-trees. We landed at last at Rockhampton, New Zealand. It is a fine country; I think I shall like it.' And then with a few home messages, in which Dan was included, Joe signed himself an 'affectionate son.'

Dan, as he read, was standing in the doorway of his father's workshop; one of Joe's little brothers had brought him the letter to see. Poor Dan! it seemed to him as a delightful fairy tale. The whales and flying fish, the camels at work, the cocoanut-trees of Colombo—it was all enchanting to his eager mind—a page out of one of those books of wonder and adventure which Joe and he had so often read together.

But alas! only that very day Barney Blacksmith had been saying that soon there would not be a smith in all the country round whose work could equal Dan's, and Mrs. Barney had declared in her son's hearing that she did not know what either she or his father would do without him; and Dan had seen a corner of his mother's apron go first into one eye and then into the other; and all this, acting as it did upon that little aversion of Dan's with which my story began, made the lad sigh as he folded the letter and replaced it in its yellow stamped envelope.

'Here, Dan, my boy!' called the smith from within the smithy; 'come and finish for me; you can do it better than I.'

Dan thrust the letter into the front of his leather apron. 'All right, dad,' he answered; and the half-sad look cleared away from his face. 'All right,

dad;' and in a moment he was at his work, whistling as he worked, so that his mother would have said, 'Hark! Do you hear? Dan discontented? Not a bit of it!'

And truly, Dan was not discontented. At the same time, he was not so light of heart as that merry whistle of his would have led one to suppose, for the crossing of his most eager hopes and wishes could not leave him altogether light of heart. But a better thing than lightness of heart is peace of mind, and that Dan did possess. So when Mrs. Barney said he was not discontented she was right.

But something which some one else had said of Dan was not right, but wrong. Some one else—you know, the bad adviser at the pump—had said that he lacked courage. I cannot agree to that. The lad who could so conquer self as to go on with his duty not only steadily, but cheerfully also, knowing all the time that by doing so he was drifting further and further from the desire of his heart, could not be said with any truth to lack courage.

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.

THE QUINTAINS.



HERE are a few towns or villages in England near which we may see the remains of an object made generally of stout oak wood, which gave much amusement to the young men of Saxon and Norman times. One of these, which is well known, is at Offham in Kent, and it is called the Quintain, because it was used in that

game, a game which helped to sharpen the eyes, to make the arms strong and steady; sometimes, too, when played on foot, it taught the lads to be swift runners. In the open places near London the game of the quintain was a very favourite sport for centuries, but it was partly meant to teach the young men to be good soldiers if they had to fight for their country. Quintains were of different sizes and shapes; some could be moved and some were fixed; however, of all there were formerly near London not one is left now, and we have no game exactly like it. We know from the old books that the quintain was a common game in Italy, so it is most likely that the Romans brought it over here, and taught it to the Britons first, then to the Saxons. Afterwards the game became a sort of amusement, at which many played who were not going to be soldiers.

Probably the thing first used in what was called the Post Quintain was the trunk of a tree or a post; then a figure was made in the shape of a man, at which the young Romans struck with clubs and spears. They practised this exercise morning and evening, but it was rather a rough game. It may have been because he thought so that the Emperor

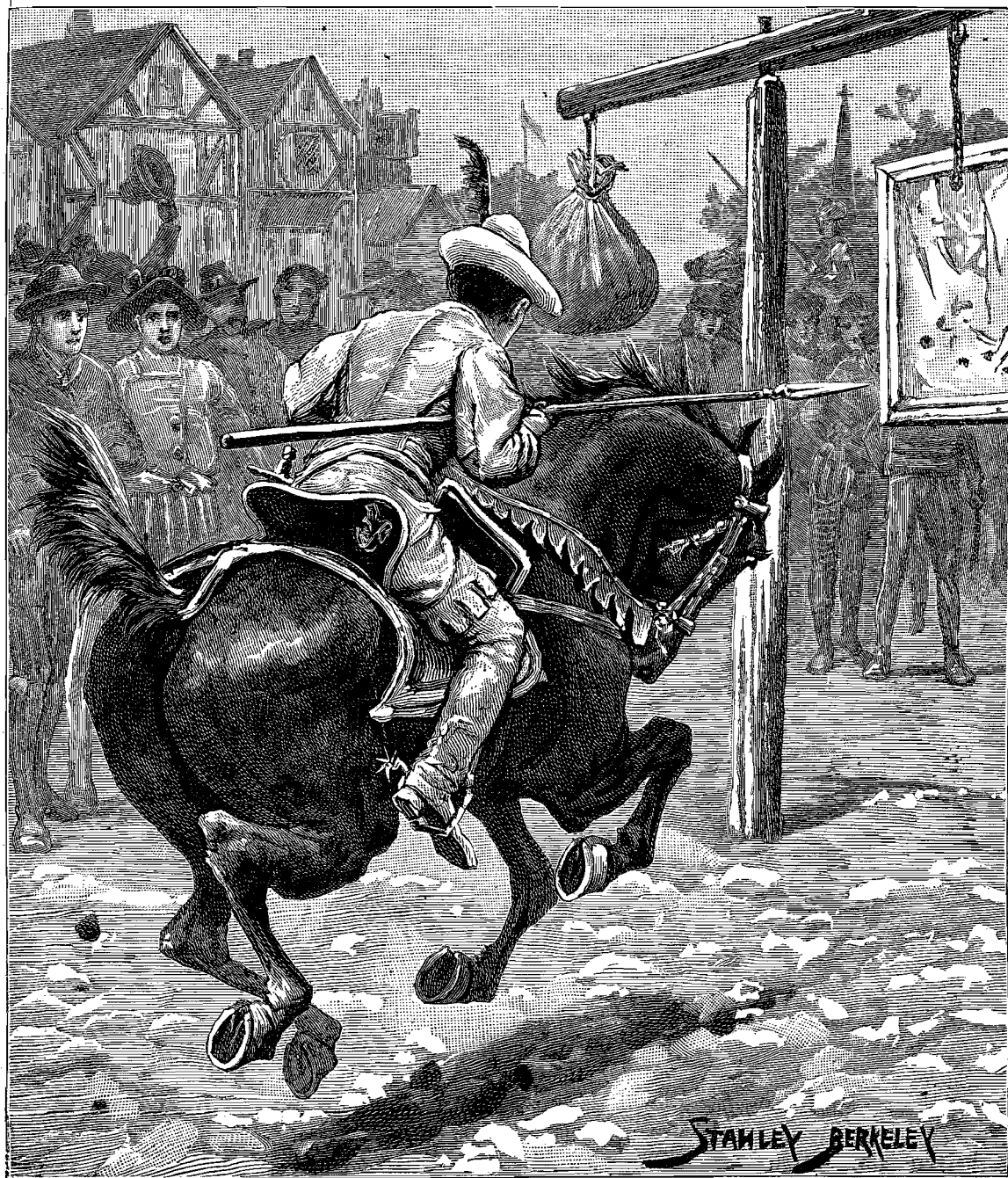
Justinian ordered that nobody should play at the game of quintain with a spear which had a point. An old author writes about the Post Quintain that about the time of the Crusades it was generally made like a Turk or a Saracen, and the young men went up to it, one after another, having a shield and a weapon, and they fought the wooden man as if it was a real one.

The quintain was sometimes made large enough for people to ride on horseback and attack it; several of this sort were put up in the fields round London, for the amusement of City 'prentices. This figure was made to turn round upon a pivot, and there was a shield upon the left arm, and a club or sword in the right hand. The player rode full gallop with his spear, and tried to strike the quintain on the head; if he happened to miss, and strike near the shield, then the figure would swing round, and give him a blow with the club. A great quarrel was caused by this game in A.D. 1254, when the young Londoners were playing in the fields near the Strand one day, and the prize of a peacock was to be given to the cleverest. Some of the servants of King Henry III. came from Westminster to see the sport, and they quarrelled with the Londoners, but the King's servants were worsted in the fight that followed. They went back to the palace and told the King, who was so angry that his servants had been beaten that he made the citizens pay a heavy fine.

Another sort of quintain used by the Londoners was very simple—a cross-bar fixed upon a post. At one end it had a broad piece of wood to be struck at, and at the other a bag of earth or sand. It was the object of the young horseman not only to strike the broad part with his lance, but also to split it if he could. Missing this, so Matthew Paris tells us, the player was laughed at, but he who did strike it had to ride the faster, or he got a blow from the sandbag on his head or neck, and might even be knocked off his horse. Matthew Paris watched the City lads playing at the quintain by Cornhill, and it is one of this sort which yet remains at Offham.

Another quintain, which was cheap, seems to have been a shield of wood fastened to a post. An old picture represents one of these, with a small horseshoe marked on it. The players ran at this, and tried to hit the middle of the shoe; but one writer says it was their object to strike hard, so that, by the blow, the strings might be broken which tied the shield to the post. A curious picture of the fourteenth century shows us a boy sitting on a four-wheeled wooden horse, and two of his companions are pulling him forward to strike a shield quintain. Another quintain of that century is a funny one—we might call it the Water-tub Quintain. In the picture of it we see three boys holding together a long staff, with which they are going to strike a tub or barrel upon a post. No doubt they were to show their skill by upsetting this, and not wetting themselves. Then there was, again, the Human Quintain. A man sat on a seat completely armed, holding a shield, at which the players struck. He tried, by the movement of the shield, so to ward off their blows as to throw them down; and, his seat being a three-legged stool, he had to be careful lest he himself lost his balance.

J. R. S. C.



The Quintain.



“‘Hold your noise!’ cried a terrible voice.”

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

PIP AND HIS ADVENTURES.*



ALL that Pip knew about his father and mother he had learnt from their tomb-stone. The shape of the letters on his father's grave gave him the odd idea that he was a stout, dark man, with curly black hair. Those that told about his mother caused him to fancy that she had been freckled and sickly. The five little stones, sacred to the memory of Pip's five small brothers, had a still stranger effect upon his childish mind, and somehow he always thought of them as having been born 'on their backs, with their hands in their trousers pockets.'

Among Pip's earliest recollections were the churchyard and the dark, flat wilderness beyond, with dykes, and mounds, and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, known by the villagers as 'the mashes,' but by visitors as the river-bound marshes.

One day, when Pip was quite a little boy, he had wandered, as he often did, to the lonely old churchyard to gaze upon the names of his father and mother, when he suddenly became frightened and began to cry.

'Hold your noise!' cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. 'Keep still, or I'll cut your throat!'

A fearful man he was, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg; a man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head; a man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled, and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized Pip by the chin. Then, after asking his name, and where he lived, and all about him, in a manner which terrified the child, he ordered him to bring him a file and some food. 'You bring me to-morrow morning early that file and them wittles. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate,' said this strange man.

Poor Pip grew more and more frightened, and promised faithfully to bring the man both file and food in the early morning.

This promise, wrung out of the trembling boy, was not at all easy to keep.

Pip lived with his sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, and her husband, Joe Gargery, the blacksmith. He had

owned as much to the man in the churchyard, and that was probably the reason why he had been ordered to bring a file. Pip learnt very early who the men were that wore irons on their legs, and he had seen quite enough of the blacksmith's work to understand that a file would remove that iron. Small boy though he was, he had often heard the great guns boom out one, two, three, or more, as the case might be, from the dark, black 'prison-ship,' according to the number of escaped convicts. This dreadful man he knew and felt to be a most terrible fellow.

In those old days, when Pip was a little boy, men and women were sent to prison beyond seas—or transported, as it was termed—for quite small offences against the laws, and were often hanged for such things as stealing a horse, or a sheep, or goods of even less value.

Mrs. Joe Gargery was a tall, bony woman, with a violent temper; her constant boast was that she had brought Pip up 'by hand.' One of the features of this bringing up was the frequent application of a wax-ended piece of cane, known as 'Tickler,' to her young brother's frame.

Joe was a mild, good-natured, easy-going fellow, a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

On this particular evening he greeted Pip, who timidly lifted the latch and entered the kitchen, with the news that Mrs. Joe had been out a dozen times to look for him, and had at last taken 'Tickler' with her. Pip found it hard work to apply himself to his tea, for, besides the smart of the cane, he was busily puzzling how to provide the food and file for his new acquaintance. When Joe's back was turned he slipped the huge slice of bread-and-butter down the leg of his trousers, and found it much in the way, until he crept off and hid it in his garret bedroom.

Very early next morning, and before it was light, Pip stole downstairs and took from the pantry some bread, some cheese, about half a jar of mince-meat (for it was Christmas morning), some brandy from a stone bottle, a meat bone with very little on it, and a beautiful round pork-pie. Then, searching amongst Joe's tools, he found a file, and, thus laden, he ran quietly and quickly to the misty marshes. Over by the old Battery, just on the spot where he had said that he would be, Pip found the convict, hugging himself and limping along, and shaking from cold and ague brought on by the damp from the marshes. He was dreadfully hungry, and took sharp, sudden bites just like a dog, gobbling mince-meat, meat-bone, bread, cheese, and pork-pie all at once. Some real or fancied sound, some clink upon the river, or breathing of beast upon the marsh, now gave him a start, and he said suddenly,—

'You're not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?'

'No, sir! No!'

'Nor give no one the office to follow you?'

'No!'

'Well,' said he, 'I believe you. You would be a fierce young hound indeed if, at your time of life, you could help to hunt a wretched warmint who is as near death as this poor wretched warmint is.' And he smeared his ragged sleeve over his eyes.

The tender heart of the boy pitied him.

* *Great Expectations*, by Charles Dickens, gives a most entertaining account of Pip's after-life, and tells a great deal more of the convict, Miss Havisham, and Estella. It may be bought for sixpence, or borrowed from any good lending library.

'I am glad you enjoy it,' said Pip, as he watched the hungry man devouring the pork-pie.

'Thankee, my boy, I do.'

When Pip left him the man was kneeling down on the rank, wet grass, filing at his iron like a madman. His leg was chafed and bleeding, but he handled it roughly, as if it had no more feeling in it than a file.

Mrs. Joe had a dinner-party that day, and was just about to fetch in the pork-pie, a present of Uncle Pumblechook's, one of the guests, when the door was flung open, and a sergeant with a party of soldiers burst in, holding out handcuffs to Joe; the lock of one being broken, and asked him to mend them. This broke up the dinner-party. The soldiers were in pursuit of two convicts, and Joe proposed that a party should accompany them. Several declined, but one or two agreed.

It was a long pursuit, but it came to an end at last. Pip recognised in one of the two men *his* convict, but not a sign did he make that he knew him.

The two prisoners were marched to a rough wooden hut—Joe, his friends, and Pip following.

'I wish to say something respecting this escape,' said Pip's convict. 'It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion along of me. . . . A man can't starve; at least, I can't. I took some wittles up at the willage over yonder.'

'You mean stole,' said the sergeant.

'And I'll tell you where from. From the blacksmith's.'

'Halloa!' said the sergeant, staring at Joe.

'Halloa, Pip!' said Joe, staring at the boy.

'It was some broken wittles—that's what it was—and a dram of liquor, and a pie. . . . I'm sorry to say, blacksmith, I've ate your pie.'

'God knows you're welcome to it—so far as it was ever mine,' returned Joe. . . . 'We don't know what you have done, but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it—poor, miserable fellow-creature—would us, Pip?'

A brief half-hour or so and the prisoners and the soldiers had disappeared, each to his destination, and Joe and his party had returned home.

(Concluded at page 234.)

BY-AND-BY.

HERE'S a little mischief-making

Elfin, who is ever nigh,

Thwarting every undertaking,

And his name is 'By-and-by.'

What we ought to do this minute,

Will be better done, he'll cry,

If to-morrow we begin it—

'Put it off,' says 'By-and-by.'

Those who heed his treacherous wooing,

Will his faithless guidance rue;

What we always put off doing,

Clearly we shall never do.

We shall reach what we endeavour,

If on 'Now' we more rely,

But unto the realms of 'Never,'

Leads the pilot 'By-and-by.'

FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS.

BOB and Ben were two pretty little Skye terriers. They were twins, and as like each other as possible, the only difference being that Ben's head had a thicker covering of silky grey hair than that of his brother; he also had not quite so good a temper. He would growl a little if Bob came too near him at dinner-time. But Bob did not resent this rudeness: he was a good-natured little fellow, and neither growled nor bit.

These two dogs lived in a cottage near Peebles, Scotland, and enjoyed many a scamper together on the heather hills in search of rabbits. They both liked nothing better than to catch and worry some poor little frightened bunny. One day a strange adventure befell these two dogs. They had gone out together as usual to have some fun, but instead of scampering over the hill, they turned down the path that led to the river Tweed. Now there had been a great deal of rain, and the Tweed was in full flood, and was roaring down the hill-side. After an hour or two, Ben returned home alone; his hair was quite wet, and when asked where Bob was, he whined and ran again to the door, looking back as though to invite his friends to follow him. Alas! it was plain that poor Bob had lost his footing and fallen into the river, and was probably by this time carried miles and miles away towards the distant sea.

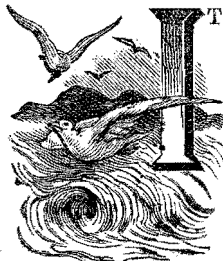
When Ben saw that his friends were following him, he barked quite cheerfully, and ran down to the water-side, where what did they see but poor Bob crouching upon a ledge of rock in the midst of the raging torrent! Oh, how glad he was to see his friends, and how quickly he was rescued from his dangerous position!

The river Tweed was often in flood again, but Bob and Ben seemed to hate the sight of the water, and always preferred to have their fun upon the hill-side among the rabbits. M.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 219.)

CHAPTER V.



IT was now completely dark, though (as often occurs in these latitudes) a beautiful phosphorescent light spread all over the sea, which, however, only increased the darkness on board. The ship's watch had been set for the night, and the two men, Tom and Jack, who had thought that they saw some one creeping about in a mysterious manner, tried to steal towards the companion ladder, that they might find out how the land lay. Jack, being first, very cautiously raised his head and peered into the darkness all round him, but could see nothing; he therefore



Friends and Companions.

quietly crawled on deck, and, crouching down, waited for Tom, who was just behind. The two men listened for a few moments, but utter stillness seemed to reign everywhere, nothing being heard but the lapping of the water, as the ship ploughed her way through the shimmering phosphorescent sea.

'There's nothing up, after all, seems to me,' whispered Jack, who was beginning to feel rather foolish; 'we'd best go to our bunks and turn in;' but Tom grasped his hand and whispered,—

'Hush, you fool! don't move!'

Then they both listened again, and became aware of a curious panting, scuffling sound, followed by a faint cry and a heavy plunge in the water.

'Heaven and earth!' gasped Tom; 'it's the man at the wheel. They've pitched him overboard! Come on, Jack; follow me to the skipper's cabin!' Then, creeping along by the bulwarks, the men darted down the cabin stairs, and once more stopped a moment to listen; but suddenly Jack was seized by the throat, and a voice growled out, 'Who's this? Why is the ship's course altered? Speak, you villain, or I'll throttle you!'

It was the captain's voice, and to him Tom panted out his story. 'It's mutiny, sir; they'll be here in a moment; they've murdered the man at the wheel!'

'Mutiny?' shouted the captain; 'it can't be, they dare not!' and, pushing past the two men, he disappeared into the darkness.



"Here, you fellows, pitch him overboard!"

There was no longer any use in trying to maintain silence; therefore Jack followed his skipper, to render what assistance he could, while Tom ran to

call up his comrades, who, being in their bunks, were not as yet aware of what was taking place above. But, as he ran, another cry was heard

in the direction taken by the captain and Jack. Fierce blows were evidently being exchanged, followed by the sound of a heavy fall. Tom stood still for a moment, doubtful whether to run to the aid of Jack and the skipper, or to endeavour to reach the other seamen, who he had good reason to fear had been imprisoned below by the mutineers. While rapidly revolving these alternatives in his mind, there was a sudden rush down the stairs, and an unseen hand dealt the poor fellow a tremendous blow on the head, which felled him senseless to the ground.

But Tom was not dead; after a very few minutes he came to himself, weak and faint, and immediately became aware of Nixon's voice, giving orders in a loud and insolent tone. 'Over with him! over with him!' was the order given, and then the awful sound was heard of a heavy body being dragged along the deck, the splash that followed telling the tale that one more honest man and true had been sunk into the depths of the ocean.

Tom listened to these noises in a listless, dreamy kind of manner, aware of what was going on and yet scarcely taking any interest in it. His senses were still so dulled by the blow which he had received that he could not grasp at all clearly the terrible consequences that must ensue from these repeated murders. In a hazy way he began to wonder whose body it was that had been thrown overboard. He remembered Jack, but could not recall what had become of him. Then his mind wandered away to the poor little boy passengers, and from them, with a sudden start into fuller consciousness, to his own dearly loved little ones in far-off Glasgow.

Ah! those dear little boys; would he ever see them again? and their loving mother—his own true-hearted wife? or must he die here, die from a murderous blow, and find his grave in the depths of the ocean?

At the moment when Tom's confused mind had carried him thus far, another rush of footsteps came down the companion ladder, and some one stumbled over his prostrate body, then, rising with an oath, held a light to his face.

'It's the fellow, 'Tom Ryder,' exclaimed the hoarse voice of Denham, for he it was who carried the light; 'and dead as a herring, too! Here, you fellows, serve him the same as the others, and pitch him overboard.'

In another moment, in response to this command, two lascars began to drag him across the deck, then they heaved him over the ship's side into the water. But Tom seemed to possess the proverbial nine lives of a cat, for, instead of this terrible treatment ending his career, the sudden shock of being immersed in the water only gave him new vitality. He struck out with hands and feet, swimming about till at length he felt the ship's side. All this time the *Beatrice* was rolling in the trough of the sea, but very gently, for there was no breeze on; and very fortunate this was for Tom, as he was thus able to swim along the side, and climb up on to the rudder chains, where he had just strength enough to lash himself with his handkerchief before he again turned faint and nearly slipped back into the water. But,

somehow or another, in a half-stupid way he managed to cling where he was, and there he hung, drenched with the sea, and shivering with the cold, but getting slowly clearer in mind. The terrible wound on the head from which he was suffering acutely had now stopped bleeding, and we may well imagine how sad and miserable were the poor fellow's thoughts as he hid himself under the stern of the ship and waited for the dawning of another day.

And morning came at last, as it does to the faint and weary sufferer as well as to those who welcome it as only another period of gladness—first a faint light, then a red glow, and then with a great rush up came the sun, seeming to make every wave a mass of jewels dancing in a flood of gold, while the sky looked so serenely blue that it seemed impossible that such bloody deeds could have been done during the darkness. How poor Tom hailed the warmth of the sun's rays, which cheered up his heart more than even food could have done, while already he had found some relief from a plug of tobacco which he had found in his pocket! But now the thought arose, What should be his next move?—for, as the day advanced, he knew that his discovery was sure, and that then he would be either shot or drowned.

Death in one form or another, of course, lay before him; but still he felt an eager desire to know all that had taken place through the night. He recollected now quite clearly that Jack had left him to follow the captain; he remembered, too, with a shudder the faint cry, the sound of heavy blows, and the crashing fall on the deck. Was it the good skipper who had thus gone to his death? He was almost sure it must have been, for he was a heavy man, while Jack was not only much thinner, but as active and lithe as any young fellow of twenty-two could be. But, then, where was Jack? What had become of him? He would not die without a grand struggle for life, of that Tom felt sure; still, if single-handed against numbers, he must of necessity have given in at last. But why was he single-handed? where were the other English seamen? Poor Charlie, the steersman, who during the storm had had his face so terribly cut, had, of course, been murdered in his berth; but the other men? Tom shook his head. He knew only too well that they had been taken unawares when down below. The hatch had been closed upon them, and they had been murdered in cold blood, like rats in a trap.

Then Tom felt with a swelling heart that he was the only survivor of all his messmates, and might as well drop off the chains, and die with his honest-hearted companions, as live to be murdered by the ruffians in the ship! But one thought suddenly occurred to stop him in this despairing course of action. The boy passengers! Were they still alive? Hiding perhaps in their berths, half dead with fear and hunger. No; Tom could not weakly surrender his life till he learned the fate of his little friends. At that moment he thought he heard the sound of whispered words above his head, then the cautious closing of a window! Who could it be, friend or foe?

(Continued at page 238.)

SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. VI.



BOYS,' said old Seth, one night, 'you never know your luck. Now, there's no truer saying than that, take my word for it—and pass the tobacco jar, at the same time—thank ye. Pete, chuck another pine log on the blaze, and then I'll tell you what happened to me, many years back, when I was down at Redgum Creek.'

We all settled into comfortable positions, whilst the old man lighted his corn-cob pipe. Then he began.

I was dead out of luck; had been so for longer than I cared to think about; most everything I owned was gone except my gun. I stuck to that as long as I had got a meal, or the wherewithal to get it, in my pouch. But the time come when I had got so low that, hearing of a job up at old Daddy Flack's at Redgum, to make up some wooden fencing round his location, I tramped up all the way—about forty mile—to get it. Well, we agreed upon a price, old Flack and me, and I soon got to work. In less than a week I had finished off, all satisfactory—so much so that Daddy gave me a couple of dollars over and above what we had agreed for. We shook hands and parted. Then, about mid-day, I started to tramp back again the road I had come.

There was no hurry, so I just did about ten miles, and then made up my mind to camp for the night in a bit of a coppice I came across. Hardly had I made up my mind whereabouts I would have my fire, when I heard voices from the far side of the thicket, and not knowing whether it was redskins or what, I just dropped in my tracks, and set there and listened.

Presently, I could just see, through the fir-trees, a couple of fellows coming along straight for where I was. One was a half-breed, and the other chap I remembered well as having been let out of jail the day I started away from the township.

The first words I clearly made out came from the Indian half-breed.

'—don't care if it does,' he says, sort of defiant. 'No man that has done me any harm shall live to brag about it. I'll take care of that. Daddy Flack has forgotten all about it, I make no doubt, but I have not forgot it, and to-night he won't forget it!' and he growled out the last words so savage, that the man with him looked right up in his face.

'Well,' says he to the half-breed, 'I'm for taking whatever we can lay hands on convenient, but not for no knifing jobs. It's too dangerous, that is. You rouse the whole township, and some of them are bound to hunt you up, sooner or later, unless you clear out of the country altogether, and that don't suit my plans, just yet.'

'Shut your head, then, and leave the knifing to

me,' growls out the Indian. 'I'll learn Mr. Daddy Flack to get me jailed, I will. I guess he will regret that job when he feels my long bowie curl round his throat.'

The other man did not answer, but was looking about for a place to rest on. Down they sat, and pulled out some grub from their wallets and begun eating.

Well, I couldn't move from where I sat without their seeing me—and knowing, too, that I had overheard what they had been talking about. I figured out the position to myself, and this is what I made of it. Daddy Flack was well over seventy, and no match for these two jail-birds. True, he had a couple of nigger men on the farm, but niggers sleep so plaguy hard that the old man might be killed, and buried too, afore they could come and help him. So I saw that what I had got to do was to follow these rapscallions right back to Daddy's, and then, when they begun the attack, Seth Baldur would just chip in and take a hand.

Well, these chaps stayed eating and drinking there for what I judged would be about an hour. Then, up they got and started to put in the last ten miles of the road up to Daddy's.

I let them get a hundred yards or so along, and then I just slipped after them. Away we trudged, I always taking care to keep a good distance off, but never letting them out of rifle-shot. That was a weary tramp! I thought we never should strike the old man's shanty. At last, however, a little twinkle of light came in view, and I knew we were on hand.

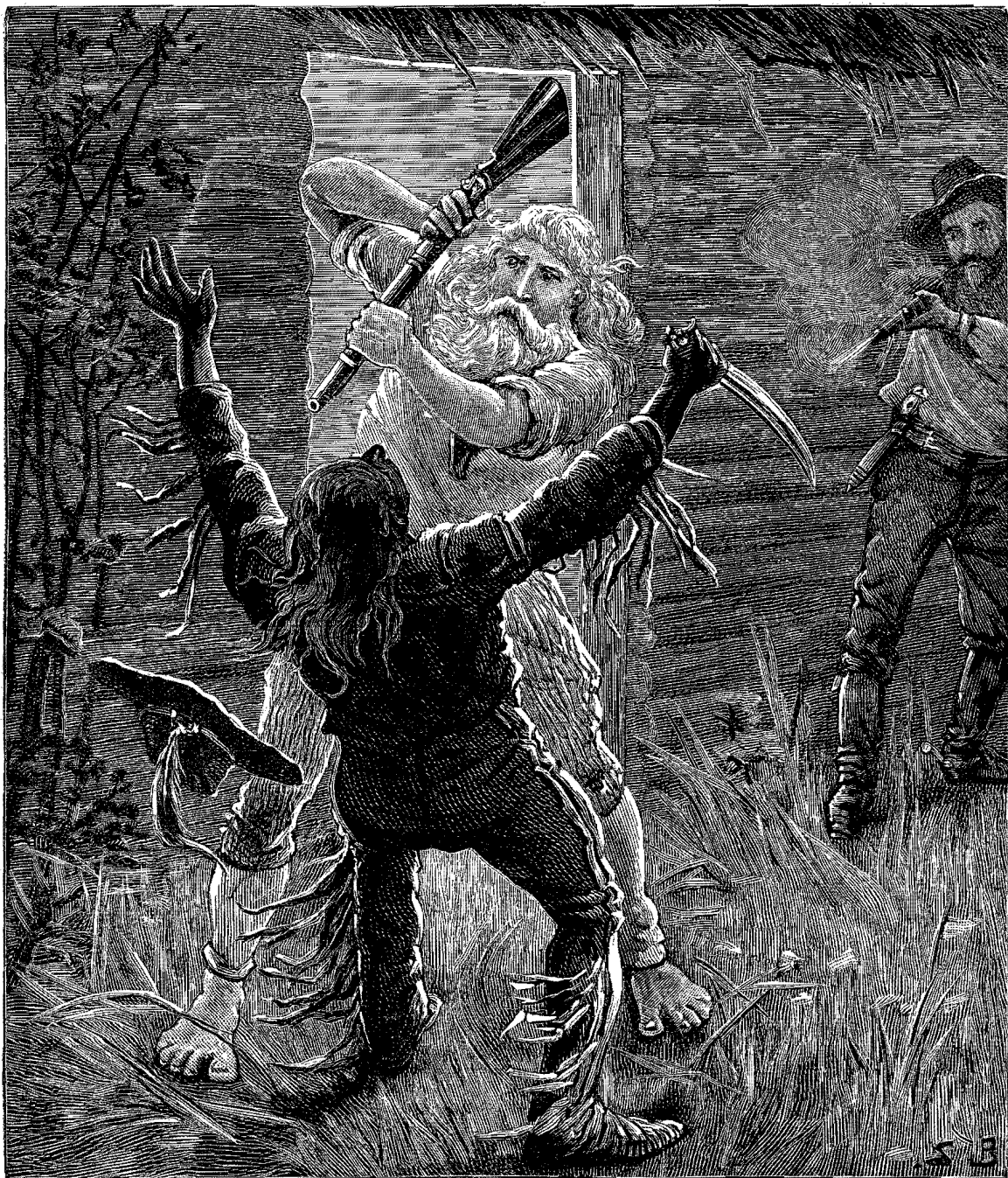
These two beauties were powerful put out when they saw they would have to wait till the light was gone, and the old chap safe in bed. They set down, about fifty yards off the house, and presently out goes the light in the window, and up they gets to prow round the premises.

Well, they waited a long time, and at last they judged it was middlin' safe to make the try. They went up to the door and began shoving it as gently as they could.

But the noise roused the old man. Bold as a lion, spite of his seventy years, he turns out of bed and flings the door wide open. There, in the bright moonlight, stood the Indian half-breed and his jail-bird pal.

Quick as lightning, and before old Daddy could do anything, the half-breed dashed on to him, knife in hand. Well, then I thought it was my turn to chip in. I was well out of sight, but the moon shone out so everything was light as day. I had my rifle up, there was a sharp crack, and the half-breed was on his back with a bullet in his thigh. His pal didn't wait, nor fool around any; he seemed to think that he must be wanted somewhere else, and he started off to keep the appointment right away. Old Daddy escaped with little worse than a scratch across the hand. We roused up the niggers, and they soon bound the half-breed, tied up his wound, and next week he was safely jailed. Then Flack and I went into the shanty together.

'Seth,' says he, after sitting quiet for a quarter of an hour, 'you came in handy over that job. Now, I know that it's no use offering a roving chap



"The half-breed dashed on him, knife in hand."

like you regular work up here along of me. You would stay a month, and then the old feeling would come over you and you would be bound to go off again. But I know you're powerful hard up, and I guess two hundred and fifty dollars won't hurt me to give, nor you to take, for this night's work. And remember, too, that as long as Daddy Flack

lives, any one of the name of Baldur as finds himself in this location will please to note that the latch-string is always hanging out.'

NOTE.—'The latch-string hanging out' is the 'down-Easter's' expression of welcome.

FOX RUSSELL.

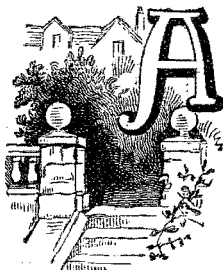


"It's a great cake — a bride cake. Mine!"

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

PIP AND HIS ADVENTURES.

(Concluded from page 227.)



A YEAR had sped, when, late one evening, Mr. Pumblechook and Mrs. Joe entered the little kitchen quite excitedly. They had been out together and brought home news. It concerned Pip. He was to go 'up town' to play at Miss Havisham's, the house of a wealthy lady. This house was of old brick and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it. Some of the windows had been walled up; of those that remained, all the lower were rustily barred. Within the house lived a proud young lady, 'Estella,' and Miss Havisham, who had adopted her. She called Pip 'boy,' and spoke in a cold, indifferent manner as she bade him follow her to the door of Miss Havisham's room. Although it was early morning, Pip found, much to his surprise, that wax candles were lighted, no gleam of daylight being visible.

Prominent in the room was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and in an arm-chair, with her elbow resting on the table, and her head resting on her hand, sat a very strange lady.

She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silk—all of white. Her shoes were white, and she had a long white veil dependent from her hair; but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had only one shoe on—the other was on the table near her hand—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and lace, and trinkets, and handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a Prayer-book, were all heaped about the looking-glass.

Everything within Pip's view which ought to be white had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. The bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and, like the flowers, she had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes.

'What do I touch?' asked Miss Havisham of Pip, laying her hand on her heart.

'Your heart.'

'Broken!'

'I am tired,' said Miss Havisham; 'I want diversion, and I have done with men and women. Play!'

Thus urged, our hero would have played if he had but known how to proceed.

'Are you sullen or obstinate?' asked the lady.

Pip replied that all was so new, and strange, and sad.

'So new to him,' she muttered, 'so old to me; so

strange to him, so familiar to me, so sad to both of us. Call Estella.'

Estella came. 'Let me see you play cards with this boy,' said Miss Havisham.

'With this boy? Why, he is a common labouring boy!' replied the young lady, haughtily. But Miss Havisham insisted, and so the two children, unlike each other in everything but years, sat down to play 'beggar my neighbour.'

'He calls the knaves Jacks, this boy!' said Estella, with disdain, before the first game was over. 'And what coarse hands he has, and what thick boots!'

The proud little girl won the game, and Pip told Miss Havisham that he should like to go home, and away from Estella, who spoke so rudely to him.

Away from the candle-lit room out into the courtyard Estella led her guest, and bade him wait until she returned with food, which her guardian had commanded her to give him.

Left alone, he looked at his coarse hands and common boots. He turned over in his mind Estella's words, and he became troubled by them as he had never been before.

Presently she returned with a little mug of beer and some bread and meat. She put the mug down on the stones of the yard, and gave him the meat as though he had been a dog in disgrace, and then she left him. The sensitive lad was wounded at heart, and cried, shedding bitter tears over her unkind conduct.

In spite of it, however, Pip continued to attend at Miss Havisham's at odd times, as she appointed.

He did not always play games with Estella, but sometimes he was kept busily employed walking Miss Havisham round and round a spacious room.

In this curiously furnished room was a long table, with a cloth upon it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together, for the hands of every clock Pip had seen pointed at twenty minutes to nine.

In the middle of the cloth was a centre-piece of some kind, overhung with dust and black cobwebs, and over it and under it ran many spiders.

'What do you think that is,' asked Miss Havisham, pointing with her stick in the candle-lighted room, 'where those cobwebs are?'

'I can't guess what it is, ma'am!'

'It's a great cake—a bride cake. Mine!'

Then, leaning on Pip's shoulder, she would order him to 'walk her,' and he would trot round and round the room, supporting his strange burden.

After a time, Miss Havisham told Pip that he was growing tall. She asked him whether he thought his blacksmith friend would come and see her, and bring the necessary papers—indentures—with him, as she wished to apprentice the lad to a trade.

Pip said that he thought Joe would consider it an honour to be asked.

And so there came a day when Miss Havisham paid Joe twenty-five guineas to take Pip as an apprentice to the forge. Poor Joe had been quite willing to teach him his trade without a premium of any kind, but Miss Havisham decided that Pip had earned the money, and so the kindly-hearted blacksmith was prevailed upon to take it.

Of Pip's unexpected rise in the world, his forgetfulness of Joe, the return of the convict, and the doings of proud Estella and eccentric Miss Havisham, we leave all boys and girls, interested up to this point in our hero's adventures, to read for themselves in *Great Expectations*.
JAMES CASSIDY.

A LUCKY JOKE.

WHEN the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., went down to Portsmouth to inspect the British seventy-fours, the guide allotted to him was a lieutenant who, lacking a 'friend at court,' had served for years without promotion. As the veteran removed his hat to salute the royal visitor, the latter noticed his baldness, and said, jestingly, 'I see, my friend, that you have not spared your hair in your country's service.'

'Why, your Royal Highness,' answered the old salt 'so many young fellows have stepped over my head that it's a wonder I have got any hair left.' The Duke laughed at this professional joke. He made a note of the old man's name at the same time, and a few days after the lieutenant was agreeably surprised to receive his appointment as captain.



MICHAEL THE UPRIGHT.

MORE than two hundred years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Michael. His parents were poor, and wished to bring him up to some trade; but Michael's heart was set upon being a sailor, and nothing else would do. So he was allowed to have his way; and his father got a berth for him in a vessel about to sail for Morocco, on the coast of Africa. It belonged to a merchant who was in the

habit of carrying out bales of cloth to sell to the natives of that place.

As he went himself in the ship, he had full opportunity of testing the character of his new 'hand,' and he very soon found that he was something worth having. Not only was he quick to learn his duties, but, what was far better, he was a boy to be trusted. Whatever he had to do he did it in the best way he could, whether any one was looking at him or not. 'This is the boy I want,' thought the merchant; and Michael rose rapidly. His industry, patience, and honesty were known and honoured by all.

At last, one day the merchant fell sick, and could not go with the vessel, which was laden ready to sail for Morocco. What could he do? He knew of only one person to whom he could entrust his cargo. He sent for Michael and told him that he must go in his master's stead. Michael was young, and the responsibility was great; but it was his duty and he did not flinch from it. The ship sailed with Michael in

charge, and in due time he might have been seen arranging his cloth in the market-place at Morocco.

Now, the city was governed by a despot called a Bey; and so despotic was he, that he could do what he liked with the lives of his people without anybody to call him to account. On this very morning he came into the market, and, after inspecting the various pieces of cloth in Michael's keeping, he fixed on one and asked the price. Michael named it. The Bey offered half the sum named.

'Nay,' said Michael, 'I ask no more than it is worth; my master expects that price, and I am only his servant. I have no power to take less.'

The Bey's face grew dark with anger, and the bystanders trembled, for they knew that it was certain death to oppose the wishes of the cruel governor. 'I will give you till to-morrow to think about it,' he cried, and he walked away.

Michael put back the cloth, and began calmly to wait on his customers. 'I am in God's hands,' he said, when those around him begged him to give in and save his life. 'He who is not true in small things, how shall he be true in great? If my master loses one penny through me, I am not a faithful servant.'

The morrow came. The Bey appeared as before, only that besides his other servants the public executioner followed behind him. He asked the same question, and he got the same answer. 'Take my life if you will,' added the brave Michael, 'but I shall die with a clear conscience, and as a true servant of my master.'

It was an awful moment. Everybody expected to hear the order, 'Strike off his head!' and in a moment it would have been done. But it was not done. The face of the Bey suddenly changed.

'Thou art a noble soul,' he cried. 'Would that I had such a servant as thou art! Give me thy hand, Christian, thou shalt be my friend. I will make of the cloth a robe of honour as a memorial of thy fidelity.' And the Bey threw a purse of gold upon the table, took up the cloth, and departed.

And the young man, who was thus faithful over a few things, did not go unrewarded. We do not lose sight of him there. He rose step by step till he became an admiral, and he fought the battles of his country as nobly as he sold his master's cloth, and the name of Michael Ruyter, known at that time over the world, is still honoured and remembered in his native country.

And the thing about him which they love best is this, that in the very face of death he dared to do what was right!

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

MOTHER left me sitting here,
Waiting for the train:
She's only round the corner, though;
She'll soon be back again.

We're setting off to London town;
I'm half afraid to go;
Because there are such crowds of folk,
I might get lost, you know.



Waiting for the Train.

And oh! just think if I were lost!
 Whatever should I do?
 I'm sure I'd scream with all my might—
 Now, tell me, wouldn't you?

I've on my Sunday hat, you see,
 My lace-up boots and all,

And dear grandad's umbrella,
 For, of course, some rain might fall.

Oh, there's the train! and mother says
 The line it must be crossed.
 Good-bye! we're off at last! and oh!
 I hope I won't get lost!

PICTURE + PUZZLE

From the words represented by the following objects make other words the initials of which when placed in order will give the name of some heavenly bodies.



Harry Howell/95

For Answers see page 255.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

25.—HISTORICAL WORD PUZZLE.

From the following words form the name of an eminent person of whom a short account was given in *Chatterbox* for 1894.

The ruler of a large country in America, who was conquered by a people from the south of Europe.

1. 8, 9, 6, 5, a labyrinth.
2. 4, 5, 9, 8, two or more animals at work.
3. 1, 7, 4, 5, silent.
4. 2, 3, 5, a unit.
5. 3, 9, 8, 5, an appellation.
6. 8, 2, 7, 3, 4, an upward movement.
7. 5, 1, 7, a large bird of the ostrich kind.
8. 3, 5, 9, 4, orderly.

C. C.

26.—TRANSPPOSITIONS.

RE-ARRANGE the following words so as to make useful sentences of the nature of proverbs.

1. Good to do leisure always be at.
2. Neglected is business lost business.
3. Nothing doing by learn ill we do to.
4. Strong defence a friend is a faithful.
5. Like little too much too many ruins.
6. Old man a young man poor is an idle.
7. A countenance makes a cheerful heart merry.
8. Slavery poor a freedom a rich better is than.
9. Sins beware secret of.
10. Is often bounty practised than praised more.
11. Alone better than company in bad to be.
12. Fountains of books bad are the vice.
13. Philosopher's stone content true is the.
14. Tongue confine you lest confine your it.
15. Of senses all common the most valuable sense is the.
16. Courage good to honour and conduct lead.

C. C.

27.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. I sell mares. A seaport town in France.
2. In a mess. A city and seaport in Sicily.
3. Can she sit? A county in the north of Scotland.
4. Cure to legs. A town in England.
5. Not rich. A city in Greece.
6. Sleep, Tina. A country in Asia Minor.
7. True boy. A town in Turkey in Asia.
8. Dark lie. A county in Ireland.

C. C.

[Answers at page 255.]

ANSWERS.

- 23.—1. DOVE 2. ROME 3. HEART 4. POLE
 OPEN ODER ERROR ODES
 VEND MEAN ARISE LEAP
 ENDS ERNE ROSES ESPY
 TRESS
5. VERST 6. DUKE 7. FARO
 EXILE URAL AREA
 RISEN KAIL REST
 SLEET ELLA OATS
 TENTS

24.—Bengal.

1. Bombay. 3. Naseby. 5. Adelaide.
2. Egypt. 4. Galway. 6. Lyons.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 230.)

CHAPTER VI.



THE morning was now well advanced—the morning after the mutiny on board the *Beatrice*. Tom Ryder was warming his shivering limbs in the pleasant beams of the sun, and at the same time anxiously pondering in his mind the question, What should be his next step—whether he should throw himself into the sea, and thus share the fate of his messmates, or wait where he was, hanging by the rudder-chains, till he was detected by the mutineers and murdered as the others had been? It was a sad choice; but, after a little thought, Tom decided to remain where he was, and take his chance of what the future might have in store for him. In his inmost heart he recoiled from the idea of suicide as being a great sin in the sight of God, and he also felt that while there was life there was hope, and it seemed a mean and cowardly thing to fall into utter despair, while something might yet occur to deliver him out of the hand of his enemies, and perhaps enable him to do something for the two boys, Fred and Cecil Malcolm, if they were still alive. He had heard the sound of whispering over his head, then the gentle closing of a window, and he remembered that the cabin given to the boys was in the stern of the ship, and so right above his hiding-place. He felt sure that it must have been the boys who were whispering, but to whom? He could not imagine; everything was a mystery. Presently he could hear another sound; some one seemed to be moving about, for the rudder was shifted, and the ship made some way, but directly after it fell calm again. Then he could hear that some one was dashing water about, and swabbing the decks. 'That's to get rid of the blood,' said Tom to himself, with a shudder, for it made him sick to think of all that had occurred.

Presently the man who was moving about came to the stern of the vessel to empty a bucket, and, as he stood there a minute, he heaved a great sigh, and muttered to himself, 'All gone! all but me and the boys. Well, the Lord knows best, but it's been a cruel, cruel time.'

At the sound of these words Tom's heart beat so violently that he felt as though he must be suffocated, for the voice was the voice of Jack, his old messmate, his chosen crony, the man from whom he had parted, how long ago? Only last night! Why, it seemed years. Yes, it must be Jack; nay, it was Jack. He could not be deceived; he knew the voice. And now there arose in his heart a wild, strong desire to live, to reach home once more! once more to embrace his dear wife and children! But, even while these thoughts were passing through

his mind, Jack had left the place where he had been standing, and was again scouring the deck.

'But he is sure to come back again,' said poor Tom to himself. 'God won't forsake us now—I know He won't;' and with all the strength left to him he climbed a little bit higher, even at the risk of losing his hold altogether and falling back into the water. But he did not fall; rather he twisted his legs more firmly about the chains, and, stretching up, he felt that, if only Jack would return to the stern, he could make himself heard, even if he could not be seen. And Jack did return, with another bucket, and, as he had done before, he stood a moment sadly gazing over the sea.' As there seemed to be none of the mutineers on deck, Tom resolved to speak to his old friend, let the consequences be what they might. 'Hist, hist,' he said in a hoarse whisper; for, indeed, his voice was nearly gone. 'Hist, Jack, I'm down here. Tom—you know—your old mate, Tom!'

A dead silence followed these words, and then Tom could hear that Jack was craning his neck over the stern in the attempt to see the speaker. But Tom knew that he could not be seen. He therefore spoke again, and in a louder and more desperate voice: 'Jack,' he said, 'old friend, you won't desert me? I'm down here among the rudder-chains!'

Then came the welcome whisper, 'What! Tom, matey! but it can't be you! Why, I saw them pitch you overboard.'

'Ay, ay, Jack old lad, like as not you did, but it is me after all; but, Jack, I never thought to find you alive; I thought they had knocked you on the head as well as the poor skipper.'

'Hush, hush,' responded Jack, in a hurried whisper, and then fell to polishing the deck with redoubled energy.

Presently, another step was heard, and another voice, the voice of the man Potter, who was undoubtedly the most surly and brutal of the four companions in guilt. 'Hie, you villain!' he said, calling to Jack, 'what are you idling here for? Are you going to be all day over this piece of work? I'm blest if I don't think you are up to something! But, mind, I have my eye upon you, and you had best look out. Where are the captain's keys? You must know! I want the key of the spirit-room.'

'No, sir,' replied Jack, very humbly; 'the only man as knew about the keys was the steward, and you know—'

'Yes, I know, he was the first to go overboard. Well, he won't want any more grog now, I dare say; but, if the keys were in his pocket, so much the worse for us. It would be a day's work to batter in the door—it must be half a foot thick. Come along, and bring a crowbar or something with you. My throat is as dry as a whistle, and there's not a drop of brandy to be found anywhere.'

Then Tom, who was anxiously listening, could hear Jack's retreating footsteps as he followed the bully to make an attack upon the door of the spirit-room. Many weary hours passed away after this little episode before Jack could hold any more converse with his unfortunate mate, Tom; but when he did return, about two hours before sundown, he carried

with him a large parcel containing bread and meat, spirits and water, which he lowered by a cord to the half-famished man. Oh, how welcome was the food and drink, but more welcome still the words of his faithful ally, who told him that after having broken into the spirit-room, all the men had rushed upon the drink, and were already preparing to make a night of it. 'And now, Tom,' he said, 'it is our only chance of escape. As soon as they are in the thick of it, I will lower a rope, so as to get you on deck; but first I must take all their weapons from them. Oh, don't be afraid; I won't meddle with them till they are all asleep. The only fellow I am afraid of is Nixon; he is a well-seasoned cask, and I believe could carry a keg of brandy without seeing double. But it is only a matter of time—they will all be drunk enough, by-and-by; but I must go now before I am missed.'

'Just one word before you go,' said Tom, anxiously. 'What about the boys?'

'Poor little chaps!' said Jack. 'It's my belief that Cecil is dying, but Fred is all right; I am just going to them to give them some supper. I dare say they want it badly enough by this time. Won't they be glad to hear about you?'

'But, Jack, I don't understand,' said Tom. 'Are you hiding the little chaps, or have those men willingly spared their lives?'

'That's just where it is,' responded Jack; 'it was the fellow Schenk, who is not half so bad as the other three. Last night, when Potter was just about to knife the poor little chaps, Schenk said, "Oh, leave them alone; what harm can they do, a couple of children like these? I'm sick of bloodshed; let us be done with it for the present, at least."'

'Well, for the present,' said Potter; 'but you know quite well that dead boys tell no tales. These two children, as you call them, must never reach England alive unless you mean to swing upon the gallows for yesterday's work!'

'Well, well, we'll see about it at another time,' said Schenk, impatiently. 'The truth is that the sickly boy is as like my little Charlie as one pea is like another. I could not stand seeing him murdered.'

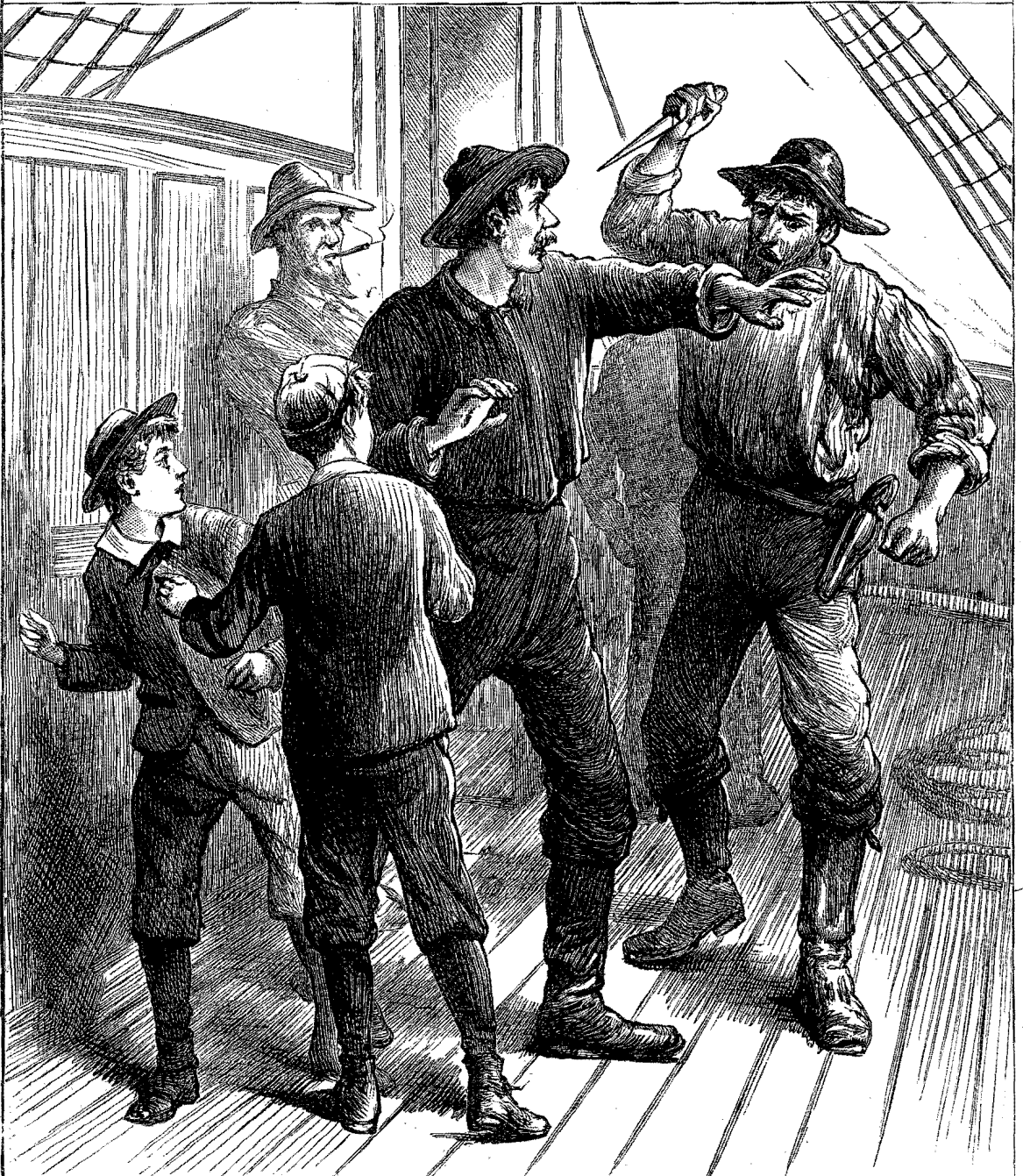
'Then he walked away, and a good laugh the other fellows had at his squeamishness. But, Tom, I must be off just now; in less than an hour you may look for me again.'

'But, Jack,' said Tom, imploringly, 'just another word. Why did they spare you? Why were you not sent overboard like the others?'

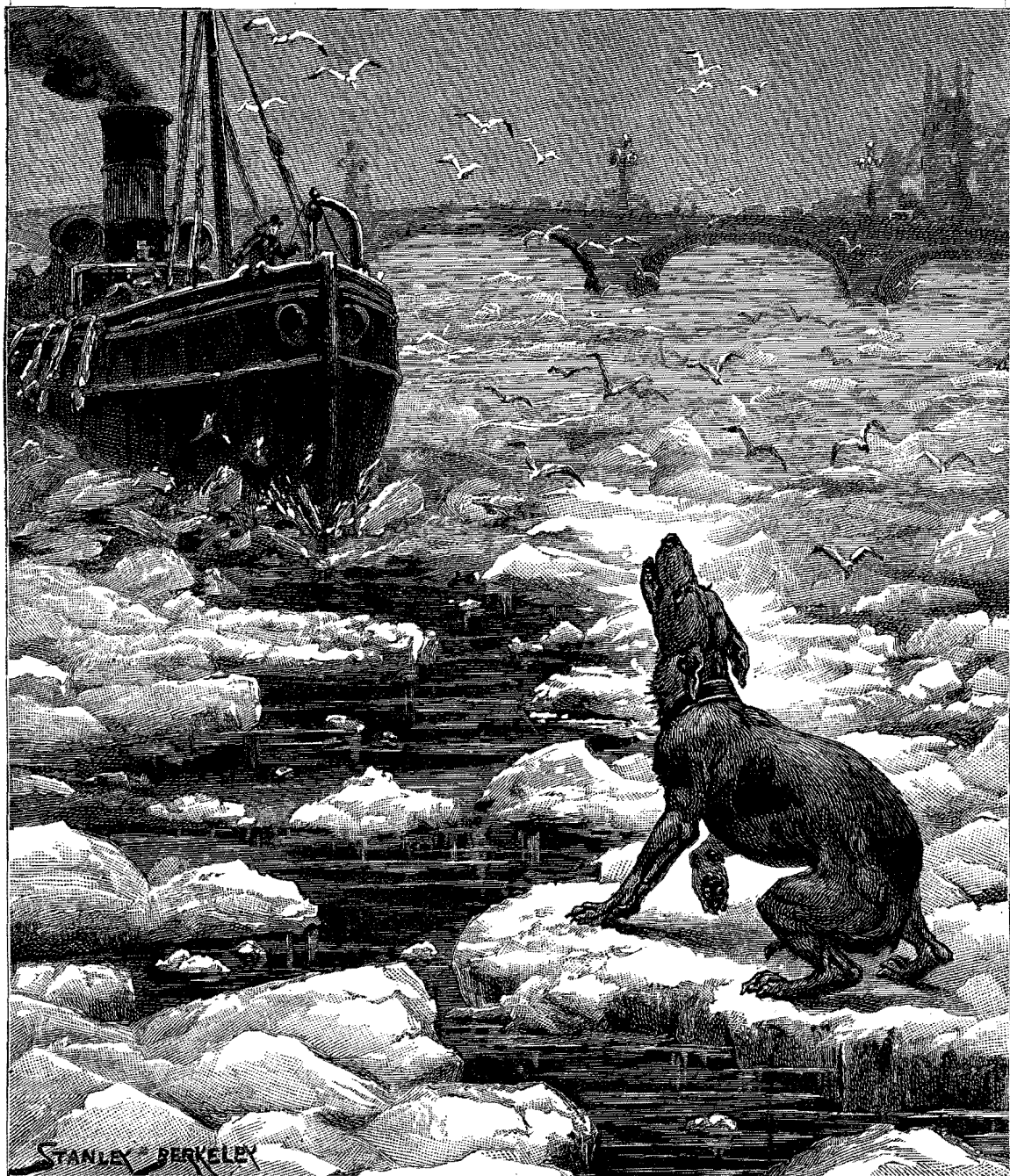
'Just because they are not quite sure how to handle the ship!' said Jack; 'but I am up to their games. I believe that they mean to keep me on board just so long as I am useful, and when we draw near to some safe port they will draw a knife across my throat with right good will, and send me and the boys overboard together. However, I think I will spoil their little game. Cheer up, mate; in an hour or so you will find a rope dangling beside you, then I'll help you on deck, and we can talk over our plans.'

Then Jack sped noiselessly away, and Tom was left to his rather anxious meditations.

(Continued at page 243.)



"Oh, leave them alone; what harm can they do?"



A Dog on the Floating Ice.

A DOG ON THE FLOATING ICE.



DURING the great February frost the Thames between Westminster and Blackfriars bridges was almost covered with large pieces of ice, which floated up and down with the tide. Hundreds of sea-gulls, driven in by the bitter weather, hovered over the river. Crowds of folk gathered on the bridges and Embankment to look at the curious sight, and many of them brought cat's meat to feed the gulls.

One day a dog had somehow got on the ice in the middle of the stream. The poor animal was so frightened and so numbed by the cold that it could not make any effort to escape from its miserable plight. John Davies, the kindly master of a steam-tug, resolved to try and save the dog. He pushed his little vessel along the channels of unfrozen water, between the flats of ice. He got as near the dog as he could. He tried to get the dog to swim to the tug, but it would not do so. Then Davies drove the tug against the ice until the piece on which the dog lay shivering was broken up, when the animal dropped into the water and Davies cleverly got a line round it and hauled it on board his tug. The crowd, who had been watching his efforts, rewarded him with a hearty cheer.

THE LION AND THE SPANIEL.



IN the afternoon our company went to the Tower, to satisfy ourselves as to the truth of the wonderful story of the great lion and the little dog. We found the place thronged, and all were obliged to pay high prices of admission, on account of the novelty of the show; so that the keeper, in a short time, made a little fortune.

The great cage in front was occupied by a beast, who was called the king's lion; and, while he traversed the limits of his straitened dominions, he was attended by a small and very beautiful black spaniel, who frisked and gambolled about him. At one time it would pretend to snarl and bite at the lion; at another, the noble animal, with an air of fondness, would hold down his head, while the tiny creature licked his terrible chaps. Their history, as the keeper related, was this:—

It was customary for all, who were unable or unwilling to pay their sixpence, to bring a dog or cat as an offering to the beast in place of money to the keeper. Among others, a fellow had caught up this pretty black spaniel in the streets, and it was thrown into the cage of the great lion. The little animal

trembled and shivered with fear, and threw itself on its back. It then put forth its tongue, and held up its paws, as if praying for mercy.

In the meantime, the lordly brute, instead of devouring it, looked at it with an eye of cool curiosity. He turned it over with one paw, and then with the other; sniffed at it, and seemed quite friendly.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought some of his own family dinner; but the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and, as it were, inviting it to eat. At length, the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and its appetite being quickened by the smell of the victuals, it approached slowly, and tremblingly ventured to eat. The lion then advanced, began to eat, and they finished their meal together.

From that day the strictest friendship began between them, a friendship consisting of all possible gentleness on the part of the lion, and of full confidence on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard where it was. He went to claim his dog. 'You see, sir,' said the keeper, 'it would be a great pity to part such loving friends; however, if you insist upon your property being restored, you must even be pleased to take him yourself: it is a task which I would not attempt for five hundred guineas.' The gentleman of course declined the risk of a dispute with the lion.

In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, and left its loving protector the most desolate of creatures. For a time the lion did not appear to believe otherwise than that his pet was asleep. He would continue to smell the body; then would stir it with his nose, and turn it over with his paws. But finding that all his efforts to awake his pet were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace; then stop, and look down with a fixed and drooping gaze; then raise his head, and open his horrible throat, and utter a prolonged roar, as of distant thunder, for minutes together.

The keeper tried to take away the carcase from him; but he watched it constantly, and would not let any one touch it. The keeper then tempted him with a variety of food, but he turned away from all that was offered. Several living dogs were put into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their bodies untasted on the floor.

His passion being thus inflamed, he would dart his fangs into the boards and wrench away large splinters. Sometimes he would gnaw the bars of his cage, and seem enraged at his restraint. Sometimes he would stretch himself by the remains of his friend, gather them in with his paws, and hug them, all the while uttering under-roads of terrible melancholy for the loss of his little play-fellow.

For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any food. At last, one morning, he was found dead, with his head resting on the carcase of his little friend. The two were buried together, and were deeply lamented by the keeper and his family.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 239.)

CHAPTER VII.



YES, they were, indeed, anxious meditations for poor Tom after Jack had left him. We must bear in mind that he had been severely wounded in the head, he had also lost so much blood as greatly to weaken him, both mentally and bodily; and, besides this, he had now been for more than eighteen hours seated among the rudder-chains—during the first eight or nine hours, drenched with sea-water and shivering with cold, and during the mid-day hours, almost fainting with the heat of the sun and the terrible thirst that tortured him. If it had not been for the food and drink which Jack had brought to him, his strength would have altogether given way, and he would have fallen helplessly back into the water, to become a prey to the hideous sharks which he could see slowly swimming round the ship in search of that dreadful food with which they had already been so largely supplied.

But poor Tom's agony of suspense was now nearly over; he had great confidence in Jack's alertness, and also his unselfishness. No fear of him deserting a messmate in trouble, no fear of him trying to escape alone, and leaving others to their fate. No; poor Jack, though in some respects not so long-headed a fellow as Tom, was, as we have said already, every bit as honest, brave, and true-hearted. Well, Jack had not been gone more than an hour since his last visit to his poor mate, when Tom heard the sounds of revelry. He knew that already the drink was doing its deadly work among the mutineers. At first, it was hilarious laughter that he heard, then a great deal of confused talking, followed by loud and angry words, as well as the breaking of bottles and glasses. Then, after a while, there seemed to be a lull in the proceedings; some of the noisiest of the company were evidently falling asleep, and gradually there came silence.

Then Tom, who had been anxiously listening, could hear a stealthy footstep approaching the stern of the vessel, and soon he heard the sound of something grating on the ship's side as it descended from the deck. It was the rope—the blessed rope which was to haul him up to safety, for Tom knew now that his friend was above, ready to help him out of his miserable plight. But the poor fellow was so stiff from being cramped so long, that he found it hard work to adjust the rope round his body. But it was done at last, and a signal was given to Jack by shaking the rope that all was right. Then, slowly but surely, he was hauled up, and the two friends stood once more face to face upon the deck. But they could not spend much time in a hearty greeting, for both men felt that difficult and dangerous work

still lay before them ere they could feel themselves, and the poor little fellows depending upon them, to be at all safe. Tom's first question was as to the condition of the mutineers; were they all asleep?

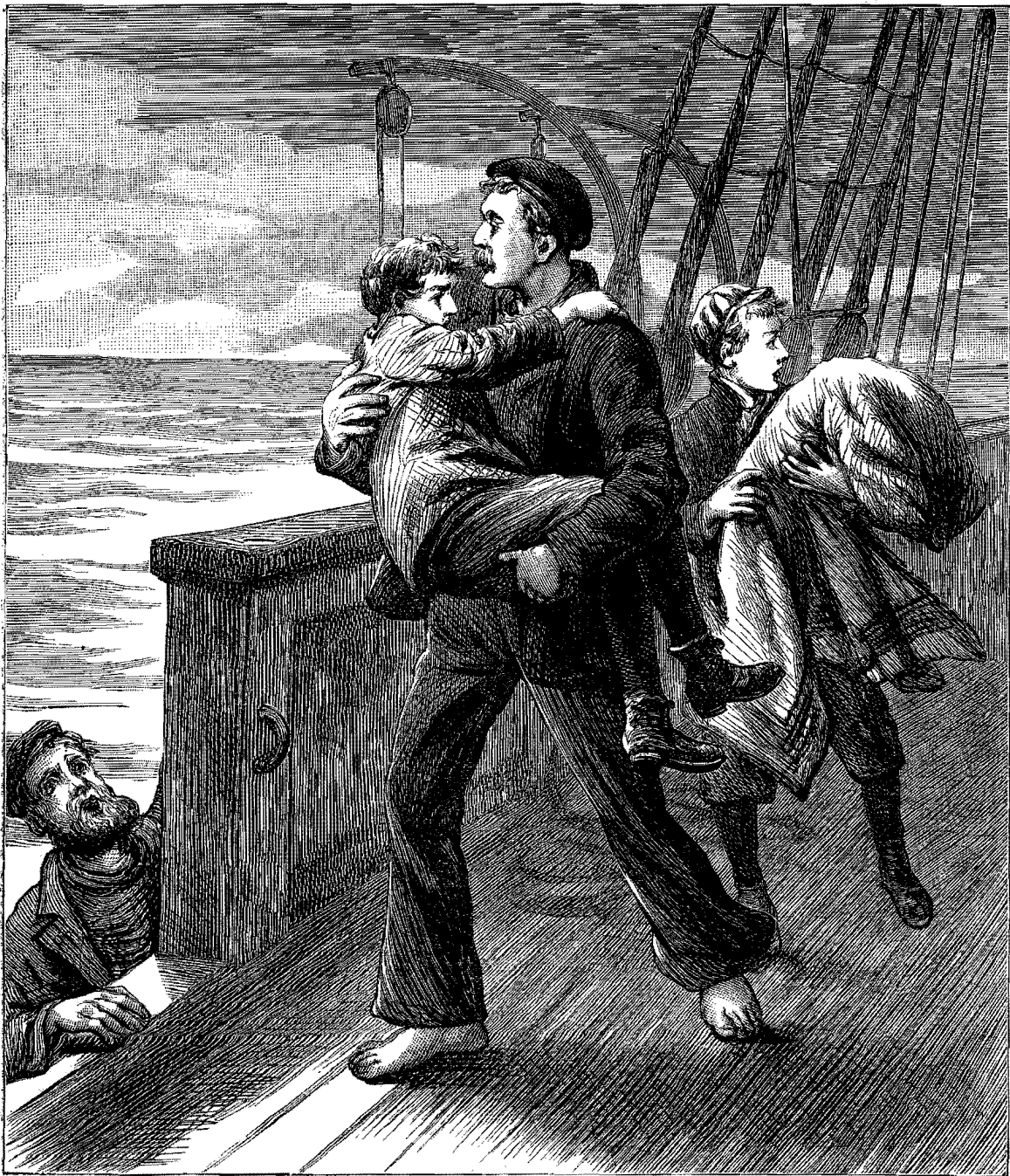
'As sound as a church!' replied Jack. 'All but the fellow Nixon, who gives a grunt now and then, and opens one eye to give a squint at me! But I could give him a kick without any fear of thoroughly waking him up, he is too far gone for that; but, Tom, you should see what a lot of good liquor he can take into his ugly carcase. I couldn't have believed it! but never mind, the lascars are all as drunk as the others, and I have just fastened the hatch upon them. You might dance a hornpipe on the deck with perfect safety. I've half a mind to begin.' And, in the fulness of his joy at having rescued his old mate, Jack gave two or three skips into the air, but Tom stopped him.

'Hush, Jack,' he said; 'I don't feel like dancing a hornpipe just now, I feel more like thanking the good God for saving our lives and the lives of these poor boys. Come now, let us talk it all over; remember these men won't sleep very long, and, if they waken sooner than we expect, we shall certainly have our work cut out for us, and no mistake. I suppose,' he continued, 'your notion is to escape from the ship so long as we have a chance to do so?'

'Of course,' said Jack; 'but I'll tell you what, Tom, lad, if you was willing to help me, I declare I could serve them as they've served our poor skipper and all the others. I could pitch them overboard with right good will, and you and me could manage the ship, you as skipper and me as mate. Remember the gold, Tom! If we succeeded in taking it safe to Liverpool—my! what a reward they would give us both! It may be a temptation of the devil, but I declare, Tom, I feel half inclined to do it! What d'ye say, matey?'

'No, Jack, lad,' replied Tom. 'First place, I don't believe as you are in earnest, and, next place, I couldn't do it, even if you was. I could have a stand-up fight with men, ay, and kill them, too, if it was to save our own lives, or the lives of the little chaps downstairs, as can't defend themselves; but I couldn't go in for murdering men in their sleep now that we have a clear way of escape, and the boys too. As for the gold, it was not given into our care, it must take its chance; besides, Jack, we couldn't do it, even if we was ever so willing. You and me couldn't manage the ship alone when a gale comes. No, no, Jack, don't think of it; and now, look here, time is passing; let's go and look at the boats before it is quite dark, and make up our minds what we are to do.'

This sensible advice was soon acted on, for both men went to the boats, and after a little consultation they fixed upon the one that seemed most suitable to their requirements. It was not too large a boat for two men to manage, at least so long as the weather kept fine; it had a convenient stern where the young passengers, and all the necessary packages could be placed, and it had the reputation of being both a safe boat and a fast sailer, two qualities that do not always go together. The next move was to ascertain if everything necessary for a boat was in its proper place: the oars, the boat-hook, mast, and



"Jack took Cecil in his arms, and desired Fred to follow."

sails, after which, as cautiously as possible the two men undid the ropes, and began slowly to lower it down to the water. Then they both drew a long breath and lashed the ropes fast. Then Tom slid down by the ropes and took his place, while Jack ran off to look for food, and, above all things else, for a good supply of water. By this time it was almost dark, save for the phosphorescent gleam of the water,

and as Jack stumbled about in the steward's pantry, gathering together biscuits, cheese, meat, and cake, he thought he heard a sob, and then his own name whispered in low tones. 'It is the poor boys,' he said to himself; 'they must think I have forsaken them.' Then the good-natured fellow at once went to their cabin and unlocked the door, when poor little Cecil uttered a half-suppressed scream, and clung to



"To watch the budding leaf, the unfolding flower;
'Tis thus the good man spends his evening hour."

his brother. 'Why, my hearties!' cried Jack, in cheerful tones, 'it's only me, poor old Jack! Aren't you glad to see me?'

'Oh, Jack, dear Jack, is it indeed you?' cried both boys. 'Don't leave us any more—they will murder us! I am sure they will!'

'Murder you! no fear of that,' cried Jack; 'you are going a voyage to-night with Tom and me; but you must be patient for half an hour, then I shall come back for you. Meantime, Fred, you must tie up your blankets in a bundle, and both of you put on your top coats, and be quick about it. Now, don't be afraid; nobody will hurt you now.'

Then away he sped again, and lowered down to his friend everything he could lay his hands upon that seemed likely to be of use. 'Can you take our passengers aboard now?' he whispered, 'for I'm sorry to tell you that Nixon is only half-asleep. I heard him just now, cursing enough for half-a-dozen men; he will be on his feet presently, and might lay hold of the poor boys.'

'Bring them, bring them at once,' cried Tom, in much anxiety; 'and, Jack, for Heaven's sake, come yourself! We have enough of provisions aboard, and it would be terrible indeed if we were compelled to have a fight for ourselves and the boat now.'

Then the active young seaman once more, on noiseless feet, sought the boys' cabin, and, warning them to be silent, he took Cecil in his arms, and desired Fred to follow closely behind.

(Continued at page 252.)

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

NO wander at the silent evening hour,
To watch the budding leaf, the unfolding flower;

To listen to the soft entrancing lay
Of bright-eyed thrush, whose song at close of day
Sounds sweetly from the honeysuckle bower,
'Tis thus the good man spends his evening hour.

All day amid his boys—a restless crowd
Of mirthful youngsters, who with voices loud
Repeat the well-conned lessons of the day;
Then, as the clock strikes four, rush fast away,
Home to the farm, the cottage, or the hall,
The while the Master says, 'God bless them all!'

Yes, yes! it seems a humble task to teach
The village children how high Heaven to reach;
To guide them, and with gentle words to show
Each little one his duty here below;
But then, the great reward!—in Heaven above
To meet them all, the children of his love! B.



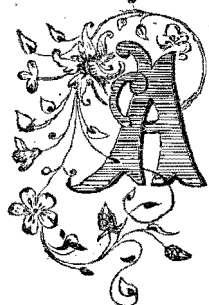
A CLEVER CHARADE.

WRITING in the courtly style common a century ago, Charles James Fox addressed the following graceful phrases to a lady friend of his. The answer to his ingenious charade is 'foot-man.'

'Permit me, madam, to come uncalled into your ladyship's presence, and by dividing myself add greatly to my consequence. So exalted am I in the character of my first, that I have trampled on the pride of kings, and the greatest potentates have bowed down to embrace me; yet the dirtiest kennel in the dirtiest street is not too foul to have me for its inmate. In my second, what infinite variety! I am rich as the Eastern nabob, yet poor as the weeping object of your benevolence. I am mild and gentle as the spring, yet savage and cruel as the wintry blast. I am young, beautiful, and happy, yet old, deformed, and wretched. 'Tis from the highest authority I dare pronounce myself your superior; yet few instances are there to prove it, and many are the proofs against. But your ladyship is tired, and wishes my reunion. It is done, and I have no other merit than in remaining, as before, your ladyship's humble servant.'

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

A GLOVE MANUFACTORY.



AMONG the remains or fossils which recent discoveries have brought to light in France, Belgium, and Switzerland are gloves, reaching to the elbows, and made from roughly dressed skins and sewn with elaborate needles of bone. These are supposed to have been worn by a race of men who lived ages ago in the South of France, known as Cave Men.

The ancient Romans wore gloves, known as 'Digitalia.' Another kind of glove, leather plated with metal, was the 'Cestus.' The old Greeks and Romans used them in boxing. In the cold north countries, roughly made gloves, without divisions for the fingers, have been in use from the earliest times. All boys and girls who have read the story of Esau and Jacob in the book of Genesis will remember how Rebekah placed a covering of the skins of the kids of goats upon the hands of her younger son.

Nearly twelve hundred years ago, gloves were worn in England and France by the clergy and military. It is believed that the monks made them. These early gloves were not, strictly speaking, made of kid, but of deer-skin and sheep-skin.

An old portrait of Queen Elizabeth represents her as holding a pair of gloves in one hand and a fan of feathers in the other—both rare articles in those days.

In turning over the pages of Shakespeare we find frequent mention of gloves, and it is often asserted that he was the son of a glover. As an evidence of Shakespeare's intimacy with the glove trade, we

find the following passage in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

'Does he not wear a great round beard
Like a Glover's paring knife?'

We invite our readers to accompany us to one of the most famous glove factories in the world, Messrs. Dent, Allcroft, & Co., of Worcester. Here are skins of the goat, chevette, reindeer, sheep, calf, colt, and kid, the latter brought from the mountainous districts of France, Switzerland, and Saxony. Before any of these can be used for glove-making they must be turned into leather, and this process is called dressing.

'But why,' asks a young reader, 'does leather need "dressing," and what is dressing?' Answered briefly, leather needs dressing to stop the natural decay of the skin, and also to make it durable, soft, and flexible.

The first process in the dressing is the cleansing of the skins from all impurities in soft water. Then those with the hair or wool on are soaked in pits of lime and water, until the hair or wool can be easily removed by a blunt knife and the superfluous flesh, left by the butcher, removed from the inside, or 'flesh side' as it is called.

After the lime has all been washed off, the skins are laid in bran and water until they become soft and pulpy.

The white glove leather is treated with alum, salt, meal, and yolks of eggs. The alum and salt preserve the skin, and the meal and yolks render it soft and supple.

Leather requiring to be tanned, such as that destined to become driving-gloves, is soaked for a considerable time in oak or other barks before the alum and salt are added. This tanning gives colour, strength, and durability to the skins. After 'staking,' about which we shall have something to say presently, the leather is carried from the 'dressing-yards' into the glove manufactory, where it is stored for some time to season it. Then follows 'sorting.' It might be thought that to sort the skins into suitable classes for the various colours to be stained would be easy enough. On the contrary, a great deal of experience, judgment, and skill are necessary.

Directly sorting is finished, the skins are sent to the washing-room. Here they are soaked in large tubs of cold or tepid water until soft or workable. Men get into the tubs and tread the skins for this purpose; this treading has the effect of thoroughly cleansing the leather, but at the same time it removes a part of the dressing, and hardens it.

After the ablutions, the skins require 'feeding' to render them soft and plump. It is a remarkable fact that nothing but the yolks of fresh eggs can do this.

Millions of yolks are annually used for this purpose in the various manufactories and dressing-yards producing our gloves.

Boxes, generally square in shape, suspended upon pivots by their opposite corners, and made to revolve rapidly, receive the skins and yolks; by the rapid rotatory movement the skins are thrown from side to side, and the rich orange egg-yolks are beaten into

them and absorbed, leaving in the churn-like receptacles merely a thin, watery-looking fluid.

It is as well to state that 'feeding' is a very expensive process, yet it is necessary both for tanned skins and for those which are to be dyed.

In the dye-house the white untanned skins are taken, one at a time, and stretched or 'slicked out' upon a leaden table. An alkaloid mordant is applied to the skin to prepare it for the colour, which is then brushed on till the desired depth or fulness is obtained. Another process is by immersion, or plunging in a bath of dye, and working the skins for some hours in the colour. This method is used for all light and delicate tints, such as grey, pink, and cream.

From the dye-house to a room heated to about the temperature of 120 degrees is the next step. Here the skins are left, until they present a wizened and shrivelled appearance, and crackle like parchment when they are touched.

Now comes the work of the 'staker,' who is an important individual; he must not only possess muscle of arm, but the will to bend his back, with a knowledge and skill in his work which can only be gained by experience.

Fixed to a *stand* or *stake* in the floor is a blunt oval knife; over this the skins, after being steeped in damp saw-dust to make them slightly moist, are pulled from end to end and side to side.

Softness and pliability take the place of crispness and crackle, and from an ugly, dirty-looking brown the shrivelled leather changes to a delicate tan, a light ochre, or other colour.

Following 'staking' comes the 'paring.' The parer holds in his hand a circular knife resembling in shape a straw hat with the crown taken out; across the hollow centre is fixed a wooden stick for a handle. The edges of this 'glover's paring knife' are sharp, and when the implement is plied briskly capable of clearing the loose and rough inside 'flesh' from the skin, rendering it beautifully smooth and fit to cut into gloves.

The skins are then 'padded' or rubbed with a lamb's-wool pad to cleanse and brighten the grain, and after a thorough examination they are passed on to the cutter.

Some of the kid skins are so small that it takes two skins to make a pair of gloves, and a large proportion of kid skins are only large enough to produce one pair out of a skin. The lamb, calf, and sheep-skin vary from three gloves to three pairs per skin, according to their size and character.

In a plain pair of gloves there are sixteen and sometimes eighteen separate pieces, besides the welts. One piece is cut for the back and front of a glove, another for the thumb, and others for the fourchettes (forks, or pieces that go between the fingers). The 'puncher' succeeds the cutter, and, placing the square pieces on to a solid block of gutta-percha, he brings them beneath the finely tempered steel blades of a powerful machine invented for the purpose. The hand—or 'trank' as it is technically termed—the thumb and fourchettes are immediately punched out, and are then passed on to girls, who sort them carefully for colour, ready for the embroiderers and sewers.

The embroidering or stitching on the back is

known as 'pointing,' and is worked either by hand or by means of a special machine. Frequently a hook not unlike an ordinary crochet hook is used, the trank being stretched across a frame.

A glove, if heavy and thick, is sewn so that both the edges show. This is known in the trade as *Prix-seam* sewing. If a medium glove, one edge is made to overlap the other. This is *piqué* sewing. If a fine kid glove, more particularly white or black, the cotton or silk is carried round the edges, instead of only through the leather. This last is fitly termed *round-seam*.

By far the greater proportion of gloves are sewn in the homes of the sewers; many of these live in Worcestershire, and the remainder about Oxfordshire and Dorsetshire.

Finishing is, as the term implies, the last process in glove-making. It comprises the putting on of buttons, button-hole making, stitching, welting, binding, or hemming the tops and slits. Then the gloves are again examined, and stretched on a steam-heated iron, made exactly the size and shape of the hand—minus the thumb, which is pressed against the palm.

The finished gloves are carried into the packing-room, counted into little piles of four or six pairs, banded and arranged in various styles of boxes, and taken into stock or sent out to order.

JAMES CASSIDY.

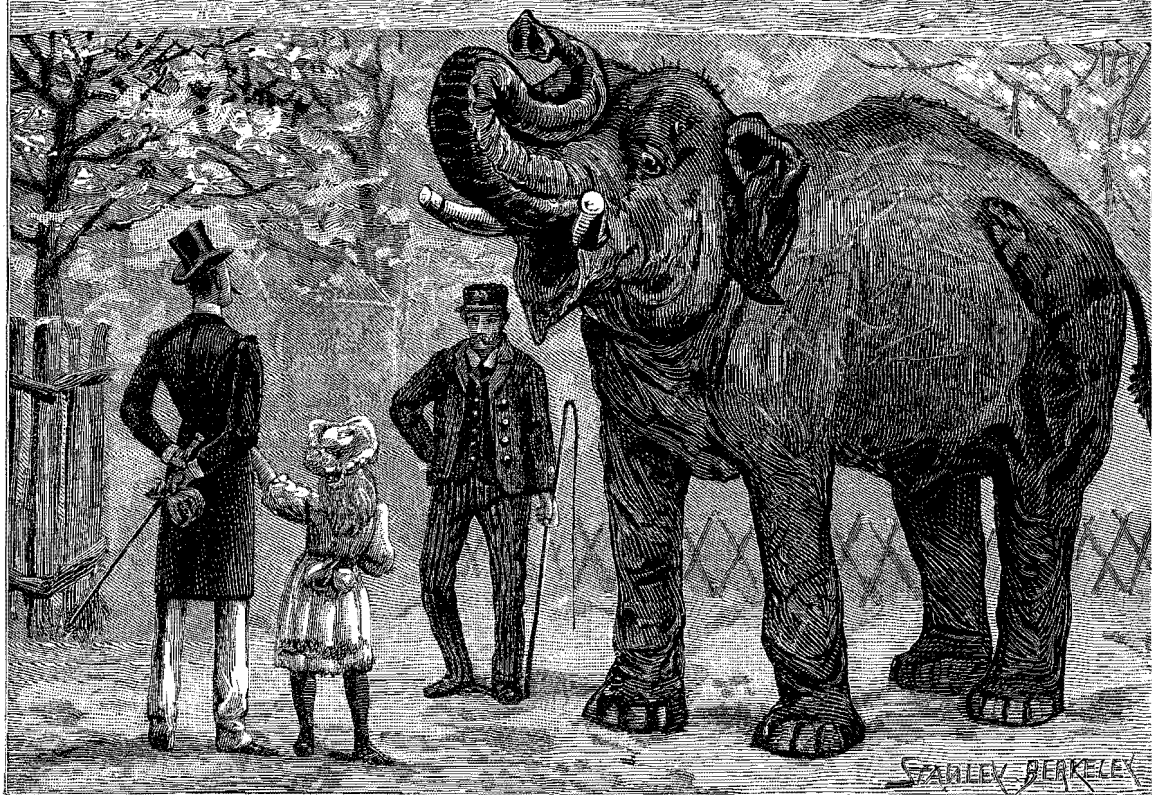
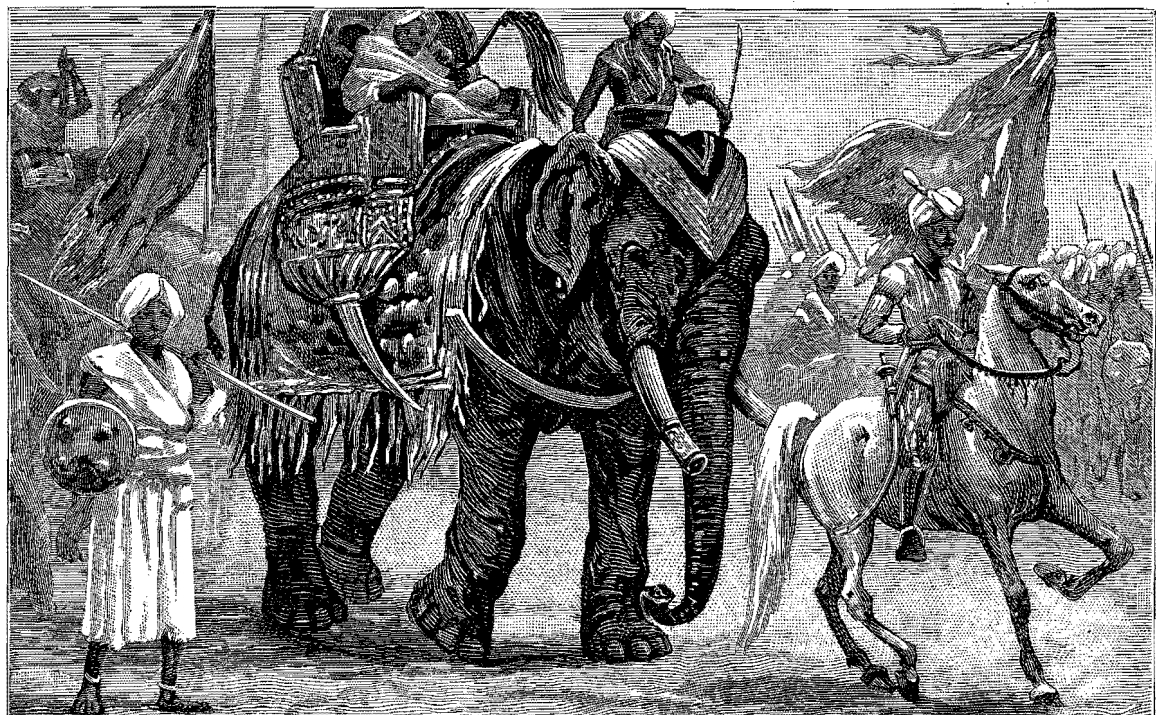
AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY.



COLONEL PRINGLE recently gave, in a letter to the *Times*, the following proof of an elephant's memory. When visiting the Zoological Gardens with his children, he gave them a ride on one of the elephants. After the ride the Colonel wished to give the elephant a bun, and, to make him say 'Please,' he said to him, 'Salaam kuro,' which means make a salaam. The animal for some time looked at the Colonel holding the bun in his hand, then memory came to his help, and up went his trunk and he made a most correct salaam.

The keeper was surprised, and asked what it meant. The Colonel explained that in India it was a point of good manners for an elephant to raise his trunk to his forehead if any one was going to feed him. The keeper replied that he had never seen this elephant do so before, and that he had been in charge of the elephant since it came from India, and that it was one of those that took part in the grand procession at Agra, when the Prince of Wales visited India.

For seventeen years this animal had never heard the words, 'Salaam kuro,' and yet he remembered their meaning. No doubt the keeper will take care to keep him up to the good manners of his younger days, and perhaps children on their visits to the 'Zoo' may see how an elephant can say 'Please.'



The Elephant's Memory and Manners.

I. — In the Procession at Agra.

2. — In the Zoo: "Salaam kuro."



"If you are afraid, you may go back."

TAKING OBSERVATIONS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT in his attack on the Russians went out to reconnoitre, the enemy being only separated from them by the narrow bed of a river. He was accompanied by the adjutant and a groom. Having laid his glass upon the shoulder of the groom, he began to observe the Russians, who, as soon as they perceived him, kept up a smart fire upon the place where he stood. The balls struck the ground on all sides of him, and covered his coat and his hat with the earth which they threw up.

At last the adjutant thought it his duty to apprise the King of his danger, and pulling him gently by the coat, he begged that his Majesty would not remain in so dangerous a spot; at the same time pointing out to him the effects of the enemy's fire upon his clothes.

The King did not answer him for some minutes; but he at last turned his head, and said with great composure, 'If you are afraid, sir, you may go back;' and then he continued his observations. After seeing everything he wished, he said to the groom, 'Now I have done; you may pack up again.'

He then mounted his horse and rode towards the camp, conversing with the adjutant upon different subjects.

A SORCERER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

From the French.



ONE evening, towards the end of the last century, a man, dressed in a modest and yet rather eccentric fashion, knocked at the door of an inn at Wurzburg, and asked for a supper and a room.

While the supper was being prepared he was shown to his room, wherein he deposited his luggage, which consisted of a small box of white wood secured by cords.

When supper was ready the stranger descended to the eating-room, where, without speaking a word to any one, he sat down at the little table prepared for him. He seemed strange in manner. He now and then whistled or hummed some unknown tune, flourishing his fork, and even flinging about his arms.

The astonished landlord fetched his wife to gaze upon this curious visitor, and their servant declared that, in her opinion, he was a lunatic. The guest took no apparent notice of the curiosity which he excited, but continued to behave in the same eccentric manner. He was about forty years of age, and of distinguished appearance. His pale face had a somewhat melancholy expression. He seemed buried in thought. He ate sparingly, and soon went up to his room, without having even noticed the presence of the others.

On the day after his arrival at the inn the stranger went out at dawn, and spent the whole day in tramp-

ing about the dusty country lanes. On the following days he repeated this performance. A shepherd laid told the inn-keeper that he had seen his guest walking at a great pace along the bank of the Rhine. Then, said the boy, he had stopped suddenly, waving his arms like a maniac, and uttering wild, terrible words, which were sometimes whispered and sometimes shouted.

In a short time all kinds of wild rumours were afloat concerning this mysterious stranger, who, however, according to the inn-keeper, was a very abstemious, sober person, always contented with the food set before him. Curiosity grew more intense. The man was followed and spied upon more and more. It was observed that when, after supper, he went to his bedroom, he did not at once retire to rest. Somebody who chanced to wake up in the middle of the night had seen through the casement his light still burning.

One evening the servant rushed down the stairs into the room where the landlady was sitting with two or three neighbours. Some one, she said, excitedly, was conversing with the stranger in his room, although she was perfectly certain that nobody had entered—by the door, at all events. In order to keep up appearances before her visitors, the landlady reproved her maid for listening at doors; but, as soon as her friends had departed, she hastened to apply her own ear to the keyhole.

Of what she heard there she recounted not a single syllable to any one in the house, but, after a sleepless night, she rose at dawn, and made her way to the house of the chief magistrate.

Encountering the stranger as he came forth from his room to take his usual walk, she made the sign of the cross. 'Ah! he must be a hardened sinner!' murmured she to herself. 'Yet who would believe it of so handsome a man?'

That night, when the 'hardened sinner' had returned from his wanderings, and shut himself into his room, two police officials stationed themselves outside the door. With them were some of the most prominent townsmen of Wurzburg. Upon the staircase, in the hall below, and in the street, were assembled all the women of the village, their fear overmastered by their curiosity.

Those nearest the door heard distinctly the stranger's voice, variously inflected, as though in discussion with another person. 'Accursed being, whom I have sought so long, not again shalt thou escape me!' the man cried, in wrathful tones. 'Infernal power! if thou art, indeed, subject to me, show thyself, demon, and speak to thy master!'

A voice, which seemed to issue from infernal depths, replied, in accents of mock humility, 'Master, what wilt thou of thy servant?'

The listening, horrified women fled shrieking, the men forced the door, and beheld—the solitary stranger seated in an arm-chair near a table, upon which lay an open manuscript book, a volume of magic, no doubt.

As for the demon, he had disappeared, but several persons solemnly affirmed that he had left behind him a distinct odour of sulphur.

The sorcerer was seized, and, despite his protestations, he was dragged before the magistrate, in whose

presence he was accused of the practice of magic and sorcery, and of holding communication with the Evil One.

The stranger, who had been at first bewildered and then indignant at the rough treatment, broke out now into a broad smile as he heard the charges made against him.

'What!' he exclaimed, 'do you in this village still believe in sorcery? What a fuss about nothing! I am an author; at present I am composing a tragedy, and, as at Weimar my friends interrupt me, I came hither to work, thinking to find here the needful quiet. The hero of my piece is a man who invokes the devil, and to whom the devil appears. It is a habit of mine to read aloud what I have written, and this reading it is, most worthy magistrate, which these good people have heard. Examine my manuscript at the inn, and you will see that I am speaking the truth.'

'That is quite needless,' replied the magistrate; 'I believe you. Only be so good as to write your name upon this register.'

The supposed sorcerer complied with the request, and the magistrate read the following:—

'Jean Wolfgang Goethe, born at Frankfort in 1749.'

The author of *Werther* and of *Götz* was at this time busily engaged in writing the famous tragedy of *Faust*.
E. D.

HOW DOGS GO TO SLEEP.

WHAT does a dog generally do when it goes to its bed, be it indoors or not? Perhaps you say, 'Go to sleep.' Well, he sleeps, of course, sooner or later, but most dogs are rather fussy, as it seems to us, before they settle down and lie still. True, we are a little like them, because when we put our heads upon the pillow at night, we often move about till we feel comfortable, and turn from side to side. Especially do children and grown-up folk do this who have long hair, for they cannot rest till it lies smoothly. But a dog has a peculiar and funny way of turning round before he goes to sleep. Some people say he usually turns three times. I have noticed dogs make several more than that number. We could understand this, certainly, supposing it was the habit of rough, hairy dogs only, but smooth-skinned dogs have just the same way of twisting about. A boy who had seen how they did this, said that he thought they were trying to find the head of the bed! It seems more likely that the dogs move till they make a place where their heads can lie comfortably. One of our great naturalists has studied this habit of our tame dogs, and he thinks they do it because the wild dogs who were their ancestors had to turn when they laid down amongst the long grass of the prairies, so as to make a space, or they would not have had enough air. Here is another curious thing which has been noticed. You know the sun every day seems to move from the east to the west, but a dog, when he turns round in his bed, moves, as much as he can, just the other way, from west towards east. And if you look at some of the climbing plants in any garden where you may be

walking, you might see that each kind has its own way of twisting or twining; some go with the sun and some do not. We can easily notice the difference if we look at a hop-plant and a convolvulus, but the cause of it, in either animals or plants, we cannot tell.

As to this habit of turning round before sleeping, however, it is not with dogs only that it is usual, for the same thing is done by many cats, though they are not quite so fidgety, and just go round once or twice, then quickly roll themselves into a ball. But a noise which would wake up a dog, and keep him on the watch for a long time, has no effect upon a cat. The two animals are different in nature. One thing more I may add, by way of advice: If you come anywhere upon a dog that is sleeping, don't touch it. Very often dogs at first waking are inclined to snap. Hence the truth of an old proverb, 'Let sleeping dogs lie.'

STORY OF A KNIFE.

I SAVED up all my coppers till they counted half-a-crown,
And never felt so happy in my life
As when I sought the cutler's in the High Street of the town,
And spent my hoarded treasure on a knife.

Four blades of polished splendour, and a tiny three-inch rule
(I cannot count the wonders in it stored);
A corkscrew, pair of tweezers, and a handy little tool
For boring holes, when holes were to be bored.

I polished up like silver all the beauties it displayed,
And showed it to my schoolmates with delight,
Till Johnson minor borrowed it and broke the largest blade—
My heart was nearly broken at the sight.

The corkscrew got so twisted that it quite refused to shut,
The pair of tweezers somehow went astray,
The chisel snapped in pieces when I wanted it to cut—
I sadly tossed the useless bits away.

Two blades I broke in carving on an ancient hollow tree,
And in the bark I left them to their fix;
One blade was now remaining with a three-inch rule
you see,
To pay me for my hoarded two and six.

One day I met a ploughboy ('twas Will, the farmer's lad,
Whistling Will, as happy as a prince);
We quickly made a bargain (and I was rather glad),
I changed the knife with pleasure for a quince.

JOHN LEA.



THE CURRANT.

WITH the exception of the apple, there is no fruit more useful than the currant, which may be called the poor man's fruit, for it requires hardly any cultivation, and will grow on ground that will produce little besides. Even our woods and hedges, in some parts of England, give us gooseberries and currants, though they are not so good nor so 'plentiful as blackberries.'

In Kent, the black currant is called *gazel*, by which name it was known in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when Gerard describes it as a gooseberry without prickles. In Essex, the red currant is cultivated for making wine for the London markets, and the black on account of its medicinal properties, as it often

gives relief to those suffering from cough and sore throat.

Currants thrive well in cold climates: the black is abundant in the woods of Russia, and is used not only for wine, but the leaves are made into tea. The name is evidently derived from the resemblance of the fruit to the small grapes of Zante and Corinth, which when dried form the corinths or currants of commerce. The first mention we find of the name is in the reign of James I. by Bacon, who says the earliest fruits are strawberries, gooseberries, and *corans*. Fifty years later, we are told that 'the English *curran*, once in esteem, is now cast out of all good gardens.'

R. B.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 245.)

CHAPTER VIII.



T WAS an anxious moment, for Jack knew well the danger he incurred by stumbling along in the semi-darkness with the sick boy in his arms, while Fred followed behind with his bundle of blankets. If the mutineers heard them, they would at once attack them.

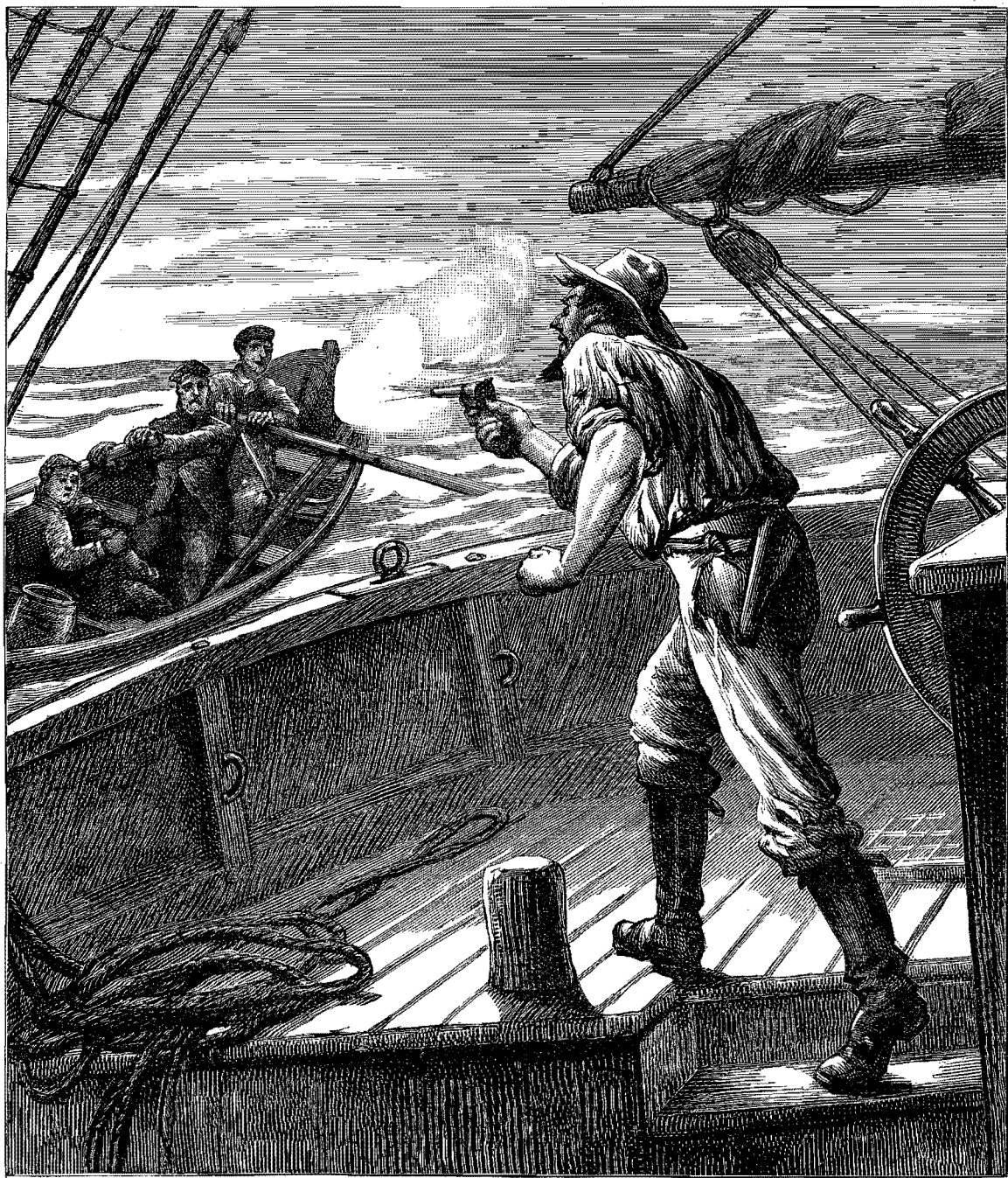
Yet how were they to avoid all noise, encumbered as they were, and scarcely able to see where they were going? Nixon could already be heard swearing savagely at his companions, by way of arousing them from their drunken sleep, while they, in their turn, not able as yet to rise to their feet, were yet pouring forth horrid oaths and curses. With the utmost caution, therefore, they made their way to the side of the ship, and, peering over, saw that Tom was anxiously awaiting them. Oh, how thankful were both of the men for the long-continued calm weather, which enabled them to make all their difficult arrangements, short-handed though they were, and encumbered with two little boys.

'Hi, Tom! here goes!' said Jack, in a scarcely audible whisper. 'Hold up your hands, and catch hold of Cecil.'

'All right,' was the reply.

And in another minute the sick boy was safely landed in the boat, and laid on a large bear-skin rug which had been found in the skipper's cabin. Fred followed next, almost without assistance, so anxious was he to escape from the ship and all the horrors which he had witnessed there. Then the bundle of blankets was thrown down, and, lastly, Jack was just about to descend, when he was suddenly seized from behind in a man's strong and relentless grasp, while the infuriated voice of Nixon roared out, 'Come back, you villain, unless you wish to be—'

But the rest of the speech was not heard, for Jack, swift almost as lightning, turned round and dealt him a violent blow on the face, which caused him to measure his length on the deck. Then, without more



"Three or four shots were fired at random from the ship."

ado, he swiftly slid down the rope, and in another moment was in the boat, when, with one tremendous shove, he sent her yards away from the ship, into what seemed to be a thick bank of darkness.

"Lie down!" cried Jack to Fred, who had risen to his feet in horror when he heard the voice of Nixon; "lie down, boy! the man has his revolver with him!"

Scarcely were the words uttered when three or

four shots were fired at random from the ship, but none of them touched the boat.

"Will they try to launch the long-boat, think ye, mate?" asked Tom, with a look at the boys.

"Not they," answered Jack; "they aren't sober enough for that work yet; besides, if they did, they would leave the *Beatrice* short-handed, and it's my belief that a storm is brewing."

Then the men paddled a little further off, when they both bent to their oars, and rowed stroke for stroke for a good hour, till at once Tom stopped and threw in his oar.

'What's up now, old chap?' asked Jack, anxiously. 'Matey,' replied poor Tom, 'I'm fairly done out, sick and giddy.'

Then he slowly slid down till he lay in the bottom of the boat, completely insensible.

'Poor old chap!' said Jack; 'he's starving, and then that wound on his head, I haven't had a moment to look to it yet. But we will all have a morsel to eat, and Tom, at least, must have a little grog—never man deserved it more.'

Then the good-hearted fellow, having bathed Tom's face, and poured a little brandy down his throat, soon had the satisfaction of seeing him revive a little and look all round him with an anxious gaze.

'Cheer up, matey,' said Jack, as cheerfully as he could, though a little anxiously too, for Tom seemed suddenly weak and spiritless. 'You must hold straight, you know, till we are picked up by some homeward-bound ship, as we are sure to be in twenty-four hours or so. I wish it was not so dark, for I can scarcely see your face; but won't you cheer up now, for poor Jack's sake?'

'Jack,' said the poor fellow, speaking sadly, 'my head is running round, just as though there was a windmill inside of it, and I can't somehow clear up my notion of things; this knock on my head seems almost to have done for me. I must lie down, Jack, and rest a while; yet, if I do, what about you and the little lads? Oh, Jack! I fear—I fear we must all perish on the wide ocean! We'll never see old England any more!' And the poor fellow broke into bitter sobs and tears.

Jack was thunderstruck. Tom was older than he was, and a more experienced seaman; therefore he had always looked up to him as a leader; but now here he was, apparently as helpless as Cecil, the sick boy. 'You shall, indeed, lie down, matey,' he said, 'and take a good long rest. So long as this calm lasts, I can do very well without you.'

Tom made no reply; indeed, before the words were well out of Jack's mouth, he had sunk into a profound slumber.

Then Jack covered him up, and, crossing to where the boys sat, he took both their hands in his; they were cold and trembling. 'Now, lads,' he said, 'you must not be boys any more; you must try to be little men, and do your best to help me. Poor Tom is done for—at least, for a day or two. Now, Fred, you must steer. I'll show you how. Of course, Cecil cannot work; but even he can do something. Do you know what you can do, Cecil?'

'I can be quiet and patient,' said the poor boy, squeezing Jack's hand with his thin fingers. 'I'll try it, dear Jack, I really will. I am so sorry for Tom. If he dies, I am sure he will go to Heaven.'

'Dies!' echoed Jack, as cheerfully as he could; 'nobody is going to die. We are going to be picked up some day by a home-going ship. Just wait, and you will see.' And Jack, afraid lest any questions should be asked, left his forlorn little passengers to

take what rest they could, and returned to his own place, oppressed by many an anxious thought. If Tom should really die, as did not seem unlikely, he could scarcely hope to keep the boat afloat without better help than Fred's young arms could give. As to reaching land (the nearest point being many hundred miles away), the idea could not be entertained for a moment, even though Tom should recover, and be able to resume his share of the work. They had only provisions and water to last four or five days, and in that short space of time what land could they reach?

No, their only hope was in being rescued; but they were right in the track of passing vessels, and, by keeping a good look-out, why, the very next day might see them on board some English ship among their own countrymen, and with perhaps a surgeon on board to minister to the wants of Tom and the sick boy.

Cheered by this hope, Jack moistened the lips of his poor comrade, spoke another word of cheer to the boys, and then, taking the oars in his hands, he rowed gently, just enough to keep their little boat from broaching to, and he had hard work to keep awake. Thus the weary night passed away without a sound being heard save Tom's heavy breathing, and the lap, lap, lapping of the water against the sides of the boat.

There seemed to be something awful and solemn about that night to poor Jack. He had never been much given to thinking, poor fellow! and he was very ignorant; but, if ever Jack's thoughts ascended to Heaven, they did so that night. The sky was black as ink, yet one bright planet shone right in front of him. 'God made that star,' he said to himself. 'How great and how good He must be!' Then he remembered how once, when he was a ragged boy, wandering on the streets of Bristol, he had gone with a companion into a Sunday school when the children were singing some beautiful words, which he had never forgotten:—

'Star of Peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that shine on me;
Cheer the seaman's vigil dreary,
Far, far at sea.'

'Ay, yes,' said poor, ignorant Jack, 'it is indeed very dreary to-night. I do need to be cheered up, and the look of that star is very cheering.' Then his thoughts grew confused, for sleep was stealing over him. He thought that he was in that Sunday school once more, and that he was seated too near the blazing fire, which was burning his face. At length the heat awoke him, and, in a confused and blundering way, he rose to his feet. Day had dawned, a rosy flush had spread over the sky, and the tropical sun was shining full in his face. Jack would at once have gone over to Tom's side to take note of his condition had not an appalling sight met his bewildered gaze. Not a quarter of a mile distant he could see the doomed ship *Beatrice* wrapped in flames from stem to stern. Jack, instead of keeping to the northward, as he had intended to do, had been rowing in a circle the whole night long.

(Continued at page 262.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

28.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

A CITY in France believed, from the antiquities found there, to be of Roman origin; it is famous for its trade, commerce, and manufactures, particularly that of silk, and is sometimes called the Manchester of France.

1. A canton in Switzerland, also a beautiful lake.
2. A river in Norfolk, giving its name to a town.
3. The chief town of the smallest county in England.
4. A province, town, and bay in Italy, famed for their extreme beauty.
5. A very large, dreary desert in Africa.

C. C.

29.—WORD PUZZLE.

A BEAUTIFUL town in the south of Europe.

- 1.—5, 8, 2. A savoury fish.
- 2.—7, 4, 8, 5, 2. A basket.
- 3.—2, 3, 4, 5. Learning.
- 4.—1, 3, 4, 7, 5. Strength.
- 5.—6, 3, 4, 8. A roadstead in the Thames.
- 6.—7, 2, 5, 1. A term used in music.
- 7.—1, 4, 5, 8. Unbound.
- 8.—4, 5, 8, 2. Found in your workbox; a dance.
- 9.—7, 3, 6, 8. The seed of a tree.
- 10.—7, 4, 5, 3, 2, 8. One of a mixed race.

C. C.

[Answers at page 270.]

ANSWERS.

25.—Montezuma.

- | | | | |
|----------|----------|-----------|----------|
| 1. Maze. | 3. Mute. | 5. Name. | 7. Emu. |
| 2. Team. | 4. One. | 6. Mount. | 8. Neat. |

- 26.—1. Always be at leisure to do good.
2. Business neglected is business lost.
3. By doing nothing we learn to do ill.
4. A faithful friend is a strong defence.
5. Too much, like too little, ruins many.
6. A young man idle is an old man poor.
7. A merry heart makes a cheerful countenance.
8. A poor freedom is better than a rich slavery.
9. Beware of secret sins.
10. Bounty is more often praised than practised.
11. Better to be alone than in bad company.
12. Bad books are the fountains of vice.
13. Content is the true philosopher's stone.
14. Confine your tongue lest it confine you.
15. Common sense is the most valuable of all the senses.
16. Good conduct and courage lead to honour.

- 27.—1. Marseilles.
2. Messina.
3. Caithness.
4. Gloucester.
5. Corinth.
6. Palestine.
7. Beyrout.
8. Kildare.

ANSWER TO PICTURE PUZZLE.

PLANETS.

| | |
|--------|----------|
| Palms | P salm. |
| Seal | L eas. |
| Lace | A lec. |
| Planes | N aples. |
| Ears | E ras. |
| Mitre | T imer. |
| Snail | S lain. |

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE COCHINEAL INSECT.



THE Cochineal insect first attracted attention about the year A.D. 1518, but its true nature and commercial value were not then understood. Two centuries later, some microscopic observations were made; it was then discovered that a most beautiful scarlet dye could be produced from this curious little creature. This beautiful colour was used by the natives of Mexico long before its introduction, by way of traffic, into Europe. It has now become a most important article of commerce. The East India Company was anxious to introduce it into India, and offered a reward of 6000*l.* for that purpose; but, although many attempts have been made, they have not been successful.

In Mexico, there is a peculiar kind of fig called Nopal, which is cultivated for the sake of the insect produce. Some of these plantations contain sixty or seventy thousand nopal trees; but the greatest quantity of cochineal is produced in smaller plantations, the property of Indians. After the fig-gathering the insects are killed by immersion in boiling water, or placed in hot ovens. They are then ready for the market.

THE HONEY ANT.

M. WESMAEL has described these curious creatures. They live underground most of the year in small galleries. At a particular time, the abdomen of a certain number becomes globular, transparent, and full of saccharine matter, to such an extent that it equals in size a small cherry.

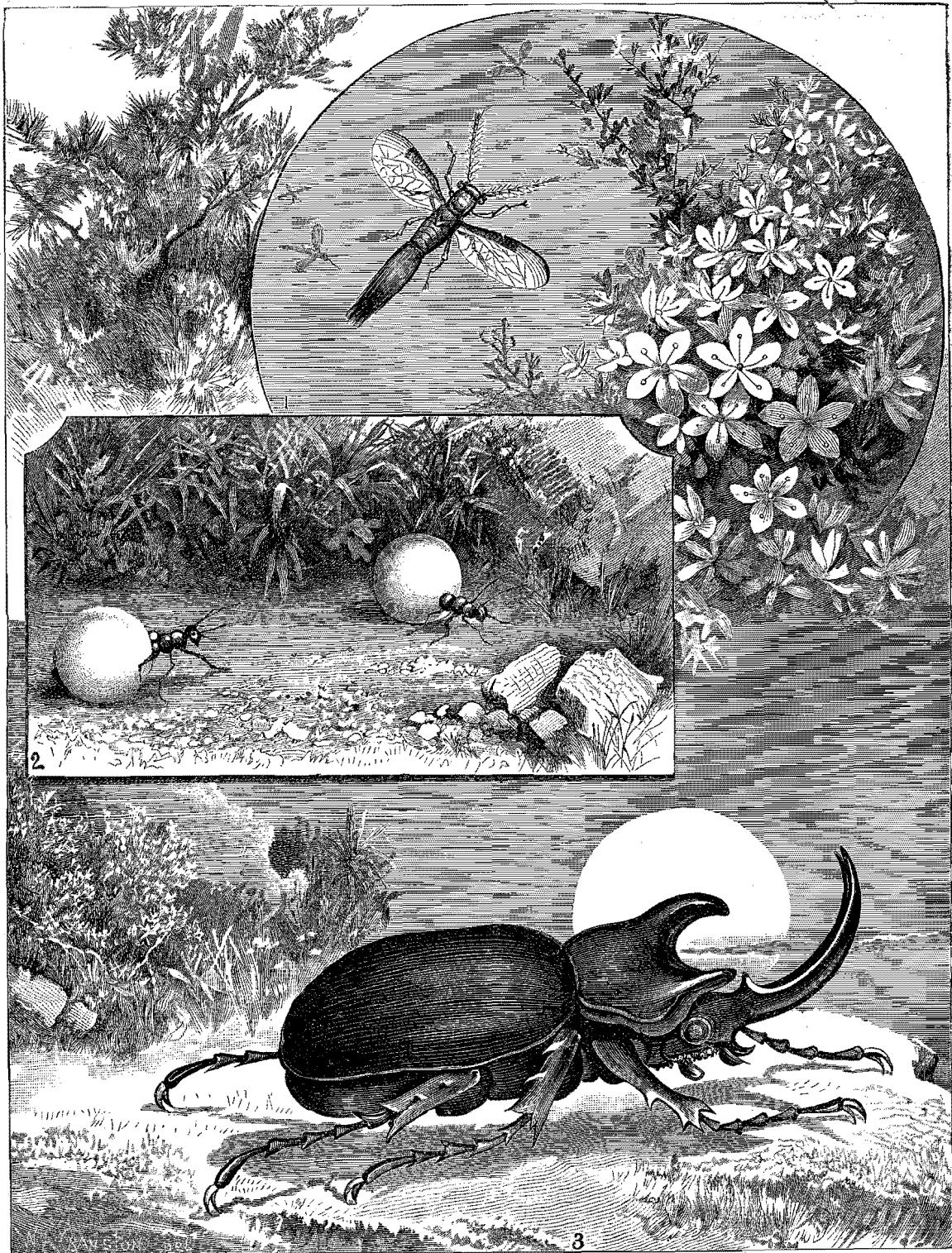
M. Wesmael says that this honey-like secretion has an exquisite taste, and in certain regions where these ants abound, the women and children go and dig up their subterranean abodes to collect the insects, which, after being deprived of the head and thorax, are served up at dessert.

TROPICAL LAMELLICORN BEETLES.

A VERY large group of beetles, known as Scarabæidæ, are distinguished from others by the forms of the feelers, or antennæ. These vary widely. Some terminate in a large knob, which may be twisted and ringed as if turned by a lathe. The colours of some of them are of a rich green and golden bronze. From the peculiar form of the antennæ, these beetles have been termed Lamellicorns.

Many of the tropical species of this family are of great size, and also are marked by the extraordinary horny protuberances on the head and thorax. The Stag Beetle is a British specimen of this order.

W. A. C.



The Cochineal Insect.

The Honey Ant.

Tropical Lamellicorn Beetle.



"I called to the police agent driving, 'Hands up!' covering him with my revolver."

SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. VII



O,' said Seth, in a reflective kind of way, 'I reckon I don't care much about civilisation; it don't seem to be in my line, somehow. A chum of mine once agreed that he would civilise me—it's a good many years ago now—and he took me with him along

up to Denver. I had been out trapping on the Platte River for three months, and I dare say I was looking middling rough about the hair and that. Well, we got there, and went to a barber's, got cropped, and had a new rig-out of clothes apiece. "What's the next move, mate?" I says. "Oh," says he, "we must just move around town and see the sights." "Right!" says I, and off we started.

'It seemed to me that every other store was a drinking saloon, and that the "boys" appeared to think that, as soon as they got any dollars, the correct thing was to go and chuck them away to the bar-tender. Now, as you know, I don't drink anything but tea, and the whiskey saloons didn't interest me a bit. I was just going to say so to my pal—I forgot to tell you his name was Playle Craig—when half-a-dozen rowdies came along the street, quarrelling. Just as they got up to us, two or three of them drew their shooting irons and began emptying them amongst the crowd—sort of anywhere, you know: not particular who they hit. One big bully-looking chap got dropped, stone dead, and just then the States Marshal and two or three of the Vigilance Committee came on the scene. Quick as thought, one of the rowdies turns round on my friend and accuses him of having shot the man. Why, we, as I tell you, only just got abreast of them in time to see it done; even then, neither he nor I knew which of them had fired the shot. Well, I don't blame the Vigilance men; they could only act on what they were told, and it was no good for me, a stranger in the town, to swear to the contrary; so, to cut the matter short, they took Craig and jailed him, the rowdies all saying that they would come and be witnesses at the trial.

'What to do I did not know. You see, as I say, I am not exactly civilised myself, and didn't think of any scheme which perhaps an ordinary civilised man would think of. Besides, with these four rowdies all ready to swear anything to save their own skins, where would Craig's chances go to? I inquired of the marshal, as we walked along to the jail, when the prisoner would be brought up before the magistrate or judge, or whatever they called him. The marshal answered, quite civil and polite, that the judge was sick—had a bad cold, and couldn't leave his house, and that as soon as they could get a cart, they would take Craig right along to the judge's place.

'I didn't say anything more but "good day" to the marshal and the Vigilance chaps. Craig was

looking curiously at me, and I just winked at him and turned back.

'Directly I got away I inquired of a stranger I met, where the judge's house was. It was away back of the town about four miles, he said. That was all I wanted, and after loading my revolver, I just started right out on the back road. About a half-mile from where I could just see the judge's house on the top of a ridge, there was a small clump of trees growing by the edge of the track, where the cart must pass. I got in there and just laid for them.

'A long time passed, and I begun to get powerful uneasy that, after all, they were not coming. But, soon after it dropped dusk, I just caught the sound of wheels in the distance, and a few minutes later the cart came toiling slowly up the hill. About a hundred yards in front of it rode a couple of the marshals; luckily for my scheme, they, seeing the journey was nearly over, did not wait while the cart crawled up the hill, but kept on trotting towards the judge's. I laid quite still and quiet till they were out of sight, and then, just as the cart got abreast of me, I stepped out into the road, and called to the police agent driving, "Hands up!" covering him with my revolver.

'Well, I suppose he was like a good many others, he did not see any fun in getting his brains blown out for nothing in particular; so he dropped the reins.

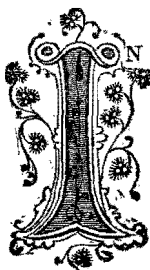
'Craig, sitting beside him, says quite calm and quiet, "I reckoned I should meet you on this road, Seth, but I did not guess whereabouts. What have we got to do with the agent?"

"He has got to come for a drive with us. We must borrow this horse and cart for a bit."

'I got into the cart, took the reins, and away we went. Not back to Denver—not much! We took right out into the back country and drove as hard as the horse could go. After travelling over a terrible rough road till the animal was fairly beat, we got down, said good night to the police agent, who had behaved himself very well and not given any trouble, and took to our feet again. We knew it would be hours before the policeman could get back to give an alarm, with his horse so beat out, and we did not trouble to hurry much. Nothing ever came of it, and if any one talks to me about trying civilisation again, I says, "No, thank you; I've been there before!"

FOX RUSSELL.

ANT-THRUSHES.



the steamy, hot lands of South America, fringing the shores of the great Amazon River and its tributaries, vegetation attains a luxuriance of growth unknown in cooler climates. Forests of immense trees are hung all over with graceful parasitic plants, and the flowers of brilliant orchids gleam in the sombre light which filters through the dense foliage. Animal life

flourishes in equal proportion, and amongst the many trials of a settler's life may be reckoned his uninvited guests.

Lizards, snakes, rats, mice, scorpions and centipedes with their poisonous fangs, cockroaches of untold size and odour, insects that pinch, insects that sting, insects that bite, and others that burrow beneath the skin, and irritate to an extent beyond bearing;—these and many others like to occupy favoured positions, under the pillows, in the toes of slippers, up the sleeves of coats and dresses; and it is quite a natural event to find a curled-up scorpion in one's pocket along with one's purse and keys. After a spell of such experiences, we may believe the delight with which an Amazon settler watches the approach of a queer-coloured flock of birds, with fat bodies and queer stumpy tails. On they come—green, purple, and red—glistening in the light, and the pest-ridden people hail the 'Pittas,' or 'Ant-thrushes' as the har-bingers of deliverance.

Presently, as the birds come nearer, a long dark line may be seen on the ground below, often extending more than a hundred yards in length, and on a nearer survey it may be seen that this long line is a densely packed procession of tiny ants of a light brown colour. They march in most regular fashion, save for an occasional break where an enterprising Pitta has swallowed a hundred or so; but beside the ants walk some of larger size, who keep order, and soon fill up the ranks again. As soon as the ant-thrushes come in sight, there is great activity in the neighbouring houses. Every box, cupboard, and drawer is flung open, and all possible freedom of access allowed to all parts of the building. Then the family betake themselves for a day or two's sojourn in the forest. Steadily onward comes the long procession, until its advance guard halts outside the house. Next a few scouts are detached and sent in to see that all is right, and when a favourable report is received, the whole body marches in. From room to room, and corner to corner, up the walls, over the ceilings, into the crevices, over beds and chairs and tables, along dressers and shelves, into boxes and baskets, wander the foraging host. The largest rat or the fiercest scorpion, the best-armoured cockroach or the scaliest lizard, all go down before the restless energy of the tiny creatures. Finally, when all the prey is killed, the army withdraws, carrying all its victims with it, multitudes of frantic little atoms tugging and pushing at some solid body, in a fashion which makes one think of some huge block of stone being moved by the natives in ancient Egypt. Away they all go at last, conquerors and conquered, to the great joy of the Pittas, who have waited outside with exemplary patience. And then the settlers return from their hiding-places, to enjoy for a while their picturesque dwellings freed from their unwelcome guests. But, alas! the deliverance does not last long, and the sight of the Pittas will soon again be a longed-for vision, as heralding another visit from their scavenger allies, the foraging ants.

HELENA HEATH.

THE HARVEST MOON.

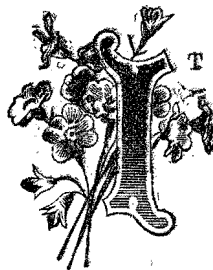
THE harvest field, with its wealth of golden grain all ready to be carried away to the shelter of the stack-yard, is one of the most beautiful sights to be seen throughout the year in quiet country places.

The harvest season is always a very busy time. The farmer and his men feel that they must work from morning to night, lest rain should set in, and delay or spoil the grain that is still in the fields. In Great Britain, at this season of the year, the moon shines with a peculiar brilliancy, not seen at other times. The cause of this brilliancy is as follows: On the 22nd of September each year in the north temperate zone, the sun sets close to the exact western point of the horizon, and, if it should happen to be then also full moon, the moon rises that evening as the sun sets, and is at its rising opposite the sun, or close to the exact eastern point of the horizon.

Thus the moon begins to give light at sunset, and continues to do so until sunrise, when it sets opposite to the sun, just as the latter rises. This arrangement holds good, without any great change, for several nights, so that there is practically no darkness during that time, especially if the weather be fine. The full moon which thus illumines the autumn night is called the 'Harvest Moon.' No other full moon throughout the year rises for so many days in succession so soon after sunset. The brilliant light of the harvest moon is cheering and helpful to the farmer in the midst of his harvest toil. K.

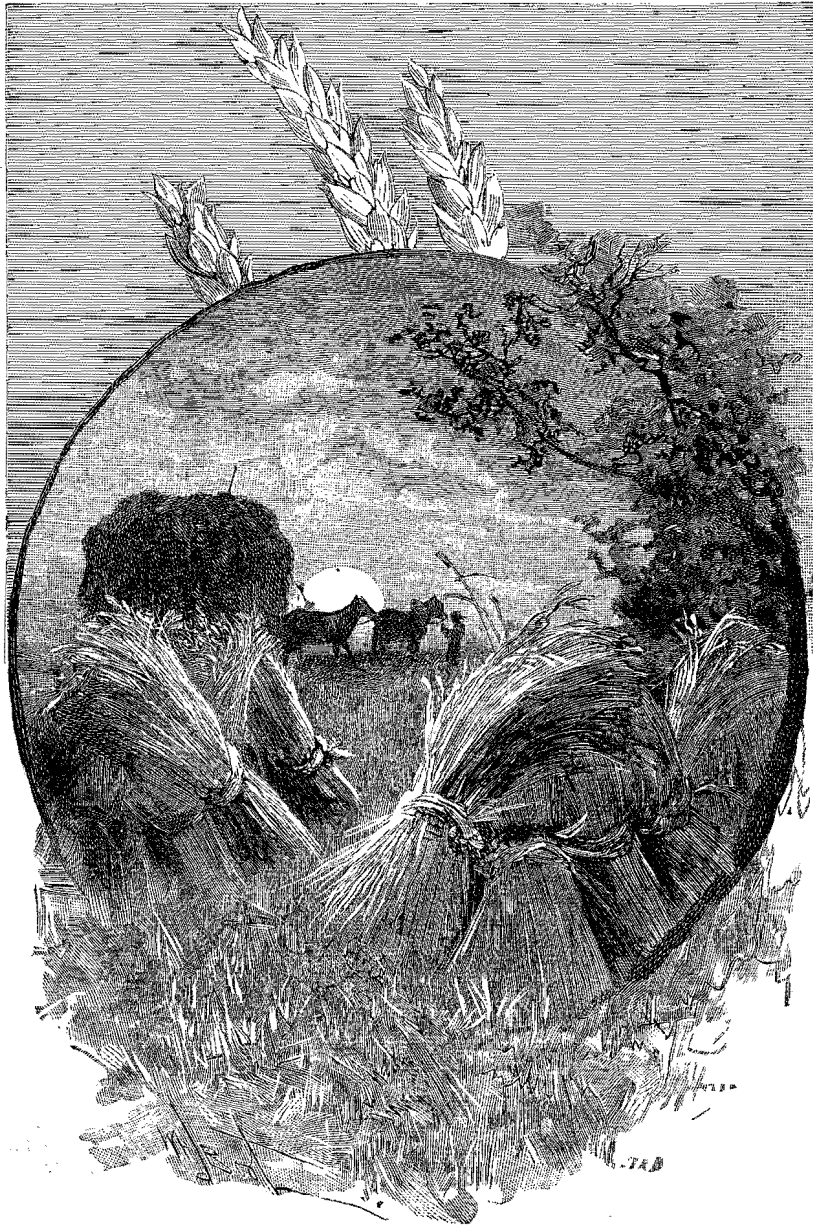
GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.

WRESTLING.



TIS a sign of improvement that most of the rough or barbarous games which were greatly liked by the Londoners of bygone times are not so much cared for now. Sports of a different kind have come into fashion, and cricket, tennis, football, have many players, and crowds of on-lookers; but Londoners do not seem to encourage wrestling. Certainly, in the game of football there is, now and then, rough play, yet it is not like that in wrestling, which, as a public amusement, is no better than boxing, though as an exercise it may be good to strengthen the muscles. There are, however, four counties, a long way from London, two in the north, Northumberland and Cumberland, and two in the south, Cornwall and Devon, where wrestling is still much practised. People who find fault with our forefathers ought to remember that they had no free libraries, science and art classes, exhibitions, or any of those means of recreation or improvement which we possess, so that their holidays had to be spent chiefly in such outdoor games as they had, and their summer evenings too.

The resorts of wrestlers in and near Old London were numerous; many of them are now covered with houses, though once grassy and open. Even on Cornhill, in the days of Stow, people had space for various sports, probably wrestling amongst them.

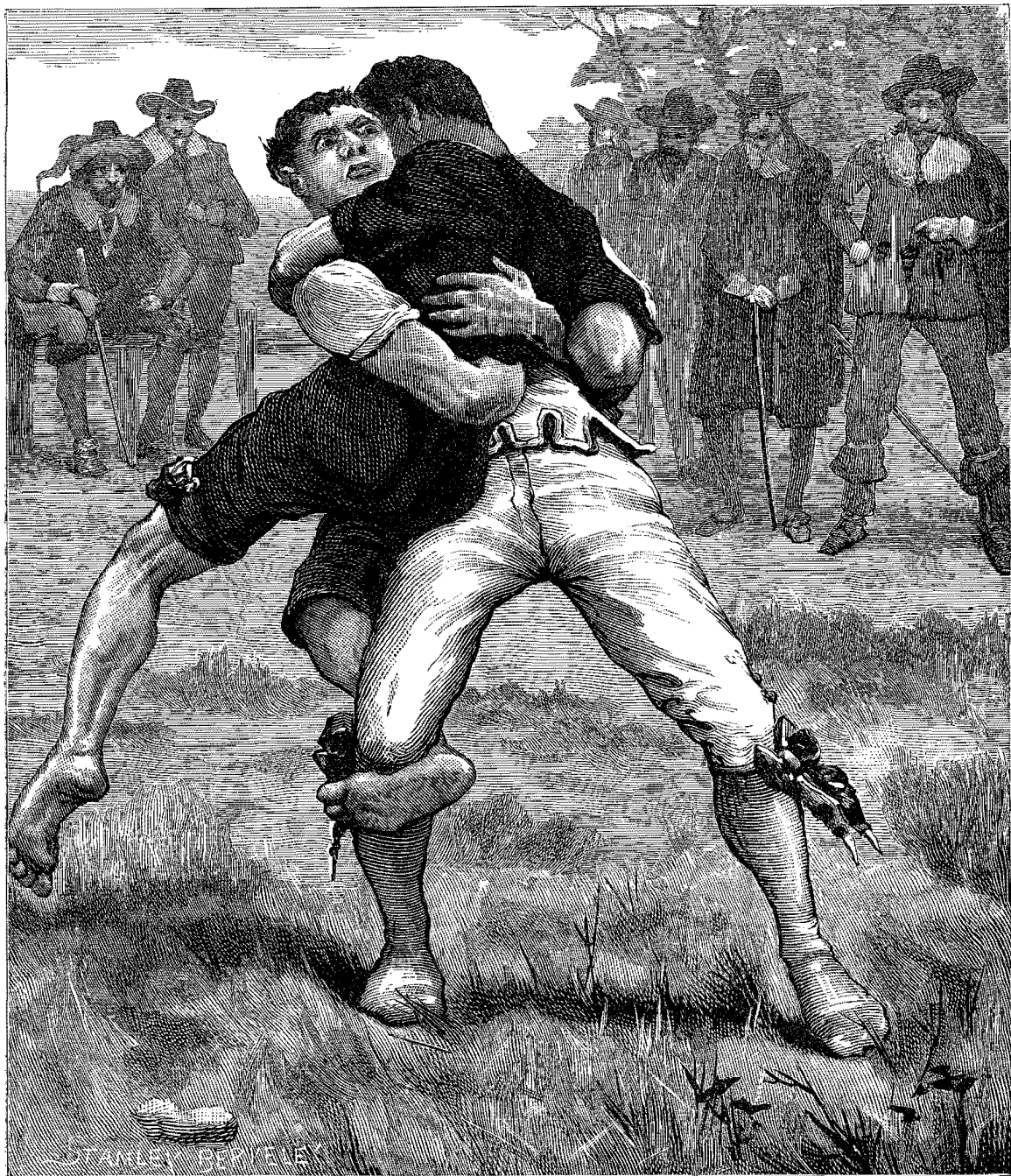


The Harvest Moon.

Clerkenwell Green was a noted spot, mentioned as famous for its wrestling matches. So, too, the Lamb's Conduit Fields, to the north of Holborn, a favourite resort of the citizens, and the St. Giles's Fields to the west, where the Londoners met the Westminster men. Near the old Abbey was Tuttle, or Tothill Fields, since built over, or nearly so, but open for sports till the reign of George III.

A wrestling match went on something in this way, when the object was to find out who was the 'best man.'

The young men were divided into pairs, and when half of these had been thrown, the victorious ones struggled again; and so the game went on, until only a pair was left, and he who conquered of the two became the hero of the hour. Or there might be two parties, as in our football matches; perhaps the men of Queenhithe against those of Cripplegate, let us say—both their dresses and their colours different. Let us suppose a dozen in red met a dozen in blue. The first struggle goes off, seven of the red men fall, and five



A Wrestling Match.

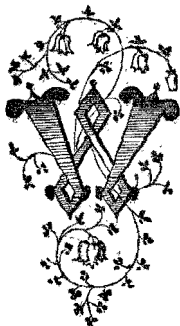
of the blue; then a second conflict would follow, a third, and a fourth perhaps; at the end they reckoned to see which side had most falls. It appears that the winners generally had a small reward in money, and sometimes the losers, too. King Charles II. is said to have liked to watch the sport of wrestling. Now and again during the Middle Ages the Lord Mayor and Aldermen went in procession to Clerken-

well Green, where the citizens met to engage in wrestling matches with the men of Westminster and other quarters. The chief prize was generally a ram, and often these matches lasted several days. One of the public matches of this sort caused much trouble to the Londoners in A.D. 1222. It happened as follows:—

There had been a match in the spring between

London and Westminster wrestlers, and the citizens conquered. At the 'return match' in August, the Westminster people resolved that they would have revenge. So they hired a number of rough fellows, who rushed in upon the ground and began to beat the Londoners, and some were much hurt. The match was stopped, and the citizens went home very angry. The Mayor tried to quiet them, but he could not, and one of the chief citizens, Fitzamulph, told the citizens that they should not be insulted by the people of Westminster, and he got a mob to march with him to Westminster. When they arrived, an attack was made upon the Steward's house, which they robbed and destroyed, and the Abbot went to the King to complain about it. The King sent a force of soldiers to the city with one of the judges. He had Fitzamulph, and other citizens, taken into custody, and he, and two more of the ringleaders, were executed, though Fitzamulph offered 15,000 marks, a large sum, if he could have his life spared. The Mayor and Aldermen were also blamed and punished, so that the Londoners had reason to long remember this wrestling match. J. R. S. C.

WHEAT.



HEAT, the most valuable of all the cereal grasses, seems to have been cultivated in China three thousand years before Christ. Being the most esteemed of all the cereals, particularly for the making of bread, the increase of its cultivation and use has marked the progress of agriculture and wealth in almost every country.

But it is only in what we may call more recent times that bread made of wheat has become a common article of food among the labouring classes in Britain. In the eighth century we read that the monks of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds ate barley bread because the income of the Abbey would not admit of their using wheaten bread regularly. At a later period wheat was largely used (at least in the southern parts of England) for a short time after harvest, but, the supply being soon exhausted, the people again had to use inferior kinds of food. Down to the end of the seventeenth century, wheaten bread in England was a principal article of food only among wealthy persons, the servants in their houses being still furnished with oats, barley, and rye, while in Scotland and the northern counties of England the use of wheaten bread was rare even at the middle of the eighteenth century. So small was the quantity of this valuable grain used in the county of Cumberland (Eden's *History of the Poor*, 1797) that it was only rich families who used a peck of wheat in the course of the year, and that was at Christmas, the usual treat for a stranger being a thick oat-cake, called a haver-bannock, spread with butter.

An old labourer of eighty-five remarks that when he was a boy he was at Carlisle market with his father, and, wishing to indulge himself with a penny loaf made of wheaten flour, he searched for it for some time, but could not procure a piece of wheaten bread at any shop in Carlisle. Now, the home supply of wheat is supplemented by 123 millions of bushels of wheat, besides flour equal to other forty-one million bushels which is imported from other countries. This is about six bushels a head for the whole population, the imported quantity being more than double what is produced at home. D. B.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 254.)

CHAPTER IX.



T was, indeed, a terrible sight which met Jack's eyes on that first morning after he and his little party had left the *Beatrice*; so terrible, that he felt almost glad that his three companions seemed to be as yet buried in sleep, so that they did not witness the horror from which he could not turn away his gaze. 'God forgive them all,' he muttered to himself. 'I fear there is no escape for any one of them—they were too drunk to make any attempt to save themselves.' Then he remembered, with a feeling of distress, that he had himself shut down the hatch upon the lascar seamen lest they should interfere with his escape and that of his party. In doing this, Jack had confidently believed that the man Nixon would have been sober enough to release them from their captivity ere many hours had passed. Whether he had done so or not, of course he could not tell; but he feared that all the mutineers must have perished with the ship. Even while Jack stood shading his eyes and gazing at the frightful spectacle before him, a pillar of fire shot up into the air, a loud explosion took place, and the *Beatrice* plunged headlong down to the depths below! Then Jack, drawing a long breath, crossed over to where Tom lay, and peered closely into his face. The poor fellow opened his eyes and looked at his old messmate. 'Well, Tom,' he said, 'you're all right now, you look a precious deal better, I can tell you; and here's a sup of brandy and water for you, old chap.'

Tom slowly drank the liquid offered to him, at the same time rubbing his face with his hands. At last he sat up in the bottom of the boat.

'Yes, Jack,' he said, 'I am a deal better this morning. My head is clearer, and I can understand things better than I did last night; but, Jack, I've seen a vision through the night, an awful vision.'

'What was it, Tom?' asked Jack, in a low tone. He knew that Tom was a Scotchman, and he had

heard that some Scotchmen were gifted with second sight, and could see things which were taking place at a distance from them. What if Tom had seen in his vision that the little boat was to be lost, and that they were all to be drowned!

'What was it, Tom?' he asked once more.

'Well, Jack, I seemed to be once more aboard the *Beatrice*; you and the little lads were away in this here boat, but I was on the deck left behind. I remember that I was looking at the man Nixon, who was lying on his back just where you had knocked him down. Well, Jack, I saw him get up, and he ran to the ship's side and shook his fist at the boat, cursing awfully. He didn't seem to see me at all, and I didn't seem to care whether he did or not. Well, I saw him stagger across the deck and lift the hatch, when up came the lascar seamen, all of them quarrelling and fighting like mad. Nixon kicked them about and sent one of them to the wheel, and when the fellow would not go he knocked him down. Then, Jack, a kind of cloud seemed to pass before my eyes, and when it cleared away I saw such a sight. A broken lamp lay on the deck, and the burning oil ran everywhere. It did not seem to me long till the masts were all shrouded in fire, and the men were gazing stupidly on, not sober enough to do anything to help themselves. Then there followed a terrible explosion, and the same cloud seemed to cover me as before. Next thing I knew, Jack, was you taking my hand and peering into my face.'

Then Jack, who had listened to all this in great amazement, and almost fear, told his messmate the terrible sight which he had witnessed that morning.

'I was sure of it,' said Tom. 'It was not a dream, it was a reality. God has not permitted them to escape; they have all gone down together, and the gold too—the gold for the sake of which they were willing to lose their souls. Oh, Jack, it is a terrible story; but we must think now of ourselves. What about the boy Cecil?'

'I declare,' said Jack, 'I have not thought of him yet, but I'll go now and get the little chap something to eat. He is lying quietly enough, anyhow.'

When the two lads were roused from sleep, and made to sit up, Jack saw, to his dismay, that a great change had taken place in the appearance of the sick boy; his face was deathly pale and pinched, while he refused all food, but eagerly drank the water offered to him. He then inquired about Tom, but in a very faint voice, and begged Jack to carry him over to where Tom lay. 'Do, dear Jack,' he said; 'I want to speak to him once more before I die.'

'But you are not going to die, my dear lad!' said Jack, with a laugh, though with a strange lump rising in his throat as he looked at the fever-bright eyes and the wan features, and began to fear that the boy was right, and that his life might now be counted by hours.

'Well, I'll take you over to Tom,' he said, soothingly. 'Poor little chap, I wish I could do more for you! Here, Tom, here's your friend, Cecil, wants to have a talk with you.'

Tom held out his arms and took the sick boy close to his breast. 'Well, my lad,' he said, 'and how do you feel now?'

'I am dying, Tom!' was the reply; 'but I am quite happy. I am going to Jesus and to mother. Only one thing troubles me—poor Fred will be alone in the world; for the uncle we are going to does not care for us. I know that; I heard mother say so to Mr. Stace. Tom,' he added, after a pause, fixing his fevered eyes on Tom's face, 'you once said that, if Uncle would not take care of Fred, you would take him yourself. Were you only making fun, Tom, or were you in earnest?'

'Whatever I was then, I am in earnest now,' said Tom; 'and I promise you, my dear, good lad, that, if I find your brother has no one to care for him and love him, he shall go home with me, and be treated as one of my own dear boys. Does that content you, Cecil?'

But Cecil's only reply was to throw his wasted arms round the seaman's neck, and Tom laid him gently down, shading him carefully from the fierce heat of the sun.

But Cecil did not die that day, nor for several days to come, during which his trials and sufferings were not few, for days passed away without any ship being seen, while both wind and sea rose, which taxed severely the strength and energy of both men. The scanty stock of provisions was almost expended, as well as their water supply. But on the subject of their sufferings during that terrible time we do not mean to enlarge—such scenes have often been recorded before and will be again—the gradual weakening of the bodily powers, the growing confusion and bewilderment of mind, the gloomy silence of the forlorn party, and the gradual dying away of all hope of rescue. These sorrows were increased by the sad condition of the dying boy, who, after hours of feverish tossing, had sunk into a half-conscious condition, while his twin-brother sat patiently beside him, fanning him and moistening his lips with a little water.

Thus they reached the evening of the eighth day since the *Beatrice* had gone to her doom. It was a beautiful evening; a gentle breeze was blowing, just sufficient to ripple the surface of the water, the sun was already approaching the horizon, when Cecil seemed suddenly to be inspired with new strength. He roused up, and opening his eyes, gazed over the ocean, as though he saw some one who was invisible to the others.

'What is it, my dear lad?' said Tom, gently lifting his head on his arm and taking his hand.

'I am going home,' he said, quietly; 'home to Jesus and—to mother, and you must all come by-and-by. Tom,' he added, with a wistful look, 'you won't forget your promise?'

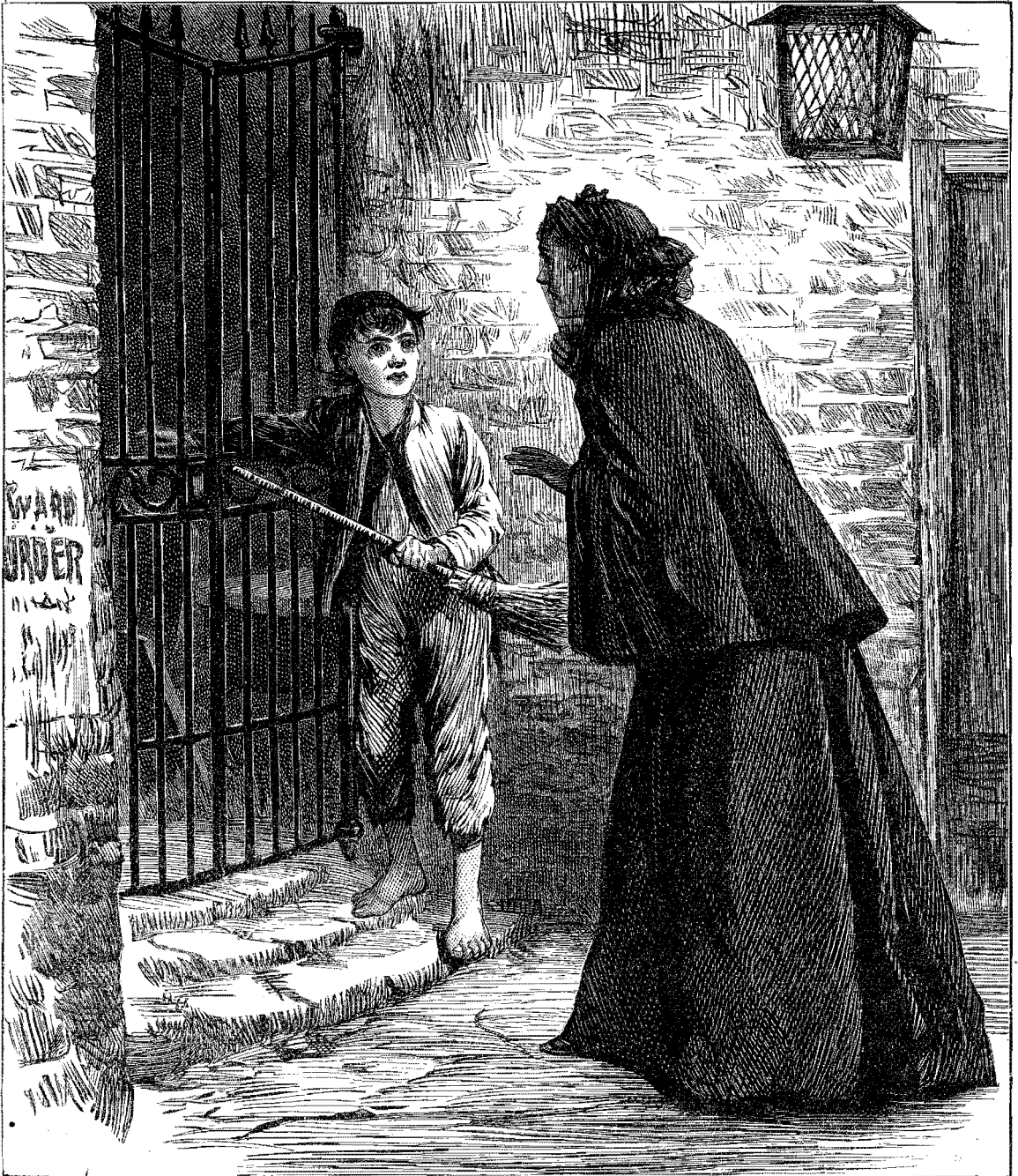
'Never, my boy,' said Tom, in a low, deep tone. 'If Fred should need a friend at any time, he will find it in me. I swear it before the great God, Who sees us all at this moment!'

The boy smiled—a sweet and happy smile. 'Kiss me, please, all of you,' he added, more faintly, 'Fred, Jack, Tom.' Then they kissed him silently, one by one; and, as Tom laid him gently down again, the ransomed spirit left its frail tenement and sought its happy Home above.

(Continued at page 270.)



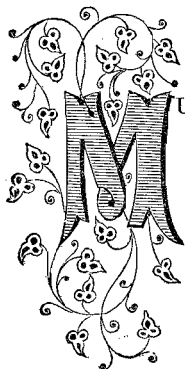
"It did not seem to me long till the masts were all shrouded in fire."



A black-robed, black-veiled female figure asked him questions as to what he knew of the dead man."

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

'POOR JO.'

(In '*Bleak House*.')*

MUDDY, very hoarse, and very ragged. Name, Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heard of such a thing. Don't think that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it long enough for *him*. He don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No; *he* can't spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. Don't recollect who told him about the broom, or about the lie, but knows both. Can't exactly say what will be done to him after he's dead if he tells a lie, but believes it will be something very bad to punish him, and serve him right—and so he'll tell the truth.

Such was poor Jo's account of himself and his knowledge as he stood before the coroner and jury, prepared to tell all that he knew about the stranger, the yellow-faced, black-haired gentleman found dead in the little room in a little court off Lincoln's Inn.

'Put the boy aside,' said the coroner.

So 'put aside,' Jo was privately questioned by a sharp-witted lawyer, who drew from him that the dead man was sometimes hooted and pursued about the streets. That one cold winter night, when he, the boy, was shivering in a doorway near his crossing, the man turned to look at him, and came back, and, having questioned him and found that he had not a friend in the world, said, 'Neither have I. Not one!' and gave him the price of a supper and a night's lodging. That the man had often spoken to him since, and asked him whether he slept sound at night, and how he bore cold and hunger, and whether he ever wished to die, and such-like strange questions. That when the man had no money, he would say in passing, 'I am as poor as you, to-day, Jo;' but that when he had any, he had always been glad to give him some. 'He was very good to me,' said the boy, wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeve. 'When I see him a-laying so stratched out just now, I wished he could have heard me tell him so. He was very good to me, he was.'

The next time that we meet with Jo, it is outside the iron railings of a hemmed-in churchyard. He is carrying an old broom; softly he sweeps the step and makes the archway clean, for within that iron gateway lies the body of him who had been his only friend—the unknown, 'found dead.'

It was a poor, wretched place in which Jo lived,

* *Bleak House*, by Charles Dickens, is one of the great novelist's most interesting works. It may be obtained from any of the Free Libraries, and, although not yet included in the sixpenny edition, may frequently be picked up for a few pence on second-hand bookstalls.

and he picked up a hard living on the streets by sweeping a crossing or running odd errands.

Once in his life he had held gold in his hand; it was when a black-robed, black-veiled female figure had asked him questions as to what he knew of the dead man. He had told her, and, at her request, he pointed out the place in the churchyard where the body lay, and she had rewarded him with real gold—a sovereign. He had bitten it to test its genuineness, and then, after paying five shillings to have it 'squared' or changed—for few were those who would risk giving him twenty shillings for the coin that, for all they knew to the contrary, the crossing-sweeper might have stolen—he was robbed of another ten, and stowed away the remainder amid his tatters, whence a policeman shook out two half-crowns some time after, when handling him roughly and bidding him 'move on.'

The questions the coins elicited, and the discredit his story met with, are set forth in *Bleak House*.

There was a kind-hearted law stationer, Mr. Snagsby, who had a slight knowledge of Jo.

On one or two occasions, unknown to Mrs. Snagsby, who had a very sharp tongue, he had slipped a silver coin into the hand of the destitute sweeper, and upon this particular occasion he spoke a good word for him to the angry constable who had insisted that he should continue 'moving on.'

One Saturday night, some time after this, a young lady—Miss Summerson—and her little maid, an orphan child whom she had befriended, were visiting in a very poor part of St. Albans. Entering a cottage, the lady saw a poor woman, whom she had known some time before, and a wretched boy cowering on the floor. 'I came to see if I could do you any good,' said the young lady; 'what is the matter with you?'

'I'm a being froze,' returned the boy hoarsely, with his haggard gaze wandering about, 'and then burnt up, and then froze, and then burnt up ever so many times in a hour. And my head's all sleepy, and all a-going mad-like—and I'm so dry—and my bones isn't half so much bones as pains.'

Poor Jo! He was burning with fever. The kind-hearted cottager had done her best, though that best was little enough; but she had a drunken husband, and was herself so very poor that even to shelter Jo for the night was impossible.

Who would shelter him! There was not one! All were afraid; so, unable to bear the thought that the suffering lad had nowhere to go, Miss Summerson bade him accompany her home, and he fell asleep in a wholesome hay-loft over the stable, from which he was to have been removed in the morning.

(Concluded at page 274.)

SEEING THE LIONS.

WHEN a Londoner writes to some country bumpkin, saying, 'Come up to town and I will show you the lions'—what does he mean? He means by the 'lions' the sights of the great city: Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, the Thames Embankment.

Possibly, he may also show his rustic friend the 'Zoo,' which is the short name for the Zoological Gardens.

But why is sight-seeing so often called 'seeing the lions?'

It began from the time when it was the custom of every sight-seer to visit the wild animals kept in the Tower of London, and which was a sight to be seen nowhere else. When the German Hentzner came to England, he thus spoke of the 'Zoo,' as it then was: 'We were led to a small house, where are kept variety of creatures, viz., three lionesses, one lion of great size, called Edward VI., from his having been born in that reign; a tiger; a lynx; a wolf, excessively old; there is besides, a porcupine and an eagle. All these creatures are kept in a remote place, fitted up with wooden lattices, at the Queen's expense.'

Our first 'Zoo' was at Woodstock, where Henry II. had a collection of lions, leopards, and other strange beasts. In 1657 there were six lions in the Tower; in 1708, eleven lions, two leopards, three eagles, two owls, two cats of the mountain, and a jackal. But in 1822, after the long and costly wars which ended at Waterloo, the 'lions' had dwindled down to a grizzly bear, an elephant, and one or two birds. Seven years later the collection had risen again, and contained sixty specimens.

SANFORD.



OLD STORIES LIVING IN WORDS.

ANY hundreds of years ago there lived a King of Lydia named Tantalus. His father was the mighty Zeus, the greatest of the Olympian gods, and ruler over the ancient world. Tantalus was a wealthy king during his lifetime, and, after his

death, was a favourite with his father Zeus, who invited him to his own table, and entrusted him with many of his secrets. All went well for a time, but one day Zeus discovered that, instead of keeping them carefully as he had promised, Tantalus had been telling the secrets to other people. Zeus was enraged at this, and punished him in the lower world by afflicting him with a raging thirst. At the same time, he plunged him up to his chin in the midst of a lake, and, whenever he attempted to drink, the waters receded from him. Right over his head, moreover, Zeus hung branches of luxurious fruit, but this too receded from him when he stretched out his hand to pluck some of it to moisten his parched lips. Besides this, there was suspended over his head a huge rock, which every moment threatened to fall and crush him. This is the old legend of Tantalus, and from it we get our word 'tantalise,' which means to excite a hope and then not to grant it.

Another old story lives in the word hyacinth. In olden days there lived a Spartan king named Amyclas. He had a son called Hyacinthus, a

beautiful boy who was beloved by Apollo, the sun-god, and Zephyrus, the wind-god. Hyacinthus returned the love of the sun-god, and Zephyrus, in his jealousy, determined to kill him. One day, when Apollo and Hyacinthus were playing at quoits, he caused the quoit of Apollo to strike Hyacinthus on the head and kill him on the spot, and from his blood there sprang a beautiful flower, which was ever afterwards called the hyacinth:

'Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely hue that dyed the stripling's veins.'

There is a beautiful legend connected with 'halcyon,' a Greek word which has been directly adopted into our language. One's 'halcyon days' are a time of unbroken peace and prosperity, and halcyon is the Greek for a kingfisher, a bird which was believed by the ancient Sicilians to make a floating nest on the surface of the sea, which remained calm and unruffled for fourteen days, during which the bird was brooding over her nest.

But it is not only in the long words that old stories live. You know what a 'dunce' means; did you ever hear who was the first dunce? In the middle ages there lived a very clever man named *Duns Scotus*, whose teaching was famous all over Europe. The works of this man and his followers, however, fell out of favour, and the men of the new learning, as they were called, in speaking with contempt of those who still clung to the old learning, would say of them, 'Oh, they're only *Dunsmen*,' or 'He's a *Duns*,' and so the word gradually came to be used as a term of scorn.

The word 'Pantaloons' is not so common as it used to be, still it is not uncommon, at any rate in the form of 'Pants.' An old story lies hid in Pantaloons. St. Pantaleone was the patron saint of Venice, and his name was a common Christian name among the Venetians. The other Italians used it as a nickname for them, and afterwards it came to be applied to a garment which was much worn by them.

A 'Heathen' means literally a dweller on a heath or common, and, as the doctrines of Christianity would not reach these remote people until long after they had been accepted in the towns, these 'heath-dwellers' became known as heathen.

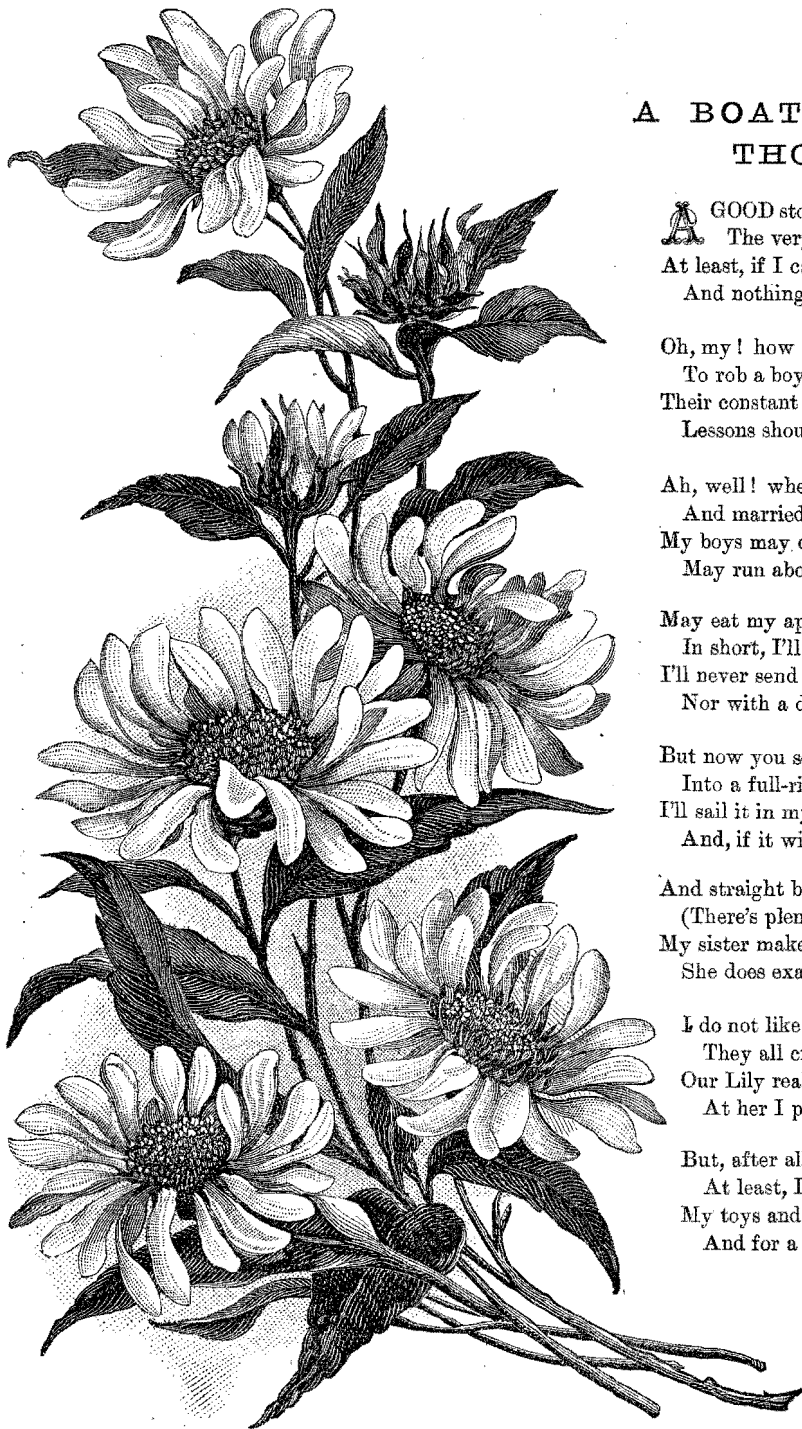
J. H. E. V.

THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.



THE Michaelmas Daisy, a native of North America, has for many years been cultivated as a garden flower in Great Britain. It is very much prized and admired as one of the few flowers to be seen in full bloom at that dull time of the year when autumn is giving place to cold and dull winter. It grows to some height, and is generally well covered by pretty star-like flowers of a pale lavender colour, with a yellow centre; and, if an early frost does not come to destroy its beauty, the Michaelmas Daisy will flourish for weeks as one of the prettiest ornaments of the winter garden.

K.



A BOAT-BUILDER'S THOUGHTS.

A GOOD stout knife just seems to me
The very dearest earthly treasure;
At least, if I can have some wood,
And nothing to disturb my leisure.

Oh, my! how grown folk do contrive
To rob a boy of all enjoyment;
Their constant cry is 'Off to school!
Lessons should be your sole employment!'

Ah, well! when I am quite grown up,
And married to some lovely lady,
My boys may do what suits them best:
May run about my garden shady,

May eat my apples, climb my trees,
In short, I'll do my best to please them;
I'll never send them off to school,
Nor with a dictionary tease them.

But now you see this half-made boat?
Into a full-rigged ship I'll turn it;
I'll sail it in my father's pond,
And, if it will not float, I'll burn it!

And straight begin another one
(There's plenty chump-wood in our cellar);
My sister makes the sails—of course,
She does exactly what I tell her.

I do not like to play with girls,
They all cry out at every trifle.
Our Lily really shrieked because
At her I pointed father's rifle!

But, after all, they are some help;
At least, I know without our Lily
My toys and books would all be lost,
And for a girl she is not silly.

D.

The Michaelmas Daisy.



"But now you see this half-made boat?
Into a full-rigged ship I'll turn it."

A CHILD'S GRATITUDE.

A FEW years ago a steamer was coming from California. The cry of 'Fire! fire!' suddenly thrilled all hearts. Every effort was made to stay the flames, but in vain. It soon became evident that the ship must be lost. The only thought now was self-preservation. The burning mass was headed for

the shore, which was not far off. A passenger was seen buckling his belt of gold around his waist, ready to plunge into the waves. Just then a pleading voice arrested him. 'Please, sir, can you swim?' A child's blue eyes were gazing at him as he looked down upon her.

'Yes, child, I can swim.'

'Well, sir, won't you please to save me?'

'I cannot do both,' he thought; 'I must save the child and lose the gold. But a moment ago I was anxious for this whole ship's company; now I am doubting whether I shall exchange a human life for paltry gold.'

Unbuckling the belt, he cast it from him, and said, 'Yes, little girl, I will try to save you.'

Stooping down he bade her clasp her arms around his neck. 'Thus, child, not so tight as to choke me. There, hang on now, and I will try to reach the land.'

The child got on his broad shoulders, and clung to her deliverer. With a heart thrice strengthened, and an arm thrice nerved, he struck out for the shore. Wave after wave washed over them; still the brave man held out and the child held on until a huge wave swept the tired child away and cast the man senseless on the shore. Kind hands ministered to him. Recovering his consciousness, the form of the dear child met his gaze bending over him and blessing him with grateful words.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

30.—HISTORICAL WORD PUZZLE.

From the following words form the name of an eminent person of whom a short account was given in *Chatterbox* for 1894.

A King of Armenia who was conquered by the Romans.

1. 3, 4, 5, 2, 6, a seed, a weight.
2. 1, 2, 3, 7, 4, a savage animal.
3. 4, 7, 2, 3, 6, a period of government.
4. 3, 4, 7, 5, large, famous.
5. 8, 2, 3, 6, a symbol, a device.
6. 1, 4, 5, 2, 6, seen at court, a number of carriages.
7. 8, 2, 4, 7, a title of respect.
8. 4, 2, 3, 5, a fortified town in Russia. C. C.

31.—PUZZLES.

TRANSPOSE the letters in the following so as to make complete words, and re-arrange the words of each sentence so as to form the first line of a well-known nursery rhyme.

1. Teltl eppe ob ehr tols heeps sah.
2. Lilj nad twen illh pu kaje het.
3. Ramy notearry tique yarm.
4. Yabb a shhu no reet yeb pot het.
5. Rilgs lapy soby moce dan tou ot.
6. Sharte het bes neque fo start dame mose.
7. Herron ast tillet cajn a rocnor ni.
8. Gons fo nexspice gins a. C. C.

32.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. No goal. A country in Lower Guinea.
2. Go on, C. A country in Lower Guinea.
3. No gala. A country in Lower Guinea.
4. I drank, Hebo. A town in Chester, on the Mersey.
5. Ten marches. A manufacturing town in Lancashire.
6. Rich now. The chief town of an eastern county in England.
7. A cell, sir. The chief town of a northern county in England.
8. Is large. A country in the north of Africa. C. C.

33.—ANAGRAMS.

1.—Men's Christian Names.

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Grand lie. | 5. I wend. | 8. That mew. |
| 2. Nailed. | 6. Red bran. | 9. Larches. |
| 3. See! a cut. | 7. Let bar. | 10. Rice. |
| 4. As mule. | | |

C. C.

[Answers at page 286.]

ANSWERS.

28.—Lyons.

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. Lucerne. | 5. Sahara. |
| 2. Yare. | 4. Naples. |

29.—Florence.

- | | | |
|-----------|----------|-------------|
| 1. Eel. | 5. Nora. | 8. Reel. |
| 2. Creel. | 6. Clef. | 9. Cone. |
| 3. Lore. | 7. Free. | 10. Creole. |
| 4. Force. | | |

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 263.)

CHAPTER X.

IT was the morning after the death of Cecil Malcolm, which our readers will remember had taken place at sundown, on the eighth day after the little boat with its four occupants had left the *Beatrice*. It was a bright and beautiful morning, but with a southerly breeze blowing, which, to judge from the appearance of the sky, would probably increase to a moderate gale. During the night the two men, Tom Ryder and Jack, had carefully arranged Cyril's wasted body for burial in the ocean, by lashing it up in one of the sails, with a shot at the feet, so as to ensure its sinking, this shot having been taken into the boat to serve as ballast. Fred had taken no part in these sorrowful arrangements; overcome by grief, and worn out by hunger and fatigue he had sunk down sobbing in the bottom of the boat, and, after having been tenderly covered up by his two companions, he had been allowed to lie there, to take what rest he could till another morning should dawn upon the miserable scene. But, after arranging the body for burial, Tom and Jack had felt that they could not heave it overboard in the darkness of night, and without some religious ceremony; they could not bury the body of the good, patient lad, who trusted in his Saviour, in the same manner as they would bury a dog; they therefore resolved to wait till daylight, when they would rouse Fred from his exhausted slumbers, that he might have the satisfaction of knowing that everything fitting and proper had been done. Accordingly, with the first flush of morning, Tom had roused the sleeping lad, that he might witness all that was now to take place. Fred, startled and confused, had obeyed

the gentle touch and struggled to his feet; then, feeling almost as though he were in a dream, he placed himself beside Jack, while Tom, opening poor Cecil's well-worn Prayer-book, read, in a low voice, part of the burial service for those who die at sea, concluding with these words: 'We therefore commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead), and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who at His coming shall change our vile body that it may be like His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.' Then the solemn splash . . . the swift closing of the disturbed water . . . and all was over.

Silently Tom and Jack then took to their oars, while the former, feeling that some employment would be good for the heart-broken boy, asked Fred, kindly, if he could take the tiller, and steer for half an hour or so, which Fred at once tried to do, and thus for two hours or more the forlorn party sat, without exchanging a word. But what of their thoughts during those hours? Ah, they were wild and wandering indeed! The burial service, no doubt, had in some degree soothed and calmed their souls with thoughts of their Heavenly Father's tender love, but so soon as their hands were again engaged in the labour necessary to keep their boat afloat, then their thoughts wandered away beyond control. Fred was away back at Sydney, where he stood once more with Cecil at his mother's bedside, listening to her kind and gentle teaching; Tom's thoughts had carried him to a neat little cottage on the outskirts of Glasgow, where lived a cheery, bright-faced woman, who was his own dear wife and the mother of his little boys; while poor Jack, who could not remember that he ever had a happy home or a kind mother, could yet recall to mind a sweet-faced little girl who had once mended his torn jacket for him, and had promised to think of him when he was far away on the deep and dangerous sea.

But from these varied remembrances they were suddenly roused by an exclamation from Jack, which caused Tom to look hastily round, 'What is it, matey?' he said, for Tom could see nothing but the slow swelling and sinking of wave after wave, as they rolled sullenly past, and were lost in the dim distance.

'Tom, as I'm a living man,' whispered Jack—who did not wish Fred to hear what he said—'as I'm a living man, Tom, I saw a sail half a minute ago, when we were on the top of a wave—there to the west—look for yourself—oh, Tom, do you think we have any chance of being seen?' Tom felt his pulses quicken as Jack spoke those words, while a flush rose upon his thin and haggard face. 'Don't be too hopeful, lad,' he said; 'men placed in the position that we are just now often think they see wonderful things—houses, green fields, and so on—but let us keep careful watch.'

Then Tom glanced up to their mast-head, where a ragged red shirt had been hung when they first left the *Beatrice*, in the hope that it might be seen by some passing vessel in time to save them all from perishing by hunger—a hope, however, which had been growing fainter day by day.

But Jack was terribly excited. 'I saw it,' he exclaimed, almost wildly; 'I know I did! I could not be mistaken, it was over there,' and he pointed towards the west. 'Let us change places, Tom, you and me; you take my oar and keep your face turned to the west. Oh, Tom, we may yet be saved!'

Then the men silently changed places and rowed on as before, Tom keeping his eye fixed on the west, while Jack watched his companion's face with eager eyes. But now Tom also caught a momentary glimpse of the sail, and when he admitted so much Jack's excitement increased so greatly that it was all Tom could do to keep the poor fellow from leaping over the side of the boat, that he might hasten the faster to the haven of refuge which he was perfectly certain lay so near to them. But Tom held him back, and threatened to pinion his arms.

'Matey, matey,' he cried, in earnest and beseeching tones, 'don't ruin us all by violence like this! take your oar like a man, and let us row steadily towards the ship. So long as they don't tack they are sure to see us in due time. Come now, Jack, be a man!'

Then Jack, putting an immense control upon himself, took up his oar and began to row, but with such vehemence, that the little boat spun round and round without making headway at all. Tom took the oar from his hand. 'Go you to the tiller, Jack,' he said, 'and leave me to row.'

Then Jack humbly did as he was told, the truth being that the poor fellow felt that he could not control himself and needed a master's hand; he seated himself in the stern, and, as he steered, kept his hungry, burning eyes fixed on the ship, which now could be seen every time that the little boat mounted on the crest of a wave.

And thus, in a strained and breathless silence, they pursued their way for another hour, after which they could see that the strange ship was shortening sail and making preparations to receive them on board.

Such a moment can scarcely be described as that which followed when poor Fred was hoisted on board, thin, emaciated, and bursting into tears at the first kind word. Ladies crowded round him—for it was a passenger ship—bringing food and wine, with comfortable clothing, weeping in their turn when they heard of the death of the sick boy who had been buried in the depths of the ocean only that morning. In the meantime, Tom and Jack, whose ragged condition, sun-burned faces, and haggard eyes told all too truly what sufferings they had gone through, were taken to the fore-castle and comfortably cared for, and very soon they were recounting to a deeply interested audience the story of the mutiny on board the *Beatrice*, and the terrible fate of the mutineers.

The ship which had thus rescued the forlorn little party from the *Beatrice* was the *Lady Alicia*, bound from New Zealand to Liverpool; and, now that our poor friends are comfortably settled on board the friendly vessel, we must leave them to continue their voyage under such favourable circumstances, and conduct our readers to a very different scene.

(Continued at page 276.)



"They could see that the strange ship was shortening sail and preparing to take them on board."



"The boy, stunned by what he hears, falls to smearing his dirty forehead with his dirty fist."

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.



'POOR Jo.' (In 'Bleak House.')

(Concluded from page 266.)

WHEN the morning came, Jo was gone.

For five days they searched for him. Hedge and ditch, and wall and rick and stack were examined, but no Jo could be found. The next time we hear of the unfortunate lad, it is creeping down the low, miserable London court where he had so often crept before—Tom-all-Alone's.

It was Dr. Allan Woodcourt who saw him. Dr. Woodcourt was one of the noble band of physicians who spend their lives trying to relieve sickness and suffering amongst those who have nothing to offer them except heart-felt thanks.

'Stop him, stop him!' he hears a woman cry, almost breathless. 'Stop him, sir!'

Dr. Woodcourt gives chase. The boy is brought to bay, and then the woman explains to the doctor how 'a young lady took pity on him and took him home, and made him comfortable, and that he ran away in the night, and never has been seen or heard of since, till I set eyes on him just now. And that young lady, that was such a pretty dear, caught his illness and lost her beautiful looks, and wouldn't hardly be known for the same young lady now, if it wasn't for her angel temper, and her pretty shape, and her sweet voice. Do you know it? You ungrateful wretch, do you know that this is all along of you, and of her goodness to you?'

The boy, stunned by what he hears, falls to smearing his dirty forehead with his dirty fist, and to staring at the ground, and to shaking from head to foot.

'You hear what she says, and I know it's true. Have you been here ever since?'

'Wishermaydie if I seen Tom-all-Alone's till this blessed morning,' replies Jo, hoarsely.

'Why have you come here now?'

Jo looks all round the confined court, looks at his questioner no higher than the knees, and finally answers, 'I don't know how to do nothink, and I can't get nothink to do. I'm very poor and ill, and I thought I'd come back here when there warn't nobody about, and lay down and hide somewheres as I knows on till arter dark, and then go and beg a trifle of Mr. Sangsby. He wos allus willin' fur to give me somethink, he wos, though Mrs. Sangsby she was allus a-chivving on me—like everybody everywheres.'

'Where have you come from?' asks Dr. Woodcourt.

'Tramp,' says Jo.

'Now tell me,' says the doctor, 'how it came about that you left that house when the good young lady had been so unfortunate as to pity you and take you home.'

Jo lifts up his head and looks all round the court again, and says in a low voice, 'Well, I'll tell you somethink. I wos took away. There!'

'Took away? In the night?'

'Ah!' It was true, quite true, and Dr. Woodcourt felt it to be so.

There had been a guest staying at 'Bleak House,' Miss Summerson's home, at the time she extended her charity to the poor crossing-sweeper. He was a contemptible, designing fellow, intensely selfish, and who acted a part to make people believe that he was a mere 'child' in all worldly schemes.

It was he who accepted a bribe from a detective who came after the lad, unknown to his host and hostess, and who promised that he would not tell what he knew about Jo's midnight removal. The detective was very anxious for purposes of his own to get Jo out of the way.

'You hook it. You go and tramp,' the detective had said to Jo. 'Don't let me ever see you nowheres within forty mile of London, or you'll repent it.'—'So I shall, if ever he does see me, and he'll see me if I'm above ground.'

Dr. Woodcourt considered for a time when he heard this story, and then he bade Jo follow him and he would find him a better place to live in.

Not for long would the suffering lad require any earthly shelter, and the physician knew that well. After walking about for some short time, a comfortable lodging was found for dying Jo, with an honest, good-hearted man, known as 'Mr. George.' Here often Dr. Woodcourt looked in upon his poor, sad patient, and spoke kindly and cheerily to him.

Miss Summerson, too, saw him, and smiled her own quiet smile upon him. Mr. Snagsby, the law stationer, sat beside his bed, and to him Jo made a request. It was that he would write 'Wery large, so that any one could see it anywheres, as that I wos wery truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do it.' The 'it' was that he 'had went and giv' a illness (the small-pox) to the lady.'

This request was Jo's WILL, and Mr. Snagsby, very much moved, promised to execute it.

One day, after watching him closely for a little while, Dr. Woodcourt asked him: 'Jo! Did you ever know a prayer?'

'Never knowed nothink, sir.'

'Not so much as one short prayer?'

'No, sir. Nothink at all.'

After a strong relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

'Stay, Jo! What now?'

'It's time for me to go to that there berryin'-ground, sir,' he returns with a wild look.

'Lie down and tell me. What burying-ground, Jo?'

'Where they laid him as wos wery good to me, wery good to me indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin'-ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say to me, "I am as poor as you to-day, Jo," he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him.'

'By-and-by, Jo. By-and-by.'

'Ah! Praps they wouldn't do it if I wos to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?'

'I will, indeed.'

'Thank'ee, sir. Thank'ee, sir. They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for

it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom. It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a comin'?'

'It is coming fast, Jo.'

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

'Jo, my poor fellow!'

'I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a gropin'—a gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand.'

'Jo, can you say what I say?'

'I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I knows it's good.'

'OUR FATHER.'

'Our Father!—yes that's very good, sir.'

'WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.'

'Art in Heaven—is the light a-comin', sir?'

'It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME!'

'Hallowed be—thy—'

The light was come upon the dark, benighted way. Poor Jo was dead! JAMES CASSIDY.

OLD PATCH.

A POOR boy was attending school with a large patch on his knee. One of his school-fellows named him 'Old Patch.'

'Why don't you fight him?' cried the boys. 'I would give it him.'

'Oh, answered the boy; 'you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I honour my patch for her sake.'

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

AMONG THE VIOLINS.

PAINTERS, musicians, and men of refined minds everywhere have ever been foremost among the admirers of the violin.

Many wise men have thought about the construction of its present form, but all attempts to improve it have been baffled, for the simple reason that the violin is the only musical instrument incapable of improvement; it is as near perfection as possible. The old Cremonese masters left it a charming display of curved lines, simplicity and elegance. It has been well said that Hogarth's famous line of beauty was suggested by the bouts or sides of an old Italian violin.

Anxious to learn something about the construction of the instrument, we spent an hour with Messrs. Beare & Goodwin, of 186 Wardour Street, Oxford Street, W. Mr. Goodwin is a connoisseur, and travels all over the Continent searching for treasures, relics of the old masters, so that we were fortunate to have found him at home.

'Who made the first violin?' said Mr. Goodwin, repeating our question. 'Well, the origin is about as

obscure and uncertain as the origin of the first needle. It has been claimed for Adam that he was the first fiddle-maker, and for Eve that she invented the first sewing needle! Gaspar da Salo is supposed to have determined the present form of the violin, but its gradual transition from other instruments has been a work of time. There are five great schools of violin-makers and they range thus in order of merit: Italian, French, English, Dutch, and German, with the exception of one great German maker, who stands out far beyond his countrymen—Jacobus Stainer.

'If a violin be taken to pieces, it will be found to consist of from fifty-eight to seventy separate parts; but before enumerating these I should say that the manufactured articles—i.e., the violins turned out in quantities in the various workshops in France and Germany, and made by division of labour—are, of course, quite distinct from the artistic productions of the famous masters, whether ancient or modern.

'Half the violins imported into this country are from Mirecourt, in the Department of the Vosges, and half from Markneukirchen, in Germany. At these two places thousands of violins are turned out yearly. Whole families are engaged in the trade, even quite small children doing their share. The materials are given out to the workman, and he returns the violin unvarnished, or "in the white," at the end of the week.

'The actual cost of making one of these articles varies between three and eight shillings, and it is possible to make three of the better-class articles in a week. It is quite picturesque in these villages to see the women carrying home their work. Suspended round their necks—I am speaking now of Markneukirchen—is a square-shaped basket, and this is filled with finished violins. To the rear of the peasant-woman follow her husband and children; each has done his or her part in making the instruments. The man's labour is generally fitting the various pieces together. Many of these poor people are themselves tolerable musicians. Mirecourt has not inaptly been termed the Manchester of fiddle-making. They are made there as ordinary cabinet-work is produced in England, by several workmen each taking a portion: one making the backs, another the sides, another the fronts, and so on with the other parts of the instruments, the whole being arranged by the finisher.'

'Is any particular wood used, Mr. Goodwin?'

'Decidedly. The best woods for acoustical properties, after many careful experiments, prove to be maple-wood and pine. The maple-wood probably comes from Hungary; it is hard in texture and beautifully marked. The back is cut or gouged out of one piece, and is then technically known as a "whole-back." Sometimes two pieces are used. Under the bridge the wood is thicker, gradually tapering off. The front or "belly" is cut, either in one or two parts, from Swiss pine of the finest quality. The sides, like the back, are of maple, in six pieces, bent to the required form by means of a heated iron; the linings, used to secure the back and front to the sides, are twelve in number, sometimes made of lime-tree, sometimes of pine. The bass or sound-bar, is also of pine, and is placed under the left foot of the bridge,



Happy Childhood.

in a slightly oblique position; it is longer than in the violin of the sixteenth century. The sound-post is a very useful portion of the instrument, and it is placed behind the *right* foot of the bridge. The bridge itself calls for the utmost skill in the adjustment. If the sound-holes be carefully examined in a finished violin, two small niches will be observed marked in each. The usual location of the bridge is between these.

(Concluded at page 283.)

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

WHEN spring has dawned upon the land,
And every little bird is singing,
When buds and blossoms all expand,
New pleasures to the bairnies bringing,

'Tis then that even the old folk know
The joy of days long since departed;
When they, on eager feet, would go
Off to the woods, so happy-hearted,

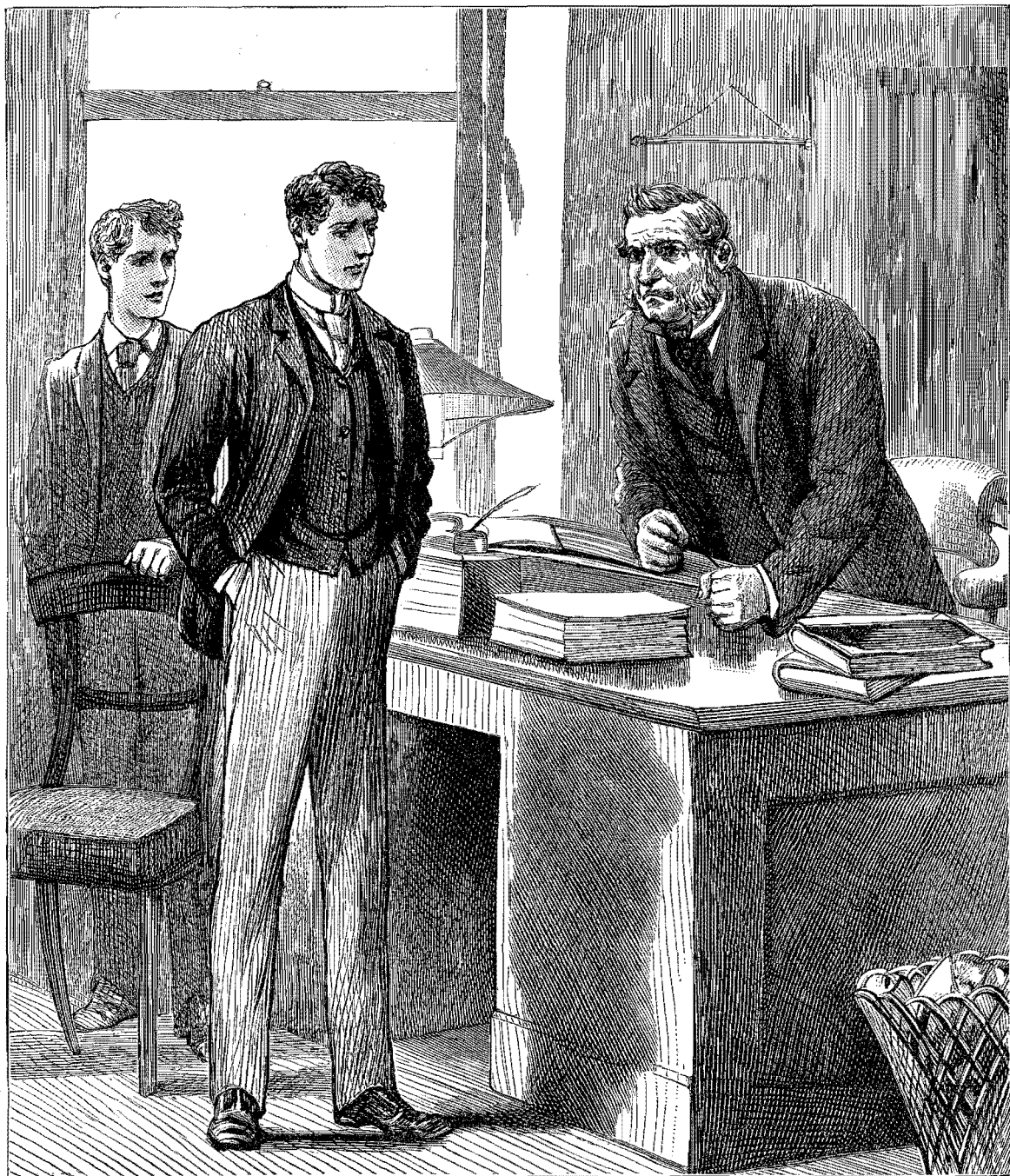
To pluck the earliest blossom there,
And listen to the blackbird singing.
Oh, what with childhood could compare,
When joy-bells seem for ever ringing?
D.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 271.)

CHAPTER XI.

IN the midst of extensive coal and iron beds which, indeed, are the source of her great prosperity, stands the important town of Birmingham, about eighty miles south-east of Liverpool. And in one of the suburbs of that great manufacturing centre there might have been seen a good many years ago, and perhaps may be seen to this day, a large, square-built, grim-looking stone dwelling, with small garden in front and a somewhat larger piece of ground in the



An Unjust Accusation.

rear. The house stood at the corner of two bare and dusty roads, and presented a cold and bleak appearance to the passer-by. The grass in front was coarse and thin, and the few flowers draggled and drooping. Houses sometimes have a way of telling, by their outward appearance, something of the character and tastes of the dwellers within. In this case

it was so, at least in so far as the master of the house was concerned. Murdoch Grindley was known to all his neighbours and acquaintances as a very hard man indeed, one who had risen from a low position in life, and who, in rising, had contrived to drop and leave behind him all such hindrances to success as an aged mother,

a sickly sister, and one or two other inconvenient relatives, who, in their dire necessity, had often pleaded, but pleaded in vain, for a helping hand in the terrible struggle of life.

Mr. Grindley was a tall, strong man, with iron-grey hair and whiskers, and hard, steely eyes. He had a strong, harsh voice, which never seemed to know how to speak kindly, and which made him an object of distrust and aversion to children, and even to domestic animals, who fled from his presence at the first chance.

Murdoch Grindley was an iron merchant, and had a big store in Hartle Street, where he might always have been seen during the working hours of the day, as busy as any one of his assistants, either in fulfilling orders or in looking out for more. When his books were made up at the end of the year, the balance in his favour was always large and increasing, but no one could have guessed this by his demeanour and temper, which were gloomy and morose. His home was not a happy one, as indeed it could scarcely be, for wife and children were ruled with a rod of iron, and therefore always feared him, often deceived him, but never loved him. Murdoch Grindley, hard man as he was, seemed sometimes to feel that there was something amiss in his home, and something joyless at his fireside. In his heart he blamed wife and children for what was the result of his harsh nature and hard heart, coupled with a love of money, which was fast eating out of him everything that was not sordid and mean. He had married, about twenty years before this part of our story opens, a young lady in every respect his opposite—a gentle, patient girl, with no pretensions to beauty or cleverness, but with a tender, affectionate and self-sacrificing heart. Her motherly arms made a refuge for her young sons, when they were angry with their stern and often unjust father, and would unburden to her sympathetic ear the story of their wrongs.

But Mrs. Grindley, though deeply attached to her boys, was not one of the foolish mothers who can see no faults in her own children. She knew that her sons were high-spirited, and (the two elder ones especially) not unlike their father in a fierce and sullen temper, which required careful management and control, and to this work she set herself with all the energy she could summon to her assistance, always listening to everything they had to say, soothing them and guiding them with such a gentle hand that they scarcely knew that they were being guided. She ever held before their eyes the great truth that the manner in which we do our duty to others should not depend upon how they fulfil their obligations to us; she therefore, while freely admitting that their father was often unkind, and indeed unjust, yet entreated, with a look in her eyes which the lads could not resist, that for her sake—nay, for Christ's sake—they would fulfil their duty to him, obeying him, and taking patiently what could not be avoided, so long as they were boys living in their father's house, and dependent upon him for everything.

Boys, you who read this story, was this a difficult lesson to learn? Yes, it was very difficult indeed, but it was learned, in some degree at least, under the influence of this wise and loving mother, of whose

sympathy and affection they were always sure. But, alas! there came a day when even the mother's loving sympathy could not keep down the rising wrath in their young hearts. We need not enter into the particulars of this. It will suffice to say that on one occasion when Ernest and Walter, the two elder sons, had reached the ages of eighteen and sixteen, a serious quarrel had arisen between father and sons, he accusing them of having stolen some money, which they indignantly denied; blows were exchanged and many bitter words; after which, in a tempest of anger, the two lads rushed from their father's house, never to return—left it, alas! without even a farewell kiss from the beloved mother whose grief they felt that they could not bear to witness.

But, before saying more of those poor youths, perhaps our readers may be asking themselves, who are these people—these Grindleys—and what have they to do with Fred Malcolm, whom we left comfortably settled on board the *Lady Alicia*, which had rescued him and his two sailor friends, Tom and Jack, from the perils of the sea. Well, they are very closely connected, as will be seen when we say that Mrs. Grindley was the elder sister of that poor lady, Mrs. Malcolm, who died in Sydney after entreating her friend, Mr. Stace, to send her orphan boys home. Mrs. Grindley was therefore Fred's aunt, his dear mother's only sister, and it was to Murdoch Grindley that Mr. Stace had sent the boys. But did Mrs. Malcolm know what kind of man her sister's husband was when she sent her boys to him? Yes, she did, but necessity has no choice; the little fellows had not another relation in the world, and the poor dying mother knew that, if her sister should still be alive, she at least would have a tender heart towards the young orphans, Fred and Cecil. But here it is necessary that we should once more pause in our story, and look back to the years that preceded Mrs. Grindley's marriage. This lady and her sister, Mrs. Malcolm, when young girls of twenty and fifteen years of age, had been left, by the death of their father, penniless orphans (their mother having died years before), with no near relatives with whom they might seek a shelter from the hard and busy outside world.

It is a very common story, we read of such every day, but it is none the less pitiful on that account, for who is so helpless as the tenderly nurtured young girl, who knows nothing of the perplexities and difficulties of life? Both sisters had sought at first to obtain daily employment, so that they might still be able to live together in their own hired room; but, very soon finding that the necessary expenses could not be met, the elder girl, Edith, obtained a situation as governess in a school, consenting to give her whole time without salary if her young sister might be admitted free of expense. For a time this arrangement worked well, but, harassing and unceasing work having somewhat undermined her health, she obtained a fortnight's holiday, and went to visit an old nurse who had known and served her parents. While living there, she became acquainted with Mr. Grindley, who must have been attracted by her gentle and submissive character, so very unlike his own, for very soon afterwards he

proposed marriage, which proposal she accepted. Did she love him or even care for him a very little? We outsiders cannot tell; but it may be surmised that Edith saw in this proposal a refuge for herself from almost overwhelming difficulties, and in some degree a refuge for her sister also, for she imagined that Mr. Grindley would do something for the timid young girl who, after her marriage, would be in a position to call him 'brother.' But Edith did not know the man to whom she had engaged herself. So soon as the wedding was over, he who had separated himself from all his own dependent relatives, resolved to separate his wife from hers. In vain she pleaded Mary's extreme youth, entreating that she might have a home with them for at least one year. Mr. Grindley refused, but procured her a situation as nursery governess. After struggling on for four or five years in this kind of work, the young girl at last found herself in a comfortable position and engaged to Robert Malcolm, who afterwards married her, and carried her away to Sydney to share his future fortunes. The rest of her story our readers already know. We must now return to the Grindley family.

(Continued at page 284.)

A FAVOURITE.

THE summer term was waning,
When to our school there came
A boy we long remembered,
And Thompson was his name.

He seldom scored at cricket,
He never won a race,
Yet always kept his temper,
And wore a cheerful face.

But one thing I remember
In which he did excel—
No matter what the subject,
He learnt his lessons well.

His merriness of manner
Secured esteem from all;
He was the big boy's hero,
The idol of the small.

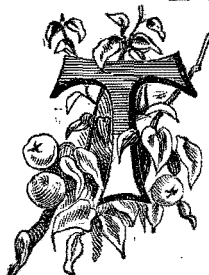
For if some youngster's lesson
Was difficult to do,
He only went to Thompson,
And Thompson helped him through.

Three years he stayed among us—
I recollect the day
(The Christmas term was closing)
When Thompson went away.

And in the schoolyard gate-way,
While Christmas snowflakes fell,
We gave 'Three cheers for Thompson!'
A hearty, last farewell.

JOHN LEA.

A MOONLIGHT BATTLE.



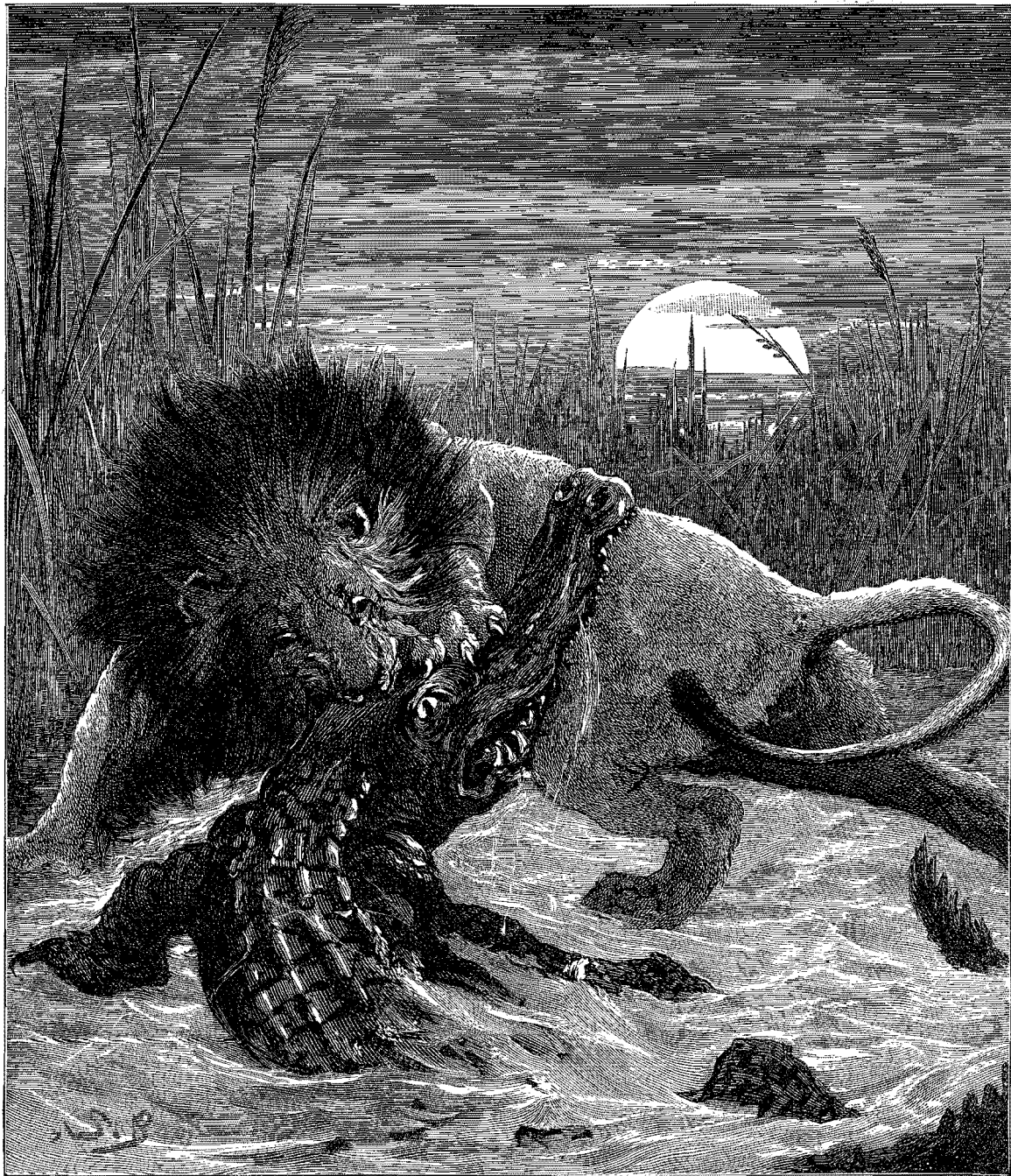
—o—
HERE are altogether a dozen different forms of crocodile, and of these the crocodile of the Nile is the best-known species. This terrible reptile is said to reach, when full grown, to the length of about twenty-five feet. It often attacks and kills men, and it feeds largely on smaller mammals, when these venture to the river-side to drink.

Its method of dealing with its prey is to lie apparently asleep on the surface of the water, its snout and the top of its back being alone visible, in which circumstances it is easily mistaken for a floating log of wood. But, on the approach of any thirsty animal to the river-side, the apparent log of wood becomes instantly alive, and, with a movement almost like a flash, it rushes through the water, seizes its prey, whether man or beast, drags it into deep water, holding it under the surface till drowned, after which it is once more dragged on shore to be devoured at leisure. But though this giant reptile is both fierce and reckless in its daring, it has seldom been known to attack the lion, which is so well able to hold his own in his native wilds.

One such attack, however, is on record, when a very large crocodile (probably made even bolder than usual by hunger) was observed by two men to rush from the water one moonlight night, and lay hold of a large lion which, all unconscious of the reptile's presence, was slaking its thirst at the stream. Paralysed for a moment by the sudden attack, the lion, which had been seized by the leg, could not recover itself until it had been forced into the river, where, however, the water was shallow, so that the crocodile could not carry out its usual plan of drowning its victim.

In half a minute's time the king of beasts had recovered himself. Though roaring with pain from the grip of those iron jaws, he contrived to wrench himself free, and to seize his assailant by the side of the head, at the same time maintaining his footing in the shallower part of the river, notwithstanding the efforts of the reptile to drag him into the deeper water. Then the lion, shifting his hold from the head to the throat, where the skin of the crocodile is not so thick, gave the crocodile an ugly wound.

But the battle was not over yet, though the crocodile was getting the worst of it. The two combatants rolled over and over on the bank, struggling so fiercely that the on-lookers found it impossible to follow their movements, though they felt certain by this time that the lion would be the winner of the fight. Suddenly, however, the tables were turned, the crocodile contrived to get the lion's body into its tremendous jaws just at the flank (the weakest point of every animal), and once more the reptile tried to haul him into deeper water. But now a pause



A Moonlight Battle.

took place. The lion's head fell forward on the back of the crocodile, while the reptile, with its throat torn open, slowly rolled over on its side, but with its jaws still fixed in the carcase of the lion. The two spectators of the terrible scene crept cautiously forward to see the result of the struggle.

Both combatants were dead; the lion's wounds had proved fatal, while the crocodile had lost an eye besides his other injuries.

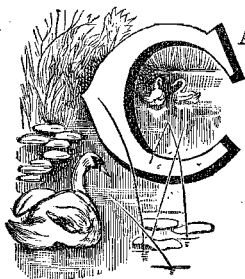
It is worthy of notice how instinct led both animals to attack the foe on its most vulnerable point—the throat of the crocodile and the flank of the lion.

K.



Carnarvon Castle.

CARNARVON CASTLE.



CARNARVON CASTLE, situated at the west end of the town of the same name in North Wales, was built by Edward I. of England in the year A.D. 1283, that being the year when the gallant Welsh people, after many an heroic struggle for independence, were finally conquered by that energetic Prince. Carnarvon Castle is one of the noblest ruins in the kingdom. The walls, which are nearly nine feet in thickness, are still entire, and enclose an oblong space of at least three acres. There are no less than thirteen embattled towers surmounted by turrets, while the gateway under the great square tower has four portcullises. Everything about this stronghold was of a massive description, intended to stand against siege and assault, for, although the Welsh were then a conquered people, yet there were proud and bitter spirits among them who were eager to throw off the iron yoke of the King.

In this Castle was born the first Anglo-Norman Prince of Wales, who afterwards became the unhappy Edward II., the weak and foolish son of a wise father. The date of his birth was A.D. 1284, and ten years afterwards the first wild attempt to throw off the English rule was made by the Welsh people, when the town and castle of Carnarvon were burned, and the English inhabitants massacred. This insurrection took place under Madoc, son of one of the native Princes of Wales.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Carnarvon Castle are the remains of a rather large Roman city. Gold and silver ornaments, copper coins, and other relics have been found there.

The whole of Carnarvonshire is grandly mountainous, being traversed by the high range of mountains which attain their greatest height in Snowdon, 3571 feet, the loftiest summit south of the Scottish border. The Snowdon mountains were for long the stronghold of the Welsh people against the Romans, Saxons, and Normans, in their efforts to subdue Wales.

The town of Carnarvon is much frequented by tourists, as it is near the grandest scenery in North Wales. The population in 1891 was nearly ten thousand persons.

D. M.

CHARLES DICKENS' ADVICE.

WHEN a son of Charles Dickens was about to set out for Australia, the great novelist wrote to him a letter of advice. It is given in full in the third volume of Forster's *Life of Dickens*.

Now that that son has risen to be a prosperous colonist and a member of the Parliament of the parent colony, an extract from the letter is pleasant

reading:—'It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour, than that you should. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child—because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided.'

'DULCE DOMUM.'

THERE is at Winchester School a breaking-up song, called *Dulce Domum*, or, as we have it in English, 'Home, sweet home.' It was written, so the story goes, by a scholar of that school, who, when the summer holidays came, was not allowed to go home, but was kept in some silent, empty class-room, bound to a pillar. He had been found guilty of some serious school faults, and the stern head master thus punished him. During some weeks of solitude, the pining scholar wrote the famous song. But the disgrace and the disappointment he had to bear were too much for his sensitive feelings. His heart was broken, and he died before his schoolfellows had returned. The verses were found in his handwriting, bearing here and there the tell-tale mark of a boy's tear. The master's heart reproached him for having so punished a youth who could write such verses, and he had them set to music, and sung by the whole school, master and all, as they walked in procession round the court, on the eve of the summer holidays—a practice still observed in this famous and ancient school. Some one has rendered the Latin verses into English, and these we present to our readers, hoping the translator, if alive (which is very doubtful), will thank us for bringing his pretty verses into notice once more:—

'Sing a sweet, melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around;
Home! a theme replete with pleasure;
Home! a grateful theme resound!'

CHORUS.

'Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!
Home! with every blessing crown'd!
Home! perpetual source of pleasure!
Home! a noble strain, resound.

'Lo! the joyful hour advances,
Happy season of delight!
Festal songs and festal dances
All our tedious toil requite.

Home, &c.

'Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning;
 Leave thy task, so hard to bear;
 Leave thy labour, ease returning;
 Leave this bosom, oh, my care!
 Home, &c.

'See the year, the meadow, smiling!
 Let us, then, a smile display,
 Rural sports our pain beguiling,
 Rural pastimes call away.
 Home, &c.

'Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
 And no longer loves to roam;
 Her example thus impelling,
 Let us seek our native home.
 Home, &c.

'Let our men and steeds assemble,
 Panting for the wide champaign;
 Let the ground beneath us tremble,
 While we scour along the plain.
 Home, &c.

'Oh, what raptures! oh, what blisses!
 When we gain the lovely gate;
 Mother's arms and mother's kisses
 There our blessed arrival wait.
 Home, &c.

'Greet our household gods with singing,
 Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray;
 Why should light, so slowly springing,
 All our promised joys delay?
 Home, &c.

SANFORD.

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

AMONG THE VIOLINS.

(Concluded from page 276.)

THE neck seen in the instruments of great Italian masters was shorter than that now used. Increased length of neck gives increased length of string.

'Sycamore or plane-tree wood is used, and the shape should be neither too flat nor too round.

'The finger-board is of ebony, and the length frequently varies, according to the position of the sound-holes. Skill, care, and experience are very necessary in the adjusting of this board, accuracy of position is needful to prevent the jarring of the strings and ensure the unimpeded movement of the bow. The tail-piece is ebony, the pegs rosewood or ebony, although at one time in England they were cut from boxwood; the chin-rest is of vulcanite, sometimes of ebony and other woods, covered with velvet.

'Vain,' continued Mr. Goodwin, 'would be the careful adjustment of the bridge, sound-post, and bass-bar, if the strings were not selected with due care. Merseene, the great musician and composer, published, in 1648, an interesting account of strings. He says that they are of metal and the intestines of sheep; but here are his own words;' and we read:—
 'The thicker chords of the great viols and of lutes

are made of thirty or forty single intestines, and the best are made in Rome and some other cities in Italy. This superiority is owing to the air, the water or the herbage on which the sheep of Italy feed.'

'Cat-gut,' resumed Mr. Goodwin, 'is quite a misnomer; pussy is not half so musical as we have been taught to believe. The best qualities of string are made from the intestines of the lamb, as these are remarkably strong. Of course, they are also prepared from sheep and goats; but very few of the latter are used. The month of September is the busiest in the year for the manufacture of these important parts of the violin.'

But now a word or two on the violin bow, though perhaps we may state here that the pressure upon the strings, when in full tension, is enormous, equal to a strain, on the four, of some seventy pounds.

The bow, although it appears to be very simple, is extremely difficult to make. To ensure the balance in the correct position, mathematical accuracy is necessary.

'This, now,' said Mr. Goodwin, holding up for our inspection an artistic and well-finished bow, 'is worth sixteen pounds, and we have others also by François Tourte, who lived in the eighteenth century, valued at from forty to fifty pounds.'

'The lapping, or hold for the stick of the bow, is formed of silk, covered with gold or silver thread. The bow-nut is cut from ebony, mounted, as the case may be, with silver or gold. The hair of the bow is white Russian horse-hair.'

'Perhaps you could guess,' suggested Mr. Goodwin, 'the value of the violins in that single case,' as we followed him into the testing-room.

We hazarded 'Five hundred pounds.'

'Six times that,' was the surprising answer; 'they have been collected from all parts of Europe, for if one is really a connoisseur, it means hunting up productions of the old masters in all the countries of Europe. Now look at this instrument. Should you consider it old?'

We examined it closely, and noted the dints and marks on both back and front, and finally pronounced it a genuine old fiddle.

'Nothing of the kind,' said our instructor; 'it is got up to sell, in imitation of a Stradavari!' (Stradavari was a great master of the seventeenth century.)

After that we acknowledged that vast experience, combined with skill and knowledge, were necessary to secure valuable artistic violins.

Following our guide into the well-fitted repairing workshops, we learned how delicate is the work of reparation, if the instrument is to retain its musical powers. French and German workmen were busy with tiny tools (some only an inch square) and fair-sized implements, putting in bass-bars, new necks, filling cracks, and, in fact, repairing damaged violins in all sorts of ways. So neat was the work, and so finely executed, that it was really beautiful.

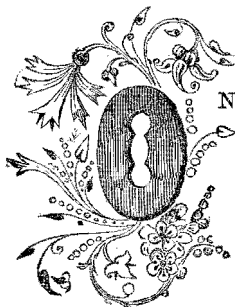
But our boys and girls must be weary, so we shall write no more, but invite them to think carefully over all we have tried to tell them.

JAMES CASSIDY.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 279.)

CHAPTER XII.



N a certain Monday morning, in the month of February, the bell had just summoned Mr. Grindley's family to take their places at the breakfast table. No one dared to be late in that household; therefore, without any delay, the morning meal began. Mr. Grindley divided his attention between the newspaper and his coffee. Every now and then he glanced out of the window, that he might be the first to catch sight of the morning postman going his rounds, while his wife, with kindly looks and gentle voice, passed cups of tea to her children. These young people were now only three in number; there had been five, but it will be remembered that the two elder sons, after a quarrel with their father, had run away from home, and had never again been heard of. This had taken place twelve months before this particular morning, and these had been twelve months of bitter anguish to the poor mother, who was only now slowly recovering from the stunning blow. The three children still remaining to her were Charles, aged sixteen, and already serving in his father's warehouse; Willie, aged fourteen, and still at school—his last year, however—as Mr. Grindley did not approve of too much money being spent on education, beyond what was necessary to make his son a good man of business. The third and youngest child was Hannah, aged twelve, a sweet, fair-faced, but very delicate child, bearing a strong resemblance to her aunt, Mrs. Malcolm, with the same beauty of feature, which her own mother had never possessed. This child, being the only girl, was tenderly loved by mother and brothers, though little regarded by her father, who looked upon all women as very inferior creatures, useful in a way, but never to be trusted too far, and always to be held with a tight rein. Here it just occurs to the writer of this story that so much of a disparaging nature has been told of Mr. Grindley, that young readers may perhaps be wondering if he had no good qualities at all. We ought, therefore, to state, that this man, so hard and cold in character, was yet strictly honest, in the lowest sense of the word. He would not have cheated his neighbour of a penny, though he could take advantage of his necessities to drive a hard bargain with him; and he was, moreover, a strictly sober man.

Perhaps many of his unpleasant qualities were due to his uncommon prosperity. There are characters that only harden when much of this world's good falls to their share. It certainly had been true that, in his early youth, when he and his mother were struggling along together, she as a widowed charwoman with a sickly little daughter to support, and he as an errand-boy at a grocery store,

Mr. Grindley had been dutiful to the poor woman, who thought her Murdoch a pattern to all other boys. But prosperity had changed all this. The old mother, no longer able to work with her poor toil-worn hands, and the half-imbecile daughter, were pensioned off on a few shillings a week, paid to them on the distinct understanding (we are ashamed to tell it) that they were to leave Birmingham and live elsewhere, so that the prosperous iron-monger might not be disgraced by their poverty.

But we must now return to the breakfast table, where Mr. and Mrs. Grindley sat with their three young people. There was not much talking among them for some time; but the silence was broken by Mr. Grindley, who exclaimed, in his usually harsh voice, 'Charles, I see the postman; go and fetch the letters!'

Then, having received a goodly pile from the hands of his son, he tossed one across the table to his wife, not, however, without first minutely examining it, and staring severely at her, for the post-mark was 'Kingston, Jamaica.' He knew no one in Jamaica; what could she mean by corresponding with persons unknown to him? Perhaps he would have asked this question, had it not been that, among his great pile of business documents, there was still another foreign letter addressed to himself, and bearing the Sydney post-mark. He knew that his wife's sister, Mrs. Malcolm, had gone there years before, with her husband and twin boys, but, as he took no interest whatever in their welfare, and never asked anything about them, a letter from that quarter of the world, and addressed to himself, surprised him not a little. He opened it, however, and, as he read its contents, such a frown gathered upon his face, that the two boys, Charles and Willie, made signals—one to the other—that a storm was coming, while Mrs. Grindley, who had also marked the gathering blackness, said timidly, 'I hope there is nothing wrong, dear; you seem vexed with your letter!'

Then the storm broke in its fury. 'Wrong!' he shouted. 'Yes, there is something wrong; but, I I won't put up with such a shameful imposition! When did you last hear from your sister, madam, if I may ask the question?'

'Oh, not for three long months,' replied the poor lady, trembling; 'not since she wrote to tell me of poor Robert's death by a street accident. I have often wondered why she never wrote again; but, poor dear—'

'Well, let me inform you, madam,' was the unfeeling reply, 'that she is dead! and, more than that, she has left to me the precious legacy of her two pauper children. I have not even been asked whether or not I choose to take them! They have actually been shipped off to me already! But I declare I will refuse to take them! They are nothing to me! They may go to the workhouse, for all I care! There is no law in England that can compel a man to support children who have no claim upon him.'

Mr. Grindley would, doubtless, have relieved his feelings further in such hard words, had it not been that he found himself alone in the breakfast room, his poor wife having retired in tears, shocked and dismayed at the sad tidings which had been so rudely made known to her, while little Hannah had crept



"Here is a most extraordinary thing!"

out after her, and was now patting her mother's cheek, and speaking soothing words in her ear. The lads, too, full of sympathy, but burning with curiosity as to the unknown cousins, had followed their mother's steps, and were asking all manner of questions with the eagerness of boyhood. 'Oh, my dears,' she said, through her tears, 'don't ask me about it.

I know nothing. I have always been expecting to hear from her, and now to think that she is gone! Dead and buried! My dear, pretty Mary, whom I loved so fondly! And her poor boys, Cecil and Fred, left orphans in a strange land—they were just ages with you, Willie, and such a pretty pair they were! Such bonny boys! Oh, if your father would only let me

be kind to them for poor Mary's sake! They would not cost him much. I could keep them upon very little; but hush, dears, is not that your father calling?' "

Yes, it was Mr. Grindley's voice calling her to come back to the breakfast room, and from its tone the poor wife knew that something more than usual was about to be told to her. 'Come in here,' he said; then, shutting the door in the faces of his children, while she sunk trembling into a chair, he added, 'Edith, here is the most extraordinary thing in the newspaper. It is a telegraphic dispatch from the Cape. But I shall read it to you. "February 19th. The steamship *Lady Alicia*, from Tasmania to Liverpool, touched here this forenoon, having on board three seamen, the only survivors of the clipper ship *Beatrice*, from Sydney to Liverpool, burned at sea."

Mr. Grindley paused and looked in his wife's face, but, seeing that she was gazing helplessly at him, without in the least degree understanding the import of his words, he added, impatiently, 'Can't you see? The *Beatrice* was the ship that these children were sent home in! I have it here in this man's letter. These poor boys must have been lost in the ship with all the others!' Then, observing the paleness that gathered on his wife's face at this new horror which had involved her sister's unfortunate children, he added, roughly, 'Now, Edith, don't make a fool of yourself; dry your eyes; no one could have helped it; and don't think any more of what I said in my anger about these unfortunate youngsters and the workhouse. Well, of course, you know, it would have been rather rough on me if I had been called upon to support them, though I dare say I might have done it if it had come to the scratch; but, you see, my dear, it was not to be—Providence has ordered it otherwise!'

Strange to say, Mr. Grindley turned his eyes away from his wife's face as he uttered these last words, for he had an uneasy conviction that she was looking steadfastly at him with an expression never before seen on that timid, humble face. There was a moment's silence after he had ceased speaking, and then she rose to her feet. 'God forgive you,' she said, in a low voice; 'but I feel in my heart that you are rejoicing over the miserable death of these children.'

Without another word she groped her way out of the room as though she were blind, and fell fainting on the floor of her own room.

(Continued at page 292.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

34.—PUZZLES.

FIND the names of Birds hidden in the following sentences.

1. I cannot see my neighbour's wall owing to the height of the trees.
2. Whenever I walk down Whitechapel I candidly confess to a slight feeling of fear.
3. Did you hear a dog howling last night?
4. If ever you should meet an ogre, be sure you treat him with great respect.
5. Does Philip love Rebecca do you think?

6. If we could find the El Dorado, do you think we should be any the happier?

7. If you are not quick, I tell you, you will lose your train.

8. Here is one parsnip, eleven potatoes and three turnips.

9. What an ugly cur Lewis has with him.

10. Is that action either just or kind?

11. Meet me by the side of the brook yonder.

12. Do you know a place called Uckfield? C. C.

35.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICS.

A LARGE island in the West Indies formerly belonging to Spain, but now in possession of the English. It is very beautiful and noted for the number of its rivers; it abounds also in native fruits and valuable timber.

1. A group of islands forming an important empire to the north-east of China.

2. A town in Berkshire on the Thames near Oxford; also a town in Maryland, U.S.

3. A channel off the eastern coast of Africa, between a large island and the continent.

4. A long chain of mountains in South America, containing many volcanoes.

5. A large river in the south of Asia from which a great country takes its name.

6. A town in one of the eastern counties of England, famed for a savoury fish.

7. The name of the group of islands to which the subject of this acrostic belongs. C. C.

[Answers at page 303.]

ANSWERS.

30.—Tigranes.

- | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| 1. Grain. | 3. Reign. | 5. Sign. | 7. Sire. |
| 2. Tiger. | 4. Great. | 6. Train. | 8. Riga. |

31.—1. Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep.

2. Jack and Jill went up the hill.

3. Mary, Mary, quite contrary.

4. Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top.

5. Boys and girls come out to play.

6. The queen of hearts she made some tarts.

7. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner.

8. Sing a song of sixpence.

32.—1. Loango.

4. Birkenhead.

7. Carlisle.

2. Congo.

5. Manchester.

8. Algiers.

3. Angola.

6. Norwich.

33.—1. Reginald.

5. Edwin.

9. Charles.

2. Daniel.

6. Bernard.

10. Eric.

3. Eustace.

7. Albert.

4. Samuel.

8. Matthew.

AN INDIAN FABLE.

A KING in the East said to his minister, 'Do you believe in luck?'

'I do,' said the minister.

'Can you prove it?' said the king.

'Yes, I can,' said the minister.

So one night he tied up to the ceiling of a room a parcel containing peas mixed with diamonds. In the room were two men, one of whom believed in luck and the other in human effort alone. The former quietly laid himself down on the ground; the latter

after a series of efforts reached the parcel, and feeling in the dark the peas and the stones, he ate the peas one by one, and threw down the diamonds at his companion, saying, 'Here are the stones for your idleness.' The man below received them in his blanket. In the morning the minister came with the king and bade each take to himself what he had got. The man of effort found that he had eaten every one of the peas. The man of luck quietly walked away with the diamonds.

The minister said to the king, 'Sire, you see that there is such a thing as luck; but it is as rare as peas mixed with diamonds. So I would say, "Let none hope to live by luck."' "

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE CARPENTER BEE.



THE insects called 'Carpenter Bees' live chiefly in tropical countries. In England one kind is sometimes met with; it is of a beautiful blue colour, and resembles in general appearance the well-known humble-bee. It seems to be impelled merely by maternal instinct in its work, which consists in providing a home for its young. Now,

this home is wonderfully constructed. This remarkable little creature begins by gnawing its way into a large beam or tree, making the hole large enough to admit its body as it proceeds; this hole is cut perfectly round to the depth of six inches, sometimes more. It then begins to work upward, hollowing out the centre into a large, wide groove, or chamber; when this is finished the bee then divides it into six or eight cells by means of small partitions that look like shelves. In each of these cells one egg only is deposited, and, before it is sealed up, the mother places there a sufficient quantity of honey and pollen to meet the wants of the young larva when born there. When the little creature comes into existence it soon finds there is not much room to move about in, but after a time, as its food diminishes its movements are less restricted, its food is proportioned to its wants, and as famine approaches it passes into the chrysalis state. In this state it rests imprisoned for a time in its little chamber. When the time has come for further change, the chrysalis gnaws its way out through the partition to the open air, then, throwing off its covering, it has become a carpenter bee. In a very short time, having put his wings in order, he dashes out into space, into the wide, wide world.

THE CLIFTON NONPAREIL.

THIS beautiful moth is pretty well known to dwellers in English country places. It is often met with in shaded lanes, flitting about the hedges, and sometimes in the fenny districts. The

colours of this moth are most charming. The delicacy, richness, and variety of its colouring, the blending of lovely tints of brown, grey, black, and different tones of yellow, all richly dotted and marbled, are more attractive than those of the more gaily painted butterflies which revel in the golden beams of summer.

THE LARGE GREEN GRASSHOPPER.

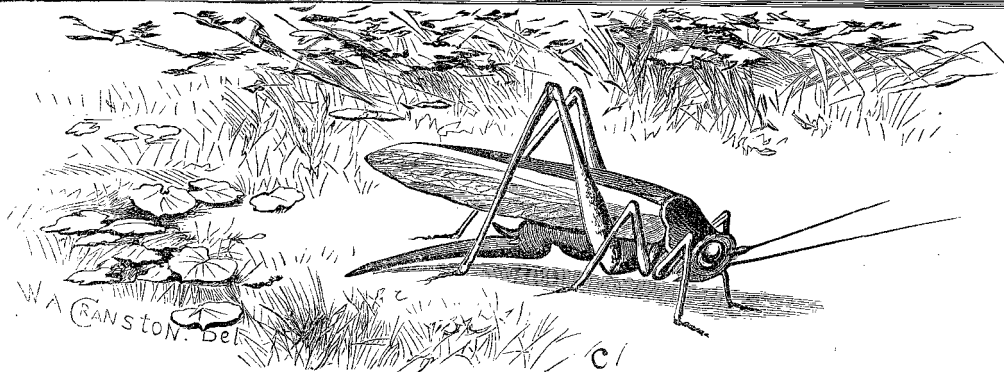
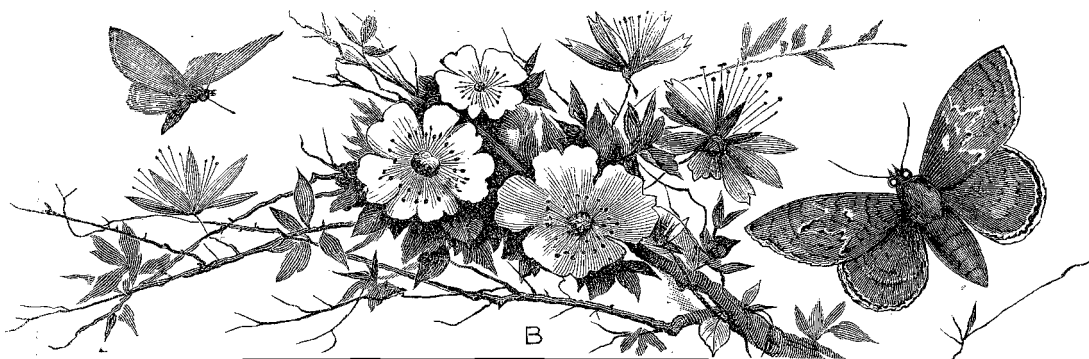
GREEN are the grasshoppers which jump about amongst the grass. Their colour suits the life they lead, and may prevent some of them from being eaten by hungry birds. All grasshoppers are not green. There are brown kinds; one small, very lively fellow seen in gardens and fields is a brownie. But the largest of our English grasshoppers is green, very green, so that the learned men have given him the Latin name of *Gryllus viridissimus*, the second word meaning 'most green,' which quite becomes him, and from his size we may also call him 'king of our grasshoppers.'

Some people who come upon one of these big grasshoppers suppose that it is a locust, but a true locust is different in shape, also in colour, for most locusts are some shade of brown. But he is like the locust in having a good appetite, yet not like them in going about with a large party of friends. Green he looks indeed, but he is not so green as to let himself be caught if he can help it, and therefore he keeps hidden in the grass or among the leaves which are his own colour, and, should any one come near when he happens to be on a twig, he is still and quiet till they have passed.

Those who have happened to catch sight of the great grasshopper when he is in the act of chirping, say that he holds tightly to some twig or stem, and then gives his body a peculiar shake, and seems to shiver. A naturalist tells us that he makes the shrill sound which we hear by rubbing the edge of one wing-case against a plate in the other one, which has a smooth membrane, drawn tight like a drum. His favourite time for playing his music is during the twilight, or later than that; and this too has been noticed, that he manages somehow to throw the sound so as to deceive the listener, and make you think he is yards away from the place where he really is.

This green gentleman is very particular about cleaning himself. One which was kept in captivity was observed to spend a long time in rubbing or polishing his head and breast with his front legs. His food is the blades of grass or leaves, which he cuts with his saw-like jaws, but it is supposed that he will eat small insects such as flies if he can manage to catch them. A gentleman who kept one in a little cage fed it chiefly on slices of apple, and it became quite tame. It did not live long, nor did it chirp while it was a prisoner, though it had a large room to jump about in, and plenty of twigs to crawl upon.

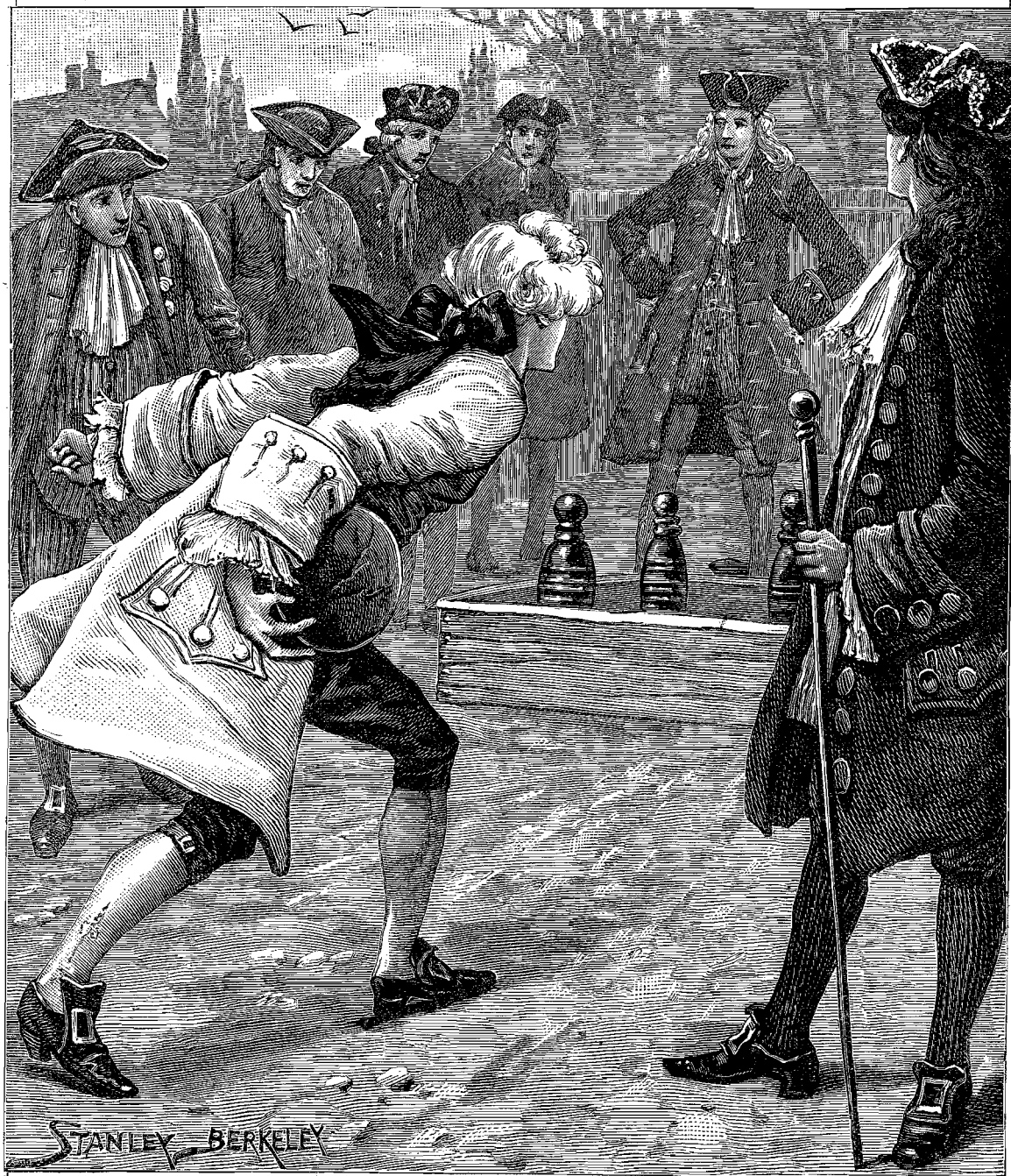
Should you come upon a great green grasshopper in one of your country rambles, you must mind how you take hold of him, since he can give a nip with his jaws which you would feel for some minutes.



B — The Clifton Nonpareil.

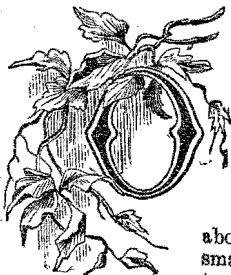
A — Carpenter Bee.

C — The large Green Grasshopper.



The Old Game of Four Corners.

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.



BOWLS AND NINEPINS.

IN some of the maps which show us the London of two or three hundred years ago, we find marked here and there a bowling green or alley. At one time there were many of these in and about London; even a village, small as Chelsea was then, had two bowling greens in the reign of Charles II. The game of bowls became more popular than archery. Stow, the historian, tells us that he thought it a great pity that, instead of bows, people had bowls, and dishes instead of arrows. So it would seem that, after playing at bowls, people used to feast. Another old writer complains that some London citizens spent money at this game, while their poor children had to go to bed without supper! Bowling greens existed in London City during the sixteenth century, for we read of one near where Coleman Street is now, which was part of the grand garden that had belonged to Northumberland House.

Some say that the Romans had a game like the game of bowls, and others think that it was found out in the Middle Ages. The oldest picture in a book showing people bowling was drawn about six centuries ago. There is a figure of one boy kneeling down, and he is bowling his ball towards two little pyramids or cones at a short distance from each other. By them stands a boy who is watching the game. In France they had a game of the same kind, only there was an upright pointed object put in the middle of the alley, and the players bowled at it from either end. Sometimes the ball was thrown, not rolled along the ground. Another old picture of the fourteenth century represents three bowlers. One is jumping as if he was pleased, each has a ball, and what they are bowling at is also a ball, but smaller. We do not know what were the rules of the old game. At first each bowler had only one ball, afterwards three or four. Some of the bowls were not quite round. We read about flat bowls, which were thought to be best for playing in the alleys, and of *bias* bowls. The 'bias' was a weight put into the side of a bowl, so that it might run slanting.

The difference between a bowling green and an alley was that, while the green was open like a cricket ground, and covered with grass, the bowling alley had a roof. It was long and narrow, being a place where people could play at the game in wet or cold weather; but, as there was no running in the game of bowls, it was not a pleasant amusement even in an alley when the weather was very cold. Ladies did not play, but they often amused themselves by watching the game. Henry VIII. made a bowling alley at Whitehall, and many gentlemen had one in their gardens, just as people have tennis courts now.

One kind of bowling we do not read about, but we have a picture of it in an old book. Here the balls or bowls are not thrown by the hand, but a boy holds a battledore or short stick, and he has to drive the ball through a little arch, beyond which there is a mark, at which he aims. Then, there was the game of half-bowl, a favourite with Londoners, though Edward IV. forbade them to play it for a time. This could be played indoors or out. There was also another old game which was called kayles, and was played in England, also in France. There was no particular number of pins; six or eight, or several more, it may be, and they were put in a single row, having spaces between them. Sometimes the players threw at the pins with a ball, such as they used for bowls, and sometimes they had a stick or short club. When the game of ninepins was introduced, the nine pins were arranged in three rows, and he who could bring down the largest number at one fling was the winner of the game. The name of skittle or skittle-pins seems to have arisen from that of kettle-pins, which was one of the names given to kayles. The game of skittles became so common about London, and caused such mischief, that, in 1780, the magistrates forbade it, ordering all the skittle grounds to be levelled. There was a difference between ninepins and skittles in this, that the players at skittles not only bowled, but 'tipped' the ball, standing close to the frame in which the pins stood so as to throw it amongst them.

About the time Henry VIII. was King of England, we read of another old game, called loggats, in which the boys played with bones instead of wooden pins, and they bowled at these, not with a ball, but a round bone. Another London game was that of four corners. There was a square frame, and in each corner of it was put a large wooden pin. Standing at a short distance off, the players threw a heavy bowl, weighing about six pounds, trying to knock down the pins, and he was winner who did this in fewest throws.

J. S. CLIFFORD.

A SCENE IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

A LADY, when in Cairo, was allowed to visit a military hospital just as some wounded men had been brought in after a little fighting. But she shall give the story in her own words.

'The three hours we could stay were full of work for heart and hand. One young soldier from a Highland regiment especially excited my interest. He had lost a limb, and could not, the doctor said, live through the night. I stopped at his side to see if there was anything I could do for him. He lay with closed eyes, murmuring, "Mother, mother!" I dipped my handkerchief in a basin of ice-water, and bathed his forehead where the fever flushes burned.

"Oh, that is good," he said, opening his eyes. Seeing me bending over him, he caught my hand and kissed it. "Thank you, lady," he said, and smiled; "it minds me of my mother."

"Can I write to your mother?" I asked.

"No," he said, "the surgeon promised to write, but could I, would I, sing to him?" I hesitated a moment and looked around. The gleam of the sun on the yellow water of the Nile, as the western rays slanted down, caught my eye, and suggested the river the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God. I began to sing in a low voice the Gospel hymn, "Shall we gather at the river?" Eager heads were raised around us to listen more intently, while bass and tenor voices, weak and tremulous, came in the chorus:

"Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God!"

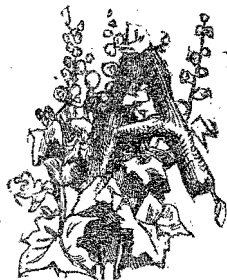
"When the song was ended I looked into the face of the lad—for he was not over twenty—and said, "Shall you be there?"

"Yes, I'll be there, through what the Lord Jesus has done for me," he answered, with his blue eyes shining, while "the light that never was on land or sea" brightened his face. The tears gathered in my eyes as I thought of the mother in her far-off Scottish home, watching and waiting for tidings of her soldier boy, who was breathing away his life in an Egyptian hospital; and I sang—

"In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore!"

then I stooped and kissed his forehead. "Come again lady; come again," I heard on all sides as we left the barracks. I shall go, but I shall not find my Scottish laddie, for by to-morrow morning he will have crossed the river.

BLACK-JACKS AND WARMING-PANS.



YOUNG man, who had been brought up in the City of London as an undertaker, went to the island of Jamaica, and set up in the same trade. There were many deaths, and he became popular at his business. On one occasion he sent to his father in London for a large quantity of black cloth and twenty gross of black tacks. Unfortunately, the 't' in tacks looked like 'j,' and his father read it as twenty gross of black-jacks. The old gentleman was surprised at the order, and at first hardly knew what it meant; but he remembered at length that there was a man in Fleet Market who made quart and pint tin pots, ornamented with paint, which went by the name of black-jacks. He went to the maker, and ordered, therefore, twenty gross of his black-jacks. The maker was amazed at the number

required, and said that he had not nearly so many, but that he would try and complete the order. This was done, and the black-jacks were shipped off to Jamaica. The undertaker received them with the other things, and was much vexed at the mistake. A friend, to whom he mentioned the matter, proposed to take the black-jacks off his hands at the price he would have to pay for them. The undertaker gladly consented, and his friend at once announced in the Jamaica papers the arrival at his shop of a great number of fashionable London punch vases. There was an immediate run on them, and they were soon sold, the fortunate speculator making two hundred per cent. on his bargain.

One day the undertaker and his friend were talking about the blunder, when the latter said, in a jest, 'I wonder whether the London makers would send out a gross of warming-pans if they were ordered, or whether they would treat such an order from Jamaica as a joke?' The undertaker laughed, but in his next letter home he desired his father to send out a gross of best London-made warming-pans. The old gentleman again was astonished, but, not perceiving anything ridiculous in the order, he sent out the warming-pans. What to do with a gross of such very useless articles the son did not know, and he repented him of his folly in having written the letter, which he had felt sure that his father would treat as all nonsense.

His friend, however, came forward a second time as a purchaser at prime cost, and, having removed the covers, he informed the sugar-planters that he just received from England a large consignment of the newest article in sugar-ladles. The ruse was successful; the lidless warming-pans sold rapidly, and the sharp dealer again made a large profit. The story of the black-jacks and warming-pans was often told afterwards, and we now merely hand it on to the readers of *Chatterbox*, as it shows that it is wise to make the best of everything. G. S. O.

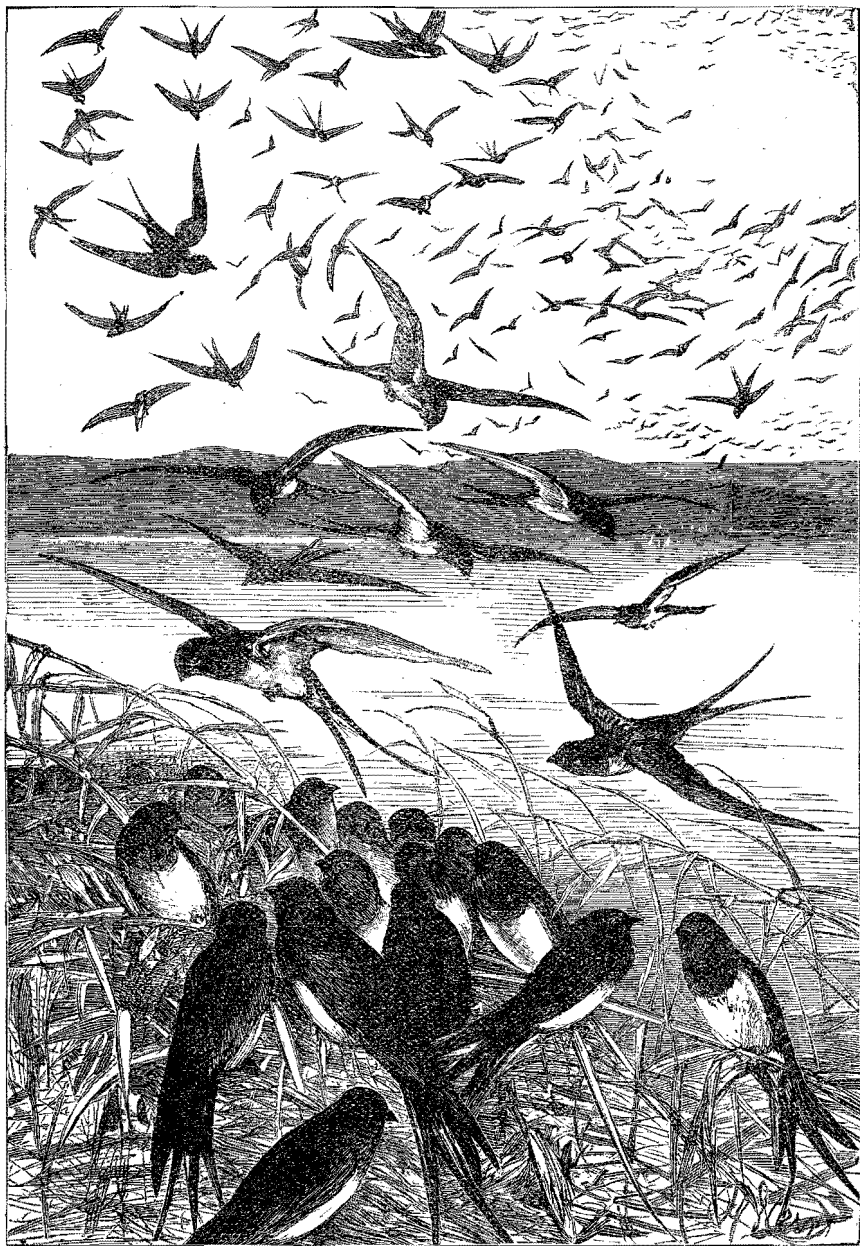
THE SWALLOWS.

SWEET bird, our children watched for thee
When April skies grew bright,
And when upon the soft greensward
They picked the daisies white;

At last thy glossy purple wing
Shot through the tranquil air,
Now skimming o'er the placid lake,
Now o'er the meadow fair.

All through the long, long summer hours,
Beneath our cottage eaves,
We heard thy twittering call among
The clustering woodbine leaves.

And how we loved the sound! but now
Thy wild wing spreads again;
The children sigh to see thee go,
But, ah, they sigh in vain!



The Flight of the Swallows.

Farewell, then, little summer friend,
So joyous and so free;
May happy days and bright be thine
In lands beyond the sea.

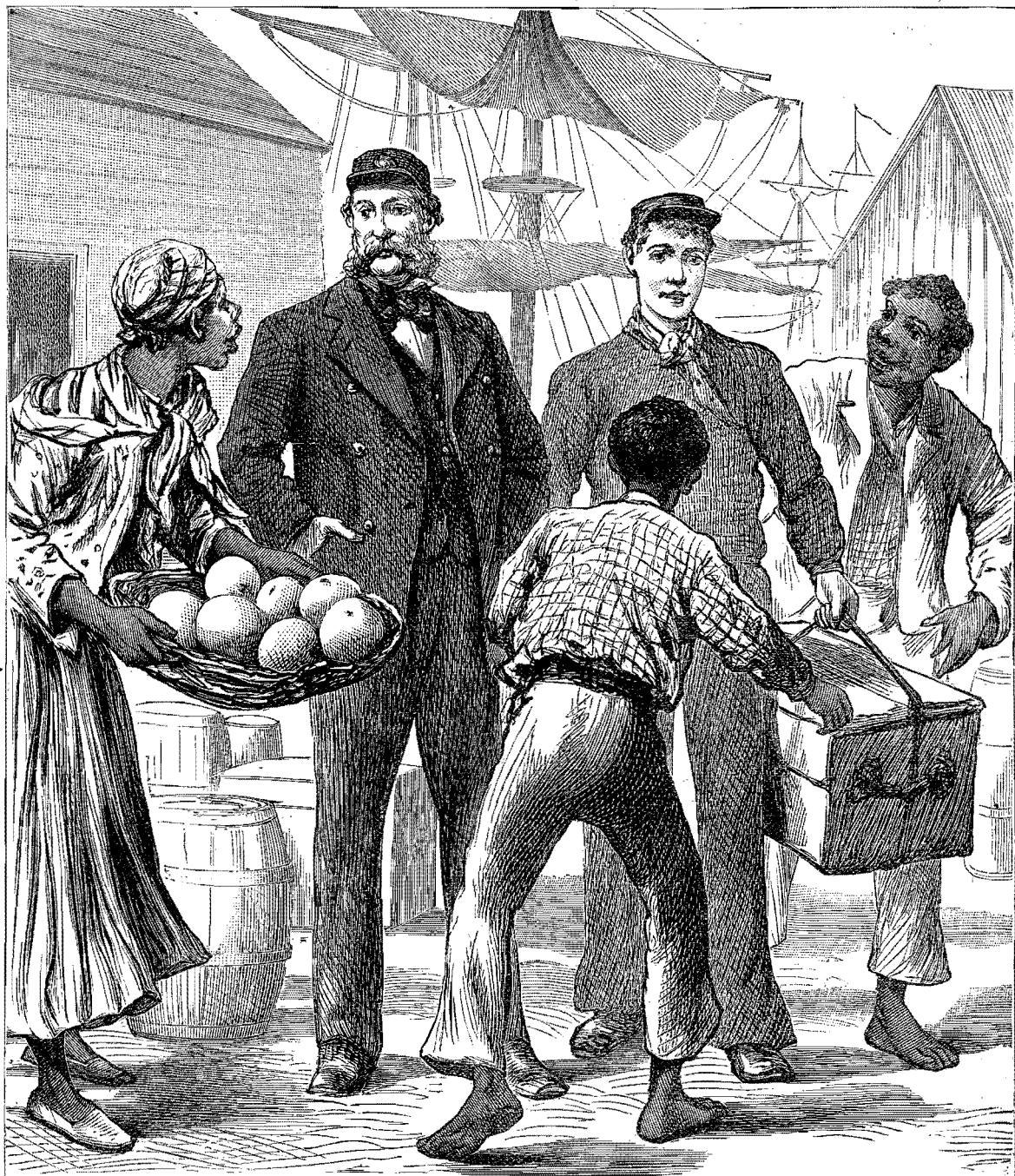
When joyous summer comes again
To clothe our land with flowers,
Once more we'll hear thy twittering call
Through all the sunny hours. D.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 286.)

CHAPTER XIII.

IT will be remembered that on that morning when the letter arrived from Sydney, addressed to Mr. Grindley, another letter had been handed in at the same time, addressed to his wife and bearing the



The Arrival at Kingston.

post-mark of Kingston, Jamaica. When her husband had thrown it across the table with a look of angry inquiry in his face, the poor lady had put it in her pocket, without the least idea from whom it had come, but fearing she did not know what trouble or annoyance of some kind, for her timid nature made her always more ready to expect grief than joy. Strange to say, this letter had lain unopened in her

pocket the whole day long, and yet it was not strange either, for the letter from Sydney had been such an afflicting one that it had occupied her mind to the exclusion of everything else. Then had followed the telegraphic dispatch from the Cape, which had quite overwhelmed her with grief, while the horrible conviction that her husband was glad of the accident, which had relieved him of all care about Fred and

Cecil Malcolm, had so oppressed her heart that she had fallen into a kind of stupor, which lasted nearly all the day. Towards evening, however, as the poor lady was preparing for bed, she suddenly remembered the foreign letter which lay in her pocket, and, taking it out, she turned it over and over in her hand. But what was it which caused her poor heart to give a bound, and then seem to stop altogether, while she grew cold and faint, and only by a great effort was able to keep her senses from failing her altogether? Ah! the mother's eye had detected what the father had not observed, that the letter was addressed in the hand-writing of her own dear boy, her eldest son, Ernest, of whom she had schooled her heart to believe she would never hear again. Oh, the joy of that moment! She scarcely cared what story of want, or trouble, or disaster the letter might unfold; her Ernest was alive still, and had not forgotten his mother nor his home. Our readers may be interested to hear the letter, which ran as follows:—

‘MY DEAREST MOTHER.—Can you ever forgive me that I have never yet written to you since the sad day that saw Walter and me leave our home and you. If it was all to come over again, mother—I mean our quarrel with father—I think we would not have done what we did. We would have thought of you and been more patient. Dear mother, I have much to tell you; good news, and also sad news, which I fear will wring your very heart, but I must tell you all my story. The day we left home, full of fury at being called thieves and liars, we resolved never to return, and we did not say good-bye to you lest you should try to keep us at home. Oh, mother, mother, how much it must have grieved your heart! We walked all the way to Bristol. I need not go over the story; we had many hardships, for we had no money, but when we reached Bristol we were fortunate enough to find a merchant vessel just ready to put to sea, but rather short of hands. We got on board and offered ourselves. Well, mother, you know we are both tall and strong for our age, and the captain eyed us over. “I don’t care to engage run-away young gentlemen as seamen,” he said rather grimly, but we begged hard to be taken, that we might work out our passage to Kingston, where his ship was going.

‘So we were taken on, and, mother, though the work was hard enough, we were both quite happy, except for thoughts of you. But, oh! dear mother, our captain—Captain Greaves was his name—he was a good man. I could never tell you how good he was, mother. I never thought that a really smart, Al seaman could be an out-and-out religious man, but Captain Greaves was that if ever a man was, and, though he was very strict as to duty being done, he was kind too. We both loved him very much.

‘But now, dear mother, I have come to the sad part of my story, so sad is it that I wish I could keep it from you, but I can’t. Mother, my poor brother Walter is no more! but I am as sure as I can be that he is in Heaven. It was this way, mother. We had an awful storm; I never thought the ship would weather through, and even the experienced men on board said it was a stiff hurricane.

All at once, when the captain was shouting orders, and we were all as busy as we could be, there came a great mountain of water, curling and foaming, and fell upon our deck with a crash like thunder. Everything was afloat in a moment, and tremendous damage was done; but, oh, mother! worst of all, three fellows had been washed overboard, and poor Walter was one of them. Think what I felt, especially as nothing could be done to save them; indeed, they were never seen from the moment they went over. But, mother, just the night before the storm Walter and I had been talking about you, and about heaps of things. I said that Captain Greaves always made me think of you, for you both put duty to God before everything else. “Yes,” said Walter; and then, in a hesitating kind of way, he added: “Ernest, the captain was speaking to me the other day, and he told me he was just my age when he made up his mind to be a follower of our Saviour. Ernest, I’ve made the same resolve, and I only hope I may be able to stick to it. You see, I have a temper of my own——” Some one called him away at the moment, and he said no more. But don’t you think, mother, that Jesus would accept the wish? You know He saved the poor thief on the Cross. Now, I hope that this will be a comfort to you, darling mother, for I know you have had many troubles. And now I must hurry on. When we arrived at Kingston, the captain asked me what I wanted to do. Would I stick by the ship or not? Well, mother, much as I liked the captain, I had taken a horror at the sea ever since poor Walter’s death; so I said, if I could get employment on land, I would like it better. Then he said a friend of his had a large fruit store in Kingston, and he was sure that he would take me in on his recommendation. Well, it was arranged, and the ship, with a new cargo, sailed away without me. I felt very forlorn at first, and that is why I did not write to you sooner. I felt so sad myself, that I feared to make you sad too; and then I could not bear to tell you of Walter’s death. But now I have been here for some months, and am accustomed to the ways of the place. I have recovered my spirits a little, and have set myself to the painful task of telling you about Walter. And, dear mother, don’t trouble about me; I dare say I shall get on very well. Kingston is a strange place, and the country parts lovely. I shall tell you more about it in my next letter. But, dear mother, there is one thing I should like to urge upon you, and that is, to use your influence with father to give Charles and Willie a good education. If I had been better educated, I could have had a higher post than salesman in a fruit store. But don’t think I am complaining; my employer is very kind, and I have made one or two friends. Dear mother, I have been thinking that I should send some message to father, some apology for running away as we did. I dare say he thought us ungrateful. Perhaps we were, but my heart was very bitter towards him, more bitter, I think, than Walter’s was; but ever since his death I have felt different; so will you tell my father that I hope he will forgive all the past? Do, dear mother, I cannot write to him myself; and now this long letter must come to an end. Oh, mother, if you only knew how I have hungered for a sight of you, and how often I

have thanked God for giving me a good mother! And dear little Hannah, she will be glad to hear of poor old Ernest, who used to play chess with her. Kiss the dear little lass for me, and blessings on you all, dearest mother, from your own loving boy,
 'ERNEST GRINDLEY.'

Poor Mrs. Grindley wept many tears over this long and loving letter, but they were tears of joy—yes, even though the death of her second son was a sad shock to her affectionate heart. She felt that she had hope in his death, and she felt, too, that her eldest son's character had improved under the trials and difficulties which he had undergone. She read the letter to her children—yes, before she showed it to her husband; then she told them in sad, low tones that she feared their little boy cousins had been lost at sea!

The young people listened awe-struck to her story. Their brother Walter drowned in the deep, dark ocean!—the little cousins, too! What a frightful death must have been theirs, on board a burning ship! Oh, how strange, how mysterious did everything seem to their young minds! But still mother remained to them, a fountain of ever-flowing love, a tower of strength to which they might cling in every distress. Alas, poor children, had they only known!

(Continued at page 298.)

A WORD ABOUT PARROTS.



HERE are a great many different kinds of parrots in the world, some of them very small, like the pretty green love-birds, which are only about the size of a sparrow; others, like the great macaw, are more than three feet in length, including the tail. They are all birds of splendid plumage, and belong to the warmer parts of the world. The voices of the parrot tribe are generally harsh and discordant, but many of the larger ones have a remarkable power of imitating human speech, and when they are tamed, and kindly treated, they can articulate not only single words, but long sentences, showing more intelligence than is to be found in any other bird.

The best talker among parrots is the grey African variety, with a crimson tail. This bird is famous for its docility and affection for its owner, as well as for its lively ways, and for the amusing manner in which it can imitate the barking of a dog, the mewing of a cat, and, indeed, any other sound which it hears. The writer is acquainted with two of these grey African parrots, both of which are excellent talkers, their observations being often so 'pat' that it is difficult to believe that the bird does not know the meaning of what it says. On one occasion the first of these parrots, whose cage was hung in the kitchen, observed

the cook making pastry. After peering over the side, in order to see what the woman was doing, the bird stretched out one foot, and croaked out these words: 'Give poor Polly a piece, please, please;' and, when a morsel of paste was placed in the cage, he immediately responded with the words, 'Thank you.'

One evening, the bird overheard the nursemaid calling a little boy to come into the house and go to bed, but the child refused to do so, when Polly, seeming to be quite shocked at such disobedience, screamed out, 'Oh, fie, Charlie, go to bed—go to bed.' The same parrot never heard an old woman cough or sneeze without immediately doing the same, and when every one in the room laughed the bird laughed too, at the same time shaking out his wings and dancing on his perch. On cold, rainy days, he used to mope and seem low-spirited, now and again saying, 'Poor Polly is going to die.'

The second grey parrot which came under the writer's notice, and which is still alive, is almost a better talker than the one just mentioned. It has lived for many years in the same family, and is a most affectionate and delightful pet. A few weeks ago a young lady called at the house, when the bird became so noisy that its mistress said, 'Hush, Polly! we can't hear ourselves talk for your noise.' Polly immediately became silent and a little sulky, but after a minute's consideration he apologised for his unruly conduct by croaking out, 'Well, now, I'm sorry I spoke!' The same young lady, having called again, began to relate an amusing story to her hostess and her family which caused much laughter in the room. The parrot, however, did not laugh; he seemed to remember that he had been found fault with on the occasion of the young lady's last visit; he therefore took his revenge by looking fixedly in her face, and saying, loudly and distinctly, 'Shut up, you!'

We might tell many other amusing stories of this parrot and its ways, but what we have already told may be enough to show how intelligent and interesting these birds can be. But great care should always be taken of a parrot's health and comfort, his cage should never stand in a draught, and his bread and milk should be always fresh and sweet, while a little fruit should be given to him now and then. If treated in this manner, his owner will be rewarded by seeing his pet always in good spirits, and by hearing a great deal of funny talk. Parrots live to a great age, several having been known to reach the age of seventy years. B.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

IN some districts in Ireland, where there are no railways, the Post Office letter-bags are conveyed by road. Where the roads are good enough an Irish car is used, but in the wilder and more mountainous districts the postman rides on horseback.

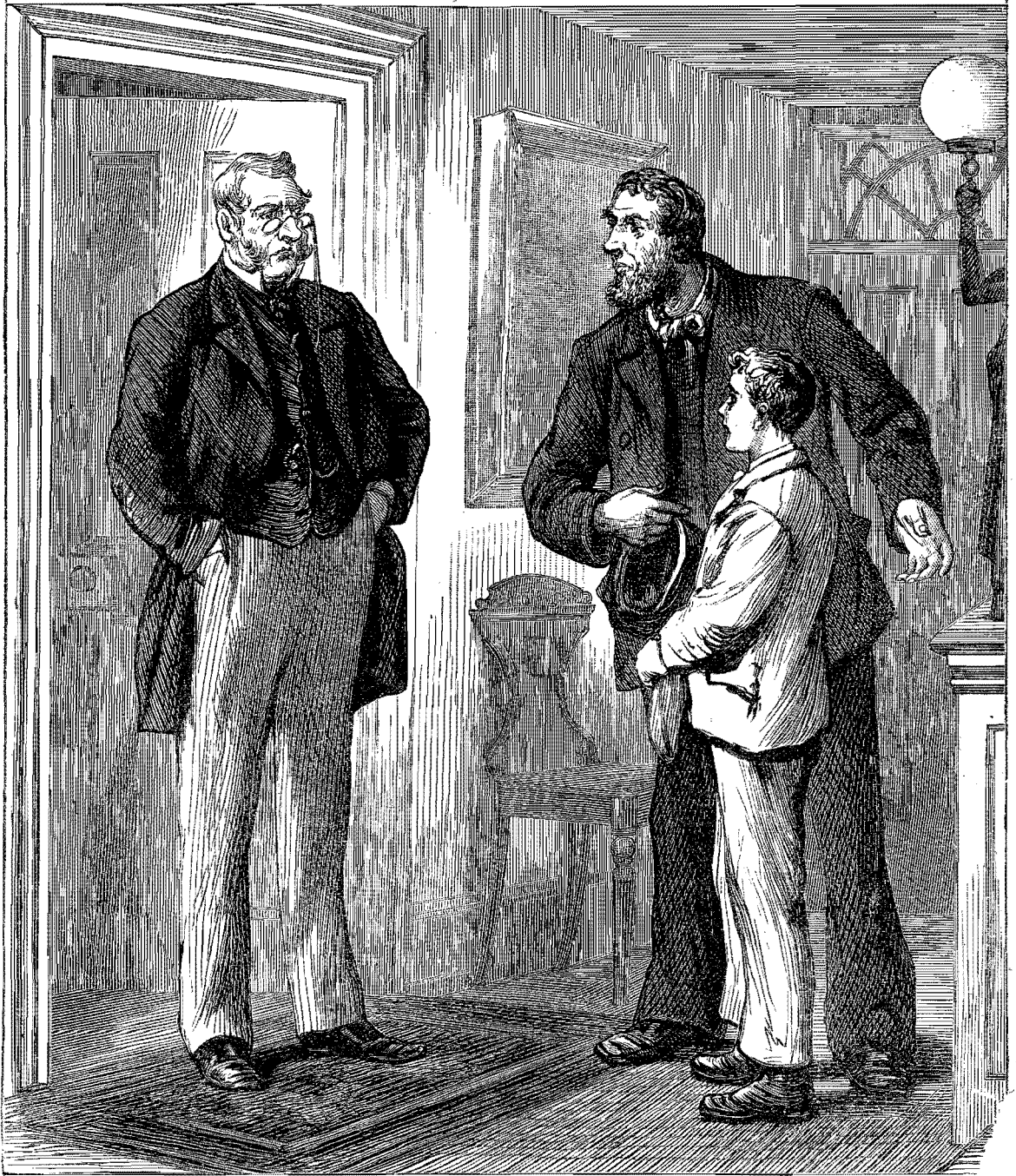
The mail-car from Thurles to Kilkenny travels a distance of twenty-six miles, starting at 2.30 a.m. and reaching its journey's end about 6 a.m. It de-



On Her Majesty's Service.

livers a mail-bag and receives one at each post office on its road. As the round in car or on horseback is made in the early hours of the morning, the exchange is sometimes managed by a rope. The post-master from his bed-room window lets down his bag, and by a hook at the end of the rope he pulls up the letter-bag for his office.

Some of the country post offices are of a rough-and-ready kind. There is no postman to take round the letters to the houses. The neighbours who expect to hear from a friend call to see if there is anything for them. The pig, 'the gentleman that pays the rint,' and the fowls make themselves quite at home in these rural post offices.



"You have done your errand, and you may go now."

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 295.)

CHAPTER XIV.



ALL, Fred, my boy, here we are in old England at last!' It was Tom Ryder who spoke these words, as he and Fred Malcolm stood together on the deck of the *Lady Alicia*, now arrived at the end of her voyage. 'Poor lad,' he added, 'you have had quite enough of the sea, I am sure; you will never

want to cross the ocean again, Fred.'

'Well, no, Tom,' replied Fred, who was gazing with all a boy's interest at the crowded quays and streets of Liverpool; 'I could not wish to cross it again, at least to go to Sydney, for there is no one there now that belongs to me; indeed, there is nothing there but my father's and my mother's graves!'

'Ah, well, my lad, you are very young yet,' said Tom, kindly; 'your life lies all before you, and who knows what may be in store for you in old England? But, Fred, you know we must set off for Birmingham without delay. When I have given you up to your uncle, then I must be off to Scotland to my own dear wife and bairns, whom I haven't seen for a long, long time. Why, my two boys will scarcely know their own father.'

'Oh, Tom,' said poor Fred, in rather a melancholy tone, 'I wish I was you to have a real home to go to, where there are people to love you! I know my uncle does not want me—I heard my mother say something like that to Mr. Stace; but she said, if my Aunt Edith was still alive, she was quite sure that she would be kind to me and poor Cecil.'

'Ah, well!' said Tom, 'let us hope she is still alive! Always be hopeful, Fred.'

Fred did not reply for a minute or two; he was thinking deeply. 'Tom,' he said at last, 'do you remember your promise to poor Cecil just before he died?'

'Yes, I do,' answered Tom, readily, 'and I am willing to stick to it too if it should be necessary; but, remember, Fred, your uncle's home must be tried; first, we have no reason to suppose that he will turn you out, especially when his wife is such a kind lady, and your mother's sister, too. He may be a stern man, and you may have a hardish kind of a life, but it would not be your duty to run away for every trifle—remember that, Fred.'

But Fred only sighed. Now that Liverpool had been reached, and Jack had set off for Bristol, his native place, the poor boy felt as though Tom were the only friend he had in the world. They had gone through so much hardship together—the mutiny on board the *Beatrice* with all its attendant horrors, eight days at sea in an open boat, and the death of his dear and patient twin brother. No wonder

that he felt bound to the kindly seaman by very tender bonds indeed. The passengers on board the *Lady Alicia* had been extremely good to the orphan boy, they had raised a subscription among themselves, and, as soon as the vessel reached Liverpool, part of the money was spent on a good outfit of clothing, not only for Fred, but for Tom and Jack as well, while the balance of it paid their railway fares, Jack's to Bristol, Tom's and Fred's to Birmingham. And now the moment for departure had come, and the boy, under Tom's guardianship, set out to ask the iron merchant for his protection and kindness; but never was a man so dismayed as was Mr. Grindley by the totally unexpected arrival of his wife's nephew. Perhaps it would have been wiser if Tom had written or telegraphed from Liverpool to tell of Fred's arrival there; but it did not occur to the seaman to do so, telegrams were not in his line at all, and to write a letter and wait for an answer would take more time than he had to spare.

In the mean time, strange to say, though Mr. Grindley, as we have seen, knew that there were three survivors from the *Beatrice* on board the *Lady Alicia*, he had supposed that they were all grown men, and had no reason whatever to think that the arrival of the last-named vessel could concern him in the least degree. He was sitting alone in the evening, going over the various items of the day's gains, his wife and children being in her sitting-room upstairs, enjoying the hour so dear to these young people when mother was all their own, and when she sat with her arms about them, telling them in low tones many stories of long ago, when she and her dear sister Mary were children together in a happy country home. It was in such circumstances as these that the blow fell on Mr. Grindley, for a maid-servant, opening the door, announced timidly that a sailor and a young boy stood in the hall, asking to see him.

At first Mr. Grindley flatly refused to believe Tom's story, declaring that it was all an imposition; that only three seamen had been picked up by the *Lady Alicia*, and no passengers, young or old; but at length he was compelled to admit that he had been in error, and that the lad standing before him, with his cap in his hand and his anxious eyes turned upon his face, was his wife's nephew, and had no home anywhere in the world save his house. Then he felt that, if he refused to take charge of the boy, public opinion would cry out against him—ay, and not only that, but his customers might look coldly on him—and his brow grew very black indeed. He stared at poor Fred with those hard, steely eyes, which always struck terror into shopboys and servants, and he looked fiercely at Tom, as though he could have cursed him for saving the boy's life. Then, he turned fiercely on Tom and said harshly, 'You have done your errand, and you may go now; and, as for you, boy, turning to Fred, 'go upstairs, first door to the right—the lady who is there, is your aunt; and see that all the hugging and kissing are over before I come upstairs.' He then turned upon his heel, entered his sitting-room again and closed the door, leaving Tom and Fred still standing in the hall.

The poor boy clasped Tom's hand with a despairing look in his young eyes, which touched the honest man's heart with the deepest pity. 'You must go, my dear boy,' he said; 'but cheer up, lad! cheer up! we will meet some day, see if we don't.' Then, gulping down something that seemed to rise in his throat, Tom opened the hall door and was gone, while, with a step that felt heavy as lead, Fred crept up the staircase leading to his aunt's sitting-room. He soon reached it, and stood at the back of the door unable to make up his mind to enter. Of course she did not know of his existence any more than her husband had done. Would she scream when she saw him and heard who he was? or would she dare to be kind to him? And his boy-cousins, would they be like their father or like their mother? would they welcome him or turn coldly away? He could hear their boyish voices as they talked and laughed with their mother, and they sounded frank and pleasant. He was just making up his mind to tap at the door when it was suddenly opened from within, and a boy ran against him and then at once went back again into the room. 'Why, mother,' he cried, 'here is—somebody—a boy—and, oh, mother, he is so like Hannah!'

On hearing these words of her son, Mrs. Grindley came hurriedly forward, saying, 'Who—who is it? Who can you be? What is your name? Oh, tell me quickly!' And, placing her hands on Fred's shoulders, she gazed earnestly into his face.

Then Fred looked into her kindly eyes, with a rising hope in his heart. 'Aunt,' he said, 'I am your nephew, Frederick Malcolm!'

There was a pause after these words, while the lady tried to understand the new state of things.

'But—but,' she said, 'how can it be? The sea cannot give up the dead!'

Then Fred told his long and sad story, while tears gathered in the eyes of the young people, who crowded round him. And now the harshness which he had met with downstairs was forgotten in Mrs. Grindley's motherly embrace. Those arms, which had sheltered her own lads when in trouble of any kind, were thrown round the young stranger, and her tears mingled with his. 'My darling boy!' she said; 'what you must have suffered! But God has been good to me. I have lost one of my own dear boys, and He has saved you, and sent you to me. You are dear to me for your mother's sake. She was my only sister. Dear boy, always come to me when you are in trouble.' These last words she almost whispered in his ear; then she spoke again, and cheerfully, 'And, see, these are your cousins. Boys, have you no welcome for cousin Fred?'

Then the lads, shy as boys will be when first introduced to a stranger of their own age, came forward, with a hand-clasp and a smile, but no words, while little Hannah, on whose face Fred's eyes were fixed (she was so like his dear mother), came forward and, putting her arms round his neck, softly kissed him, saying, 'Freddie, you are my brother now; you must love me very much!' Then Fred felt at home. His uncle might be harsh and unkind; what would it matter? With such an aunt and cousins in the house, he could not be unhappy.

(Continued at page 310.)

MISS MOUSE AT COURT.

I AM a young and lively mouse, and dearly love variety,
And that is why I live in town, and in the best society;
I could not bear to dwell in fields and in the mud to stick;
For my own part I much prefer a house of stone or brick.
No sooner had I got to town, my thoughts gained such expansion,
That nothing else would do for me except a stately mansion;
And soon my aims rose higher still, as I must make admission,
To be presented at the Court became my one ambition.
I scampered here, I scampered there, to try and get instruction,
What steps a youthful mouse should take to get an introduction;
I learnt to curtsy to the ground, and stretch my lengthy train—
Or tail, if you prefer the word—it sounds to me too plain.

At last, when all was well arranged, to cut my story short,

I trimmed my whiskers and my fur, and off I set for Court!

I must confess to feeling just a little trepidation,
Although I felt a Royal house quite suited to my station;

That castles and that palaces, and such exalted places,

Were simply made for me to show my many airs and graces.

But just at first I drew aside, and even condescended
(Because in me a proper pride with modesty was blended)

To gaze upon a beef-eater, an ancient Court attendant,

Who, though he might be low in rank, in dress were most resplendent.

To lords and ladies of the Court my fancy next aspired,

Until by steps I reached the height which my ambition fired,

And my best hopes were fully crowned, and 'neath the Royal chair

I took my stand, as only one of conscious worth might dare,

With firm resolve to stay at Court and miss no pageant splendid,

No ball of state, or drawing-room grand by all the world attended;

To see the stately dowagers and all the proud young beauties,

Who come to Court in plumes and trains, to pay their proper duties.

There's only one thing shakes my nerves, and sometimes make me tremble—

I'll whisper softly in your ear, with you I'll not dissemble:



Miss Mouse at Court.

One day I spied a nasty cat, a beast I cannot
 bear,
 Who dared, with pushing ill-bred way, to approach
 the Royal chair,
 (I hear she boasts that every cat, however low or
 mean,
 Has perfect right to rudely stare at any king or
 queen!)
 And when on me she turned her eyes, with jealousy
 alight,
 I ne'er have seen a countenance so full of rage and
 spite;

Her looks expressed as plain as words, 'I wait the
 opportunity
 To show you that to venture here you may not with
 impunity.'
 Of course, you know she's much too mean—you see
 it in each feature—
 For me to give a second thought to such a low-born
 creature;
 But still, whene'er I think of her, I feel a kind of
 shiver
 Run down my frame, from nose to tail, and set me in
 a quiver.



The Cottager's Garden.

And oft I've heard that all the folk whose merits
quite transcendent
Have raised them to the highest place, with all the
fame attendant,
Are just the mark for envy's shafts and cruel assassi-
nation,
What time their gifts and graces rare should win
them an ovation.

Perhaps it might be wise, before the London season
closes,

To think of what a country mouse, a humble friend,
proposes,

That I should leave the Royal Court, with all its noise
and glare

(If for a time our gracious Queen my services can
spare),

And come and stay with her awhile, and share her
humble dwelling,

Unless to my exalted taste the thought is too re-
pelling.

What's that? Ah, me! in yon dark spot, the monster's
eyes are gleaming!

She makes a spring! I tear! I fly! my mind with
horrors teeming;

And as I dart through this small hole, half dead with
agitation,

My poor heart beating like a drum, in fearful pal-
pitation,

I vow I'll quit the brilliant Court, the scene of my
ambition,

For splendour and such risks combined don't suit my
disposition.

EDITH C. RICKARDS.

BEES AND THEIR CULTURE.

NOTHING repays the cottager better than the
care and culture of bees. The expense at-
tending the pursuit is small, at least after the first
outlay. A fair price for good honey can always be
obtained, and to those persons who have a taste for
that kind of thing the delight of watching the busy
little workers is very great.

One thing, however, is essential, unless the cul-
ture of bees is to be a complete failure, and that
is that the owner must have at least some know-
ledge of how to treat them; if an expert must be
sent for every time the bees swarm, or when the
hives seem to be in an unhealthy condition, the
profits of the concern will quickly melt away.
Wonderful improvements have of late years been
introduced by bee-fanciers, both in the construc-
tion of the hive itself and in the manner of tak-
ing the honey, as well as in the feeding of the
bees during the winter, when they, of course,
require to be fed by artificial means; but there is
no space here to enlarge on these points.

One thing, however, we would say: it is not
so dangerous as some people think to meddle
with bees while they are swarming, as just be-
fore they leave the hive they gorge themselves
with honey in order that they may have some
store of provision for their new home, and, when
thus gorged with honey, they never sting unless
they are actually hurt. When this is borne in
mind, it deprives the process of swarming of much
of its anxiety.

M. K.

THE GOLDEN CAT; OR, DICK'S ENTERPRISE.

THERE was a wealthy merchant, and he lived in London town—

The tale I've heard I'll tell again to you—
And, as he was a gentleman of very great renown,
We really shouldn't wonder if it's true.

He had a lot of servants, and I think you must have heard

That one of them was known as little Dick.
(But, as the tale is rather long, I mustn't waste a word,
But hurry on as quick as quick is quick.)

One day the merchant mentions that he has a mighty ship

About to start her cruise upon the seas,
And he says that all the servants, if they like, upon the trip

May send whatever merchandise they please.

He called them all before him, and to each he kindly said:

'If what you send in foreign lands is sold,
My captain shall keep record of the money that is paid,
And, when returned, shall give to you the gold.'

Accordingly each servant selected from his store
Some trinket to be sent upon the cruise,
And some expected little back and some expected more,
And truth to tell they hadn't much to lose.

At last the merchant turned to Dick. Poor Dicky had no friend,

And shyly by the other servants sat.
'Now, Dicky,' said the merchant, 'have you nothing you can send?'
'I've nothing, sir,' said Dick, 'except a cat.'

'A cat!' the servants tittered. 'A cat!' the merchant smiled;

'Well, Dick, there's sure no harm in sending *that*.
Full stranger things have happened,' he said kindly to the child,

'Than a man to make his fortune with a cat.'

Oh, gaily sailed the ship at sea, and softly blew the wind,

And Dicky's cat was wafted from her home,
And Dick, of course, was very sad, for Dick was left behind,

While puss was far away upon the foam.

At a seaport town in Barbary, all in the golden East,
The captain cast the anchor for a while.

He called upon the monarch and he shared the monarch's feast,
And everything was done in proper style.

The king had spread his table as his table should be spread—

Such dainties must have cost a kingly price—
When suddenly the sweet-meats, and the cake, and ginger-bread

Were eaten by a lot of rats and mice.

The captain was astonished and the king was very cross.

'I wish,' he said, 'that I could find a way
To banish all these vermin, and I should not count it loss

To give more gold than all the scales can weigh.'

'O monarch,' cried the captain, 'I've the very thing you crave!

There's not the slightest chance for mouse or rat
When once you've got the treasure I have brought across the wave,

It's what we folk in England call a cat!'

'Oho, there!' cried the monarch to a slave who stood behind,

'Bring the gems that sparkle brightly in our crown;
Bring quickly to our presence all the gold that you can find,

And before this man I'll lay the treasure down.'

The captain flew like lightning to his ship within the bay;

He caught the cat, and off again he sped;
The golden store was ready, so he took it all away,
And gave the king the pussy cat instead.

And then quite merry-hearted they all sat down to dine,

And such a feast they never had before;
Alas! when it was ended, the weather being fine,
They each shook hands, farewell, for ever more.

Oh, gaily sails the ship at sea among the silver spray,
And soon the cliffs of England come in view,
And Dicky opens wide his eyes to hear the merchant say:

'Mr. Whittington, the fortune is for you.'

JOHN LEA.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

36.—HISTORICAL WORD PUZZLE.

From the following words form the name of an eminent person of whom a short account was given in *Chatterbox* for 1894.

An ancient philosopher famed for his cheerful disposition.

1. 6, 9, 10, 2, a trick, a stratagem.
2. 8, 7, 3, 2, too often wasted and misused.
3. 5, 6, 9, 10, 8, a hard outer covering.
4. 1, 9, 10, 8, fine earth.
5. 5, 6, 7, 3, 2, an offence against law.
6. 6, 4, 3, 2, a famous city of ancient times.
7. 5, 4, 3, 2, approach!
8. 3, 4, 1, 2, a fashion, a manner.

C. C.

37.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. The lanes. An island off the west coast of Africa belonging to England.
2. A tamed it. A town in Egypt.
3. Lead. A state on the eastern coast of Africa.
4. Clean star. A town in the north of England.
5. Rock. A city in Ireland.
6. We send. A country in the north of Europe.
7. Rave on. A town in Italy.
8. In a coral. One of the United States of America.
9. Run, baby. A town in Oxfordshire.
10. Wet chops. A town in Monmouthshire.
11. A surly Bey. A town in Buckinghamshire.
12. Sup there, A. A river in the west of Asia.

C. C.

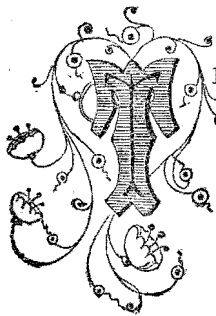
[Answers at page 315.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------|------------|
| 34.—1. Swallow. | 5. Plover. | 9. Curlew. |
| 2. Pelican. | 6. Dodo. | 10. Stork. |
| 3. Owl. | 7. Kite. | 11. Rook. |
| 4. Grebe. | 8. Snipe. | 12. Duck. |
- 35.—Jamaica.
- | | | |
|--------------|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Japan. | 3. Mozambique. | 6. Colchester. |
| 2. Abingdon. | 4. Andes. | 7. Antilles. |
| | 5. Indus. | |

SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. VIII.



HE red-skins very nearly got the best of me once up at this station," said old Seth, as he laid down his exhausted pipe. "I'll tell you how it was. The Indians had killed all the cattle, and driven in the hunting parties all round. Most of our men were away up at salt licks at the time, and we were getting dreadfully short of meat. Well, Indians is bad, but starvation is worse; so, spite of the Indian sign all about, I made up my mind that meat we must have somehow. So one cold morning I started out with my rifle in my hand, and keeping a sharp look-out, you may be sure. Before I had gone more than two or three miles from the station I came upon a small herd of deer. The ground was favourable for stalking them, and, though here and there I saw the print of a moccasin, I made up my mind to go on and chance what would happen. I went very warily, hiding behind all the trees and bushes that came in my way, until I got within fairly easy range of a fine young buck. I had got my rifle up to my shoulder, and was just going to pull, when suddenly a sharp crack rings out about twenty yards away to my left, and the buck drops dead. Almost at the same moment another rifle bullet from the right cuts a bit of flesh out of my

knuckles, and down I dropped in the bushes, pretending to be killed.

"Well, both the Indians stopped to reload, as they always do, before leaving cover, and then the one that fired at the buck strolls away after it, while the redskin who reckoned that he had dropped me came around to take my scalp. I waited till his hand was almost on my hair, and then with all my strength I kicked out my right foot and caught him fair in the stomach. He rolled over on the ground, and I saw that he would be a harmless child of the prairies for a little while. The other Indian had got his rifle to his shoulder, just as I jumped behind a tree. He got behind another, and for five or ten minutes we tried to dodge each other so as to get first shot. The luck fell to him, as my foot slipped for a moment, and brought me into partial view. Quick as light, he fired, and drilled a hole right through my old fur cap. But, to shoot, he had to expose himself, and I dropped him easy. The other chap was still gasping for breath on the ground, so I thought I would borrow his rifle and knife, which things only makes redskins quarrelsome, and I did, and walked off home to the station, carrying the young buck which the dead Indian had shot."

Seth then filled his pipe, lit it, and, after taking three or four pulls in silence, he resumed: "Well, I thought that was quite exciting enough for one morning's work, but I found that the strangest part of it all was still to come. When we cut up the buck, a very curious-shaped bullet dropped out on to the ground. I picked it up and examined it carefully. Then I handed it over to Jake Jackson, who was one of the oldest trappers in the station.

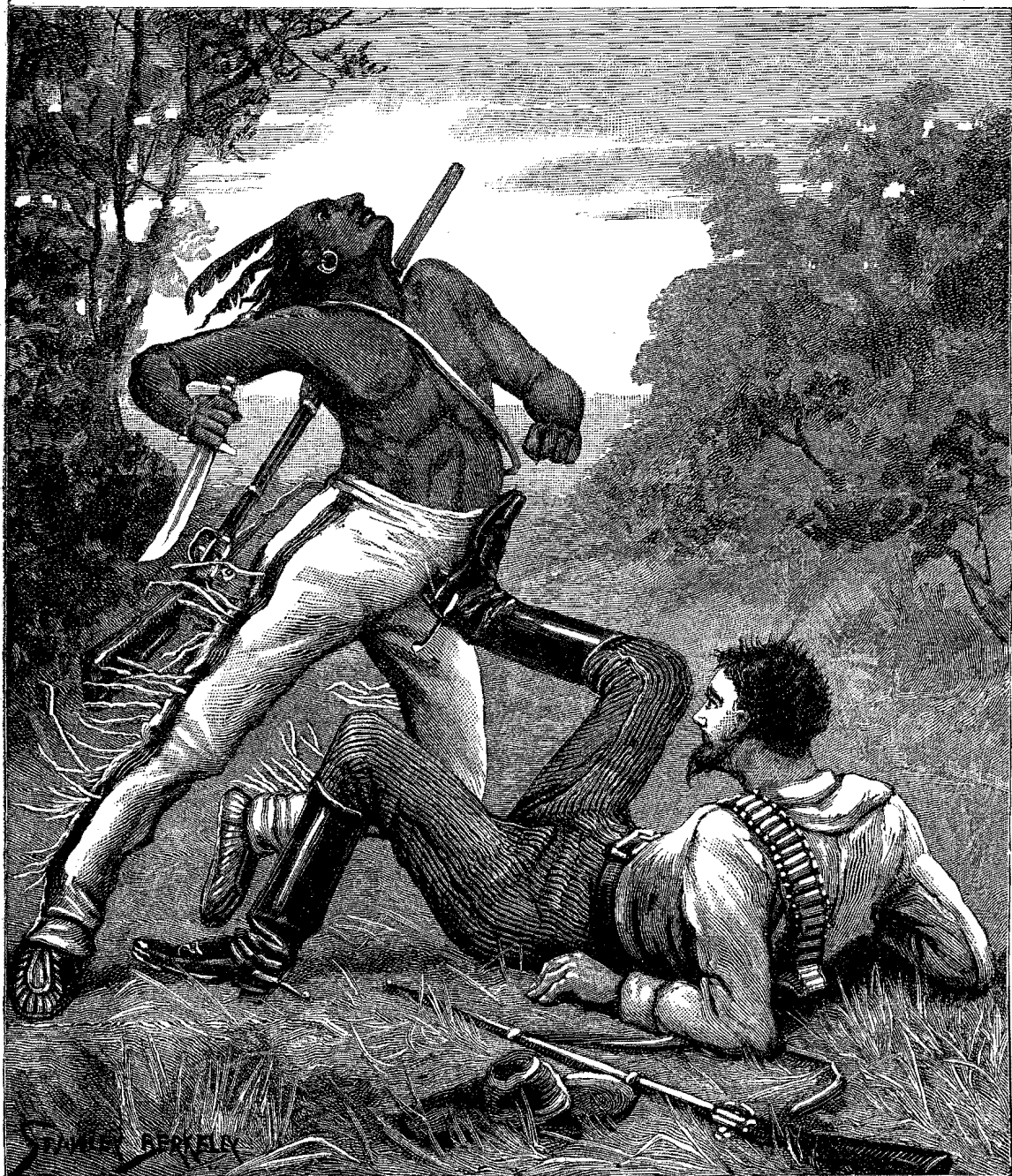
"Whose bullet do you reckon that is, Jake?" I said.

"Jake looked at it closely, turning it round all manner of ways. Presently he said, "Not Missouri Joe's, Seth, is it?"

"I said, "It is Missouri Joe's, and no other, for he was the only man on this location that used them queer-shaped balls. I tell you what it is. This redskin has probably murdered poor Joe"—for Joe had been missing a couple of months or more, and we had almost come to the conclusion that the Shawanees had got him before this—"this redskin has killed him, and taken his rifle and powder and shot. Let's go back, boys, and take a look at the crittur's body. Mayhap we shall find some more things of poor Joe's about him."

"We tramped back again to where I had left the dead Indian. His rifle lay beside him, just where he had dropped. I picked it up, and it was Missouri's, right enough. In his pouch were a lot of the missing man's bullets, and in his waist-belt the buckhorn-handled knife that Joe always used to carry. We didn't need any more proof, and we all walked back to camp, pretty sorrowful, for old Joe was a rare good sort, and one of the staunchest comrades a man ever had. You ask how it was that the other Indian hadn't taken his mate's rifle? Well, you see, he was still lying on his back when we got there; he had not got the better of that kick, and I reckon he would not be likely to take much interest in things for about another half-day after we left. That's the reason why."

FOX RUSSELL.



"I kicked out my right foot and caught him fair in the stomach."



The Italian Image Boy.

THE ITALIAN IMAGE BOY.

ON a Saturday afternoon the Italian image boy may often be seen in a quiet corner, just off the thoroughfare near the Kensington Museum.

He has statuettes to please all tastes. Here you see Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, Handel and Mozart, Shakespeare and Dickens. His prices range from sixpence to five shillings.

There is a street in London where many Italian modellers live. They make the plaster casts. The boys who hawk them generally get them on 'sale or return,' leaving a deposit. If a boy can scrape together enough money to pay cash for his selection, then he gets them cheaper, and so is able to undersell his less fortunate rivals.

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.



A FOOTBALL MANUFACTORY.*

NOW many boys who have taken part in a game of football could pass a simple examination on the making of the ball? How many, who join in the game, have stood to watch one being made?

For the sake of those who know nothing of the game, we record the fact that the 'Association' ball is round, or very nearly so, while 'Rugby' is egg-shaped. Of the

merits of Association and Rugby, we must leave our readers to judge for themselves.

It is perhaps needless to observe that the ball is in two parts, *i.e.*, it has an inside and an outside, or covering. The inside, or bladder, is made of indiarubber, and the outside, or covering, of leather.

English cowhide, if the ball be a good one, is used. The hides are brought here from the tanneries, where they are prepared and stretched ready for use. The first thing the workman has to do is to cut out the different pieces which go to the cover. The best balls have eight pieces, the commoner seven. Each piece is shaped almost like one of those penny cakes of shortbread which one sees in confectioners' windows; or, to use a big word, it is elliptical. The ordinary size sold for matches is '5.' A '5' Association ball is $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches each way, to make a complete round. A Rugby ball is made in four pieces.

After cutting out, the sections are laid in oil, then taken out and stretched with pliers (strong pincers) over a closed vice, or gripping machine. They are then pressed and laid out flat on a bench to dry. All this is done to take the stretch out of the leather, so that it may not *give* after it is made up into a ball.

The third process is the stitching. Two sections are brought together, the wrong side outwards, and held firmly in wooden clamps—strong forceps. The workman stitches the seam with waxed hemp, using pig-bristles instead of needles, because they make smaller holes. The art of 'threading the bristle' is only acquired after long practice, and is not so easy as it looks.

Splitting the bristle, the stitcher lays the waxed thread in the centre, twists it round, then makes a hole in the thread, and pulls the bristle through again. This securely fastens it. Two bristles are used at once in sewing, the workman using both hands, and pushing his queer needles through tiny holes bored in either section of the leather. The needles are not, of course, inserted exactly opposite, but in such a position that, when drawn through, a lock-stitch is the result.

After sewing together, the seams are damped with water and hammered out flat upon an iron foot, to make them level on the other side.

The last seam is very difficult and tiresome to manage, because it must be sewn from the inside. When all the sections have been joined, before sewing this seam, the covering is turned right side out, and, beginning at one end, the sewer stitches it a few inches towards the centre, and securely fastens off his thread. He then begins at the other end, and sews that in the same manner.

The opening through which he works becomes smaller and smaller as he goes on.

Securing the thread, he leaves off sewing when he reaches the little holes which he finds have been punctured for lacing. These holes were made when the pieces were unjoined.

After watching this interesting operation, we saw men shaping the small 'buttons,' or poles of leather, for finishing the balls. Taking a small square of leather, the shaper damped it, ramming it into a wooden mould, very much the shape of a toy telescope without joints. The effect upon the square of leather was a round impression, to serve as a guide for the workman's stitches.

The sewing is done from the inside before finishing the last seam. The stitches follow the round made by the shaper.

The case, when it has reached this stage, is almost finished. Anything more unlike a football one could scarcely have imagined. It reminded us of the skin of a sucked orange, or the cast-off jacket of a crab. All the life had yet to be put in; that delightful hard resistance that tempts the enthusiastic kick from a hearty lover of the game.

The inside of the ball appeared quite as lifeless and collapsed as the outside; it is, in fact, merely an indiarubber bag, made in four pieces, with a neck or tube similar to those on the toy air-bladders so often sold by men in the street.

After the indiarubber bag has been placed inside the case, it is blown out, or inflated by means of an air-pump inserted in the tube, which was left projecting. Before filling it with air, however, a slip-knot is thrown over the tube, as far down as possible toward the indiarubber bladder, so that it may be drawn directly the bladder is filled. Pulling this quite tightly, special care is taken to

* We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Slazenger & Sons of 56 Cannon Street, E.C., and Deptford, for permission to make a tour through their workshops.

fasten the end off well, and then, to make things as sure as possible, the tube is tied in a second place, a little higher up.

In order that the string may not cut the indiarubber tubing, it is always covered with a little piece of canvas glued firmly on.

Some bladders are self-filling—a valve opening to admit the air, and closing to prevent its escape.

When the tube has been twice tied, it is cut off an inch above the last tie. This is pushed inside the football case with a wooden spindle, and the inflated case laced up with leather lacing, through the small holes left for the purpose.

The lacing is pulled quite tight by means of a small steel hook, fastened off firmly in a special knot, and afterwards hammered flat; the remnant of the lace left being carried over the lacing, and tied into the last stitch. A handle, familiar to every lad who has ever carried a football, is the result of these operations.

The 'Boodie' is laceless—that is to say, it is laced from the inside, and then stitched and closed with a flat-iron, which gives a perfectly round ball. Should it, during play, come heavily against the face, or any tender part of the body, it is not likely to cause wounds, as is the case with those laced in the ordinary manner.

Our next peep is into a series of tennis-racquet workshops.

In the first of these we saw a large boiler puffing out steam, and in it were laid laths of about six feet long and an inch thick.

While still damp, these ash sticks were taken out and bent round a wooden block, the shape of a tennis-bat. The part forming the handle was pressed in an iron vice until it nearly met.

A piece of walnut wood, fan-shaped, was glued between the handles, and held in position by iron cramps until dry. To impart extra strength, a screw was added. The walnut-wood ran only a short distance down the handle. When the set piece had been carefully planed, two pieces of cedar-wood were glued on to the remainder of the handle, below the walnut. The three shades of wood—ash, walnut, and cedar—gave a very pretty effect, and showed up beautifully after the polishing.

All round the head of the bat, holes were drilled by a turning lathe.

If you will take a tennis-bat, and carefully examine the *outside* of the head, you will see that the holes are not opposite those of the inside, and the reason is that they have been punctured from the inside, and in a slanting direction. Why this is done you will presently discover.

After the drilling we saw the handle shaped, or turned on the lathe, and shallow grooves made from hole to hole round the outside edge of the head of the bat.

After being filed, scraped and rubbed down with sand-paper, the bat was next polished with French polish.

The first of the processes is termed 'bodying.' The polishing took some time, because each coating was allowed to become thoroughly dry before the next was laid on. We noticed that, after the bodying,

the bat was rubbed down with powdered pumice-stone.

The stringing of the bat is an important step in its manufacture. English sheep-gut is used. This comes in in coils containing about eighteen feet. An ordinary-sized bat uses forty-two feet of gut, and a very close-strung bat about ninety feet. When you know that there is a pressure of from six to eight tons on each bat, you will easily understand how important it is that only the very best materials should be used in its manufacture.

During the stringing of the bat, we observed that an iron stretcher, or billiard, was fixed in to hold the bat in shape, the strain upon the frame being so great. The use of the little grooves was apparent during the process of 'stringing,' as the cat-gut was passed down them from hole to hole.

To ornament the bat, and give it a finished and artistic appearance, it was tribbled, or meshed, with a few rows of coloured—in this instance pink—gut. A twist of leather, about an inch deep, round the top of the handle, to give the player a grip, and a final polish of the whole thing; and the tennis-bat was laid before us complete.

Many bats, after a brief use, appear as though the mesh had been cut sharply through with a knife.

This is due to bad material, inferior foreign gut. Some comes from Japan, and is made from the insides of various fish. Whenever you see such signs in a tennis-bat, *be sure that the gut has perished.* Of course, not one person in a thousand knows how to choose a really good bat; the general purchaser is entirely at the mercy of the seller, so that it is always wise and economical, in the long run, to buy from well-known firms.

From the busy factory we passed out into the noisy streets, air and sky and roadway seeming to present to our heightened imagination one great exhibition of 'footballs' and 'tennis-bats.'

JAMES CASSIDY.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.



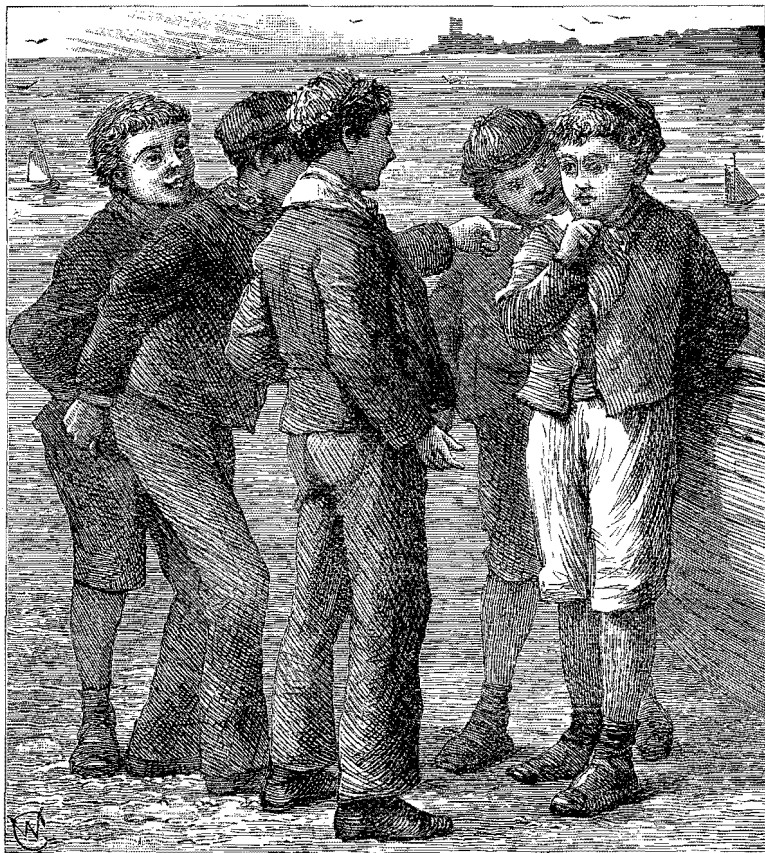
LITTLE endured
And a little explained,
Thus the quarrel is ended,
The friendship regained;

A little conceded,
Some tenderness shown
For the failings of others
As well as our own:

Then all will work smoothly,
The warfare will cease,
And where there was tumult
There now will be peace.

Then 'bear and forbear,' boys,
Forget and forgive,
For this is the way that
All Christians should live.

M.



"Then 'bear and forbear,' boys,
Forget and forgive."

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

'LAURA.'*

LITTLE Laura Bridgman was born in Hanover, New Hampshire (get your Atlas and find these names), five days before the Christmas of 1829, and in the last year of the reign of King George IV. A pretty blue-eyed baby little Laura was, but very delicate, requiring much tender care from her fond mother. Laura's parents often looked anxiously at each other over the frail mite that lay asleep in the cot in the cosy home, fearing that they would never rear her. It was agony to her mother to watch her child through the severe fits from which she suffered, and many a weary, anxious night she spent with

the tiny form in her arms, nursing the spark of life which remained in the feeble frame.

In about the second summer of Laura's existence, and when she was scarcely eighteen months old, a wonderful change took place in her health, and she rapidly gained strength and became perfectly well. Four months passed away—such bright, happy months for parents and child—when Laura suddenly became very ill. The fever raged for nearly two months, and it was a shocking blow to both father and mother when the grave doctor became graver as he said, 'The child's sufferings are not ended; her sight and hearing are gone, never to return.' The pretty blue eyes would see no more the faces of father and mother, brothers and sisters—would look no more upon the green earth, the blue sky, or the dumb animals around. The sounds of familiar voices, the laughter of those about her, even the sounds of her own baby cry, would fall only on deaf ears. Built up, as it were, in a marble cell through which no ray of light, no particle of sound could enter, little Laura was deaf, blind, voiceless, and fast losing her senses of smell and taste!

Try for a moment, you boys and girls who rejoice in the sights and sounds abounding everywhere, who shout aloud in your gleeful games—try to think of

* Laura Bridgman was one of the children whom Charles Dickens saw, and in whom he was much interested, when he visited the 'Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind' in Boston, America, in the year 1842. (See *American Notes*, Chap. III.)



"Many a weary, anxious night she spent with the tiny form in her arms."

yourselves as blind, deaf, dumb, and unable to know a rose from an onion either by smell or taste! 'Surely even a dog's life would be better than such a state of existence,' exclaims a kindly reader.

Ah! but there was within Laura, entombed though she might be, an immortal spirit, which could not be quenched, and the Father of that spirit did not intend

that this poor child should remain cut off from all communication with the world around her.

For five months after the fever left her Laura was kept in a darkened room, in the hope that her sight might return; but the hope was vain.

A whole year slipped by before she could walk, and two years before she could sit up all day. Laura

had attained her fourth birthday ere her bodily health seemed restored. The poor maiden had one sense left, that of touch. As soon as she could walk she began to explore the room and then the house; she became familiar with the form, weight, and heat of every article on which she could lay her hands. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms as she was busy about the house; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little and to knit. We cannot imagine what the sad state of her darkened mind would have been if help had not soon arisen.

Laura Bridgman was not quite eight years old when a stranger called at her father's house, by name Doctor Howe. This doctor had a great, loving heart and a wise head. He had already devoted his life to the service of the blind. He examined the child, and he tells how he found her 'with a well-formed figure . . . and a large and beautifully shaped head,' and he suggested to her parents that they should consent to her removal to an institution at Boston, where she would be under his own care. Gratefully they accepted his proposal, and in 1837 they took her to the 'Asylum for the Blind.'

For awhile everything was very strange to the little girl, but by degrees she became acquainted with the new place and familiar with the inmates.

It was no easy matter to teach poor Laura, but her kind and good friend took great pains with her. The first experiments made to give her a knowledge of letters consisted in taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, or keys, and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters.

These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, discovered that the crooked lines *spoon* differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small separate labels, with the same words printed on them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to those fixed to the articles. She quickly showed her knowledge by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. Her teacher would show his approval by patting her gently on the head. After awhile, instead of labels, the separate letters were given to her on detached slips of paper: they were arranged side by side so as to spell *book*, *key*, and so on; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book* or *key*; and she did so.

Patient little Laura had not yet grasped the idea why she did all this. Imitation only had led her to copy everything that her teacher did, she feeling his hands and imitating their movements. But one glad day the thought flashed into her lonely intellect that by means of various arrangements of the letters she could make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind and show it to another mind, and as this thought grew upon her a beautiful light overspread her face, and her teacher knew that his chiefest difficulty was overcome, and that only patience and perseverance were necessary to lead to great results.

The next step was to procure a set of metal types with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon

their ends; also a board in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types; so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed to her—for instance a pencil or a watch—she would pick out the right letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with manifest pleasure. When she had been exercised for some weeks in this way she was taught the 'deaf-and-dumb alphabet.'

(Concluded at page 314.)

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 299.)

CHAPTER XV.



WELVE months have passed away since that summer evening when Frederick Malcolm had stood, cap in hand, in his uncle's hall, to beg for the protection of his home. These months had been, to the boy, months of hard work, stern duty, on the whole faithfully performed, a good deal of harsh injustice, and yet much joy. In short, they had been a mingled experience of sunshine and storm, such as falls to the lot of almost every human being, young or old, in this imperfect world in which we find ourselves. But we must explain. When Fred was left by Tom Ryder upon his uncle's hands, as we have already seen, Mr. Grindley had felt himself to be so checkmated by circumstances over which he had no control, and so cheated by his wife's relations in having this lad forced upon him, that he felt for the poor boy such a dislike that he did not think he could keep him a week in the house without almost striking him. What was to be done?

Mr. Grindley walked up and down his dining-room, pondering this question with a dark frown on his brow, while Fred, with a beating heart, was standing outside the door of his aunt's sitting-room, longing to enter, yet afraid to do so. Mr. Grindley's first idea had been to send the intruder to some cheap school at a distance from Birmingham, so that he might be spared the daily vexation of seeing him in the house, enjoying its comforts, and, no doubt, petted and indulged by his aunt. But then—the schoolmaster would need to be paid, and at this thought Mr. Grindley winced, for, indeed, he would almost as soon part with his heart's blood as with his money. Cheap schools were not easily to be found; they were dying out of the land, and how could he bear to pay, say, 30% for the boy's board and education, besides supplying him with clothing? It was not to be thought of. No, on fuller thought he resolved at once to put Fred into his ware-

house as errand-boy, thus making him work for his clothes and his food; and as, of course, he would get no wages, this arrangement would be economical, as well as agreeable to his feelings; while, if any one should speak to him about it, or hint that the position of errand-boy was not a suitable one for his wife's nephew, he would have his answer ready. 'It is always best that a boy should begin his life's work on the lowest rung of the ladder, and work his way step by step to the top. He had begun that way himself, and he was consulting his nephew's best interests in making him do the same.

But Mr. Grindley resolved to keep, securely locked up in his own heart, his future arrangements about Fred, for he had no intention of allowing the boy to mount any higher than the lowest rung of this imaginary ladder, at least so long as he was in his warehouse. No, but in a year, or eighteen months at the furthest, when the boy—who was certainly thin and delicate after his sufferings at sea—had grown more robust, he resolved to procure him a place in some distant town, in Scotland or Ireland, probably, where he might work for his own living, and mount the second rung of the ladder if he could; but, whether or not, never to show his face in Birmingham again.

To the plan of converting Fred into an errand-boy Mrs. Grindley had listened in a sad silence; she would fain have had him sent to the same academy which her son Willie attended, for as yet he had had very little regular instruction of any kind; but, when she saw that her husband's mind was made up, she said no more, but resolved that her nephew's home life should be as happy as she could make it; and this had been the order of events for a whole year. And how had the arrangement worked? Pretty well, on the whole. Fred had been willing and glad to work, that he might feel himself less of a burden to his uncle, and, though as errand-boy he had to endure a good deal of insolence from other lads in the warehouse, who soon discovered that Mr. Grindley did not love his nephew, and therefore snubbed him in order to curry favour with the master, he bore it all patiently, being gifted with a temper as sweet as his own mother's had been, and besides having a genuine desire to do what was pleasing to God. Yes, Fred had not forgotten his gentle brother, and all his quiet meekness under suffering, and he had resolved to follow his example, and patiently to bear everything that was unpleasant in his position in the warehouse. Besides, he had one great consolation during work-hours, and that was the kindness of his cousin Charlie, who, being also in the warehouse, though in a much higher position, was able to do him many a good turn, which cheered up his heart and made his toilsome work seem almost light and easy. For Fred's daily work was, indeed, toilsome; he was not only errand-boy, but sweeper and cleaner to every one who chose to order him about. His uncle never spoke to him unless to find fault, and the workmen were always quite ready to follow the example of their master. Every mistake or fault was laid at Fred's door; if anything was mislaid, he must have lost it; if anything was broken, it must have been his doing. Treatment such as this was very trying to the boy,

for, although hard work and plenty of it does a healthy boy no harm, injustice is a very different thing—it embitters the heart, and often chokes all the good that may be struggling to grow in the young soul. But, during all this unpleasantness in the warehouse, the love and sympathy of his cousin Charlie was like a sunbeam to the poor little errand-boy. Ah! what a power there is in love to cheer up the heart of those who are not very happily placed in life. Had it not been for his boy-cousin, life in the warehouse would have been hard indeed. But when we said that Fred's lot in life was at this time a mixed one, with much that was painful, and yet with a good deal of joy, we did not mean that Charlie's kindness in the warehouse was all the brightness that fell to his share. Oh, no! it was his home life which was so happy, his home life under his aunt's kind and gentle sway.

Mrs. Grindley had very soon felt the absolute necessity of keeping her nephew and her husband as much as possible apart, and had therefore arranged that Fred should have all his meals in her own sitting-room, where he also spent the remainder of the day after the warehouse was closed. In this way Fred never saw his uncle at home, and we may be sure that he did not regret the arrangement. Nor was he idle when in his aunt's cosy little room. That kind lady, though at this time she did not know that her husband intended to send away Fred to some distant town, to sink or swim as he might, was yet well aware that, sooner or later, the time would certainly come when the boy would have to stand upon his own feet, and she trembled for his future when she found out how scanty was his knowledge of even the rudiments of education. She therefore begged her son Charlie to teach him arithmetic, which he was well qualified to do. Her boy Willie also showed him the lessons which he learned at school, and helped Fred to study the same subjects in his evening hours. Yes, Fred's home life was very happy, for even little Hannah contributed her mite to Cousin Fred's well-being, for, seeing that she could not teach him anything as her brothers were able to do, she had hemmed some handkerchiefs for his use under her mother's guidance, and presented them on his birthday with a loving look in her shy, sweet eyes, which reminded him of his own dear mother. 'Won't you keep them for my sake, Freddie dear?' the little girl had said, and for answer Fred had taken her in his arms and kissed her fair cheeks. She was only two years younger than he, yet she was so tiny, so frail-looking, that the grateful boy then and there resolved in his young heart that, if the day ever came that saw him a rich man, he would lay everything he had at this dear little girl's feet, and strive by every means in his power to repay his aunt and cousins for all their kindness towards him.

All this sounds very pleasant, does it not? And Fred was wonderfully happy and comfortable; certainly much more so than at first he had expected to be. But, ah! how little any of us know what lies before us in the dim and shadowy future. Great changes were at hand, not only for Fred, but involving the whole family of the prosperous iron merchant.

(Continued at page 318.)



"She hemmed some handkerchiefs for his use and presented them on his birthday."



"Little Laura went with her to the door, clinging close to her and sobbing."

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

'LAURA.'

(Concluded from page 310.)



Interested and intent did Laura become as she learnt the letters and spelt the words upon her tiny fingers, that she would turn her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely, her lips apart, and herself seeming scarcely to breathe in her eagerness to acquire fresh knowledge; while her face, at first anxious, would gradually become smiling as she understood all that her teacher wished.

Laura had only been three months in the Institution when she got so far, and the whole of the next year was spent in learning the names of new objects and exercising the manual alphabet.

Although Laura could not see a ray of light, or hear the least sound, or exercise her sense of smell, yet she seemed as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb. She was fond of fun and frolic, and, when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laughter sounded loudest.

When the child had been in the Institution about eighteen months her mother came to see her, but Laura did not know her, although she felt her hands, examined her dress, and tried to find out all about her. The poor woman was very troubled, and tried to caress her darling, but the little girl preferred the company of her play-fellows. One or two articles from home were given her, a necklace and a toy of which she had been fond, and Laura knew that they were hers and had been brought from home, yet she did not know the bringer. The fond mother was in much distress. At last she again embraced her afflicted little daughter, and somehow the idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that one who showed her so much affection could scarcely be a stranger; she felt her mother's hands very eagerly while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest, and she became very pale and then suddenly red. Just at this doubtful moment her mother drew her close and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon her and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from the little face, as she eagerly nestled in her mother's bosom and yielded to her loving embraces.

When the time came for her mother to go, little Laura went with her to the door, clinging close to her all the way and sobbing as the mother departed.

Laura, although an intelligent and loveable little maiden in general, was very impatient, and despised any new comers when she discovered in them any weakness of mind. She would take advantage of children deficient in intellect, and make them wait upon her in a way which she knew that she could not exact of others. If she did not get the greater share, she would say reproachfully, in her acquired language, '*My mother will love me.*'

Half sad, half amusing, it was to watch Laura holding a book before her sightless eyes and moving her lips as if reading aloud.

The blind child was fond of her doll, and often pretended that it was sick, tending it and offering it medicine. She put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing heartily all the time. She insisted upon Dr. Howe's going to see it, and when he told her to 'put a blister on its back,' she almost screamed with delight.

As we dream in words, or 'talk in our sleep,' so Laura, having no words, used her finger-alphabet in her sleep. When much disturbed by dreams, she expressed her thoughts in a confused manner on her fingers, just as we do when we mutter indistinctly as we pass through 'Dreamland.'

Amongst the other young patients in this Boston Institution was one bearing the name of Oliver Caswell. He was thirteen years of age, and until he was three and a half could see, and hear, and speak as well as other children; but an attack of scarlet fever took away his powers of hearing, sight, and speech, and rendered him as helpless and afflicted as poor Laura.

It was pitiable to watch him feeling the lips of others, as he tried to ascertain whether they too were dumb! Oliver had one great thirst, and that was for knowledge. Upon first entering the 'Home' he eagerly examined everything that he could smell or feel. For instance, treading by accident upon the register of a furnace, he instantly stooped down and began to feel it, and soon discovered the way in which the upper plate moved upon the lower one; but this was not enough for him, so, lying down upon his face, he applied his tongue first to one, then to the other, and seemed to discover that they were of different kinds of metal.

Some of his signs were most expressive, such as the waving motion of his hand for the motion of a boat, the circular one for a wheel, and so on.

During his first instruction in the alphabet Laura stood by, intensely interested, even to agitation, her face flushed and anxious, and her childish fingers twined in amongst those of Dr. Howe and Oliver, following every movement, but so lightly as not to embarrass either the teacher or his pupil. Then, as the boy mastered one letter after another, the little girl would clap him heartily upon the back and jump up and down in her joy.

One day, Dr. Howe caused Oliver to make the letters *b-r-e-a-d*, and in an instant Laura brought him a piece; he smelled at it, put it to his lips, poised his head most knowingly, seemed to reflect a moment, and then laughed outright as much as to say, '*Aha! I understand now how something may be made out of this.*'

The story of little Laura Bridgman and her friend Oliver Caswell was never completed by Charles Dickens; but when he returned to England he left them both under the wise and kind care of Dr. Howe, who was devising means of imparting to the little girl some idea of the great, good God, Who had created her and Who had touched the heart of His servant to take so deep an interest in her welfare.

Our object in giving this sketch to the readers of *Chatterbox*, is to arouse within them a spirit of true thankfulness to Him Who has blessed them so richly with the use of his or her five senses.

JAMES CASSIDY.

A SHARP ENGLISHMAN.

ABOUT two hundred years ago, a great battle was fought between the English and Dutch fleets. After severe fighting the ships lay close to each other, but unable to struggle any longer. A Dutchman, anxious to show his skill, went up the mast and stood upon his head on the top. An English sailor, determined not to be beaten, ran up the mast of his ship; but in trying to turn on his head, he fell. His fall was, however, broken by ropes, so that he reached the deck without injury. He then turned to the Dutch vessel, and shouted to the men who had been watching him, 'There, do that, if you can!'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

38.—CHARADES.

1. My first is a useful receptacle; my second is a pledge or token; and my whole belongs to an army, and to travellers.
2. My first is a term used in music, also a part of a gate; my second is an advantage; and my whole is more than value for money.
3. My first is sometimes found in my second, and my whole is the name of a bitter herb.
4. My first is an upper extremity; my second is a slight fit of anger, also a favourite; and my whole is worn over the shoulders.
5. My first is a head-covering, my second a grain, and my whole a whim.
6. My first is a reptile, my second a small seat, and my whole a dangerous likeness.
7. My first is to revolve, my second a weapon, also a fish, and my whole is (or was) an obstacle to travellers.
8. My first belongs to a man, and a clock; my second and my whole are both worn on the wrist.
9. My first is a dull sound, my second gives a loud sound, and my whole is wearisome and commonplace.
10. My first is an important vowel, my second is a vocal exercise, my third a word for a young girl, and my whole is of a fishy origin.

C. C.

39.—WORD CHANGES.

As this little puzzle has never before appeared in *Chatterbox*, it may be well to give a few words of explanation.

The changes are made by gradually dropping one letter from the first word and substituting one from the second, until the whole word is changed—for example:

Change Cat to Dog:—Cat, Dot, Dog.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Change Boy to Man. | 5. Change Boat to Pier. |
| 2. " Ant to Bee. | 6. " Stag to Deer. |
| 3. " Elk to Pig. | 7. " Star to Moon. |
| 4. " Cold to Fire. | 8. " Look to Bars. |

C. C.

40.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICS.

A LARGE country in Asia which is now (1895) engaged in a fierce war with a neighbouring empire; it is said to be the most populous country in the world.

1. A sea, or large salt-water lake in Asia, which has no connexion with any other sea or ocean.
2. A cape which forms the most southern extremity of South America.
3. The largest county in Scotland.
4. A county in the east of Africa through which the river Nile runs.
5. A group of islands in the Atlantic famed for the healthiness of their climate and the fertility of their soil. It is said that no poisonous animal or reptile is ever found there.

C. C.

41.—THE country with which the above is engaged in war. It is composed of several islands, and produces great quantities of gold, silver, and copper.

1. One of a group of islands in the English Channel, belonging to England.
2. A county in Ireland containing a very remarkable natural curiosity.
3. A high chain of mountains, dividing Spain and France.
4. Three rivers of the same name in England: one in Leicestershire, another in Gloucestershire, and another in Wiltshire.
5. The largest of the group of islands forming the subject of this acrostic.

C. C.

42.—ANAGRAMS.

Buildings.

- | | | |
|----------------|----------------|-------------------|
| 1. May drips. | 4. Cool muse. | 7. Sure I'll tie. |
| 2. Wrote. | 5. Had claret. | 8. Eli rules it. |
| 3. Mount, men. | 6. No mastery. | 9. Cruel Isa. |

C. C.

[Answers at page 334.]

ANSWERS.

36.—Democritus.

- | | | | |
|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| 1. Ruse. | 3. Crust. | 5. Crime. | 7. Comet |
| 2. Time. | 4. Dust. | 6. Rome. | 8. Mode. |
- 37.—1. St. Helena. 5. Cork. 9. Banbury.
 2. Damietta. 6. Sweden. 10. Chepstow.
 3. Adel. 7. Verona. 11. Aylesbury.
 4. Lancaster. 8. Carolina. 12. Euphrates.

FALLING LEAVES.

LEAVES, after reaching their full growth, retain their form and size unchanged until death, after which they are removed from the stem by gradual decay. They consist of two parts, a stem and a blade, the latter being generally flattened and expanded. Leaves act as lungs to the tree, for the tree can no more do without fresh air to breathe than animals can. The forms of leaves are greatly varied, according to the habit of the plant. Thus the leaves of aquatic plants, if floating, are largely expanded, so as



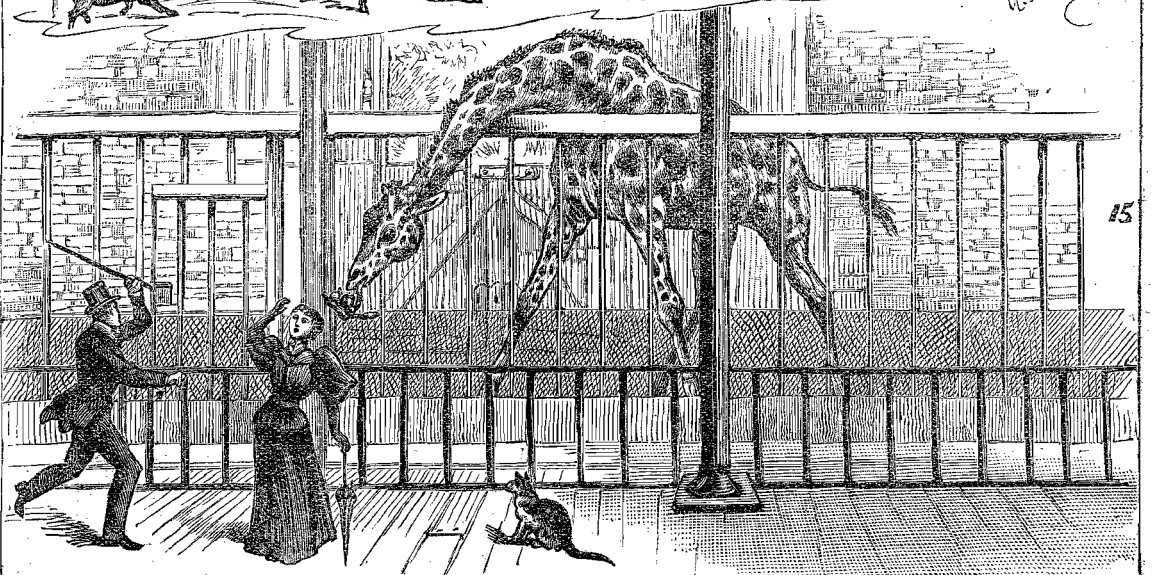
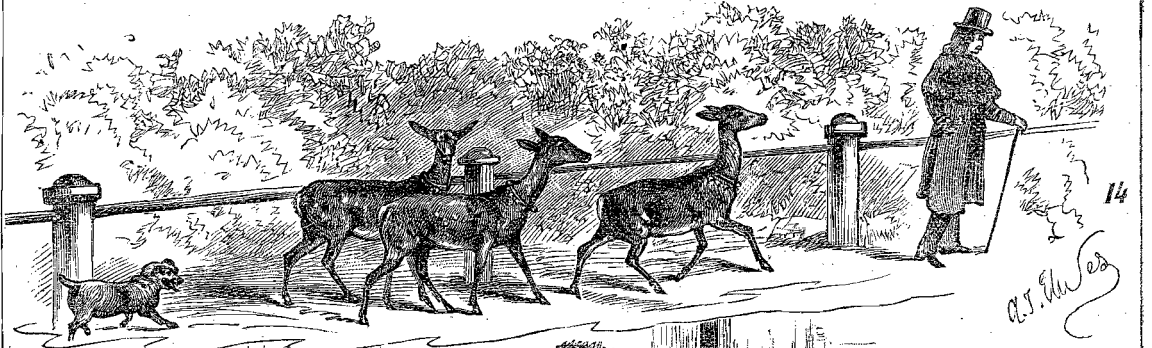
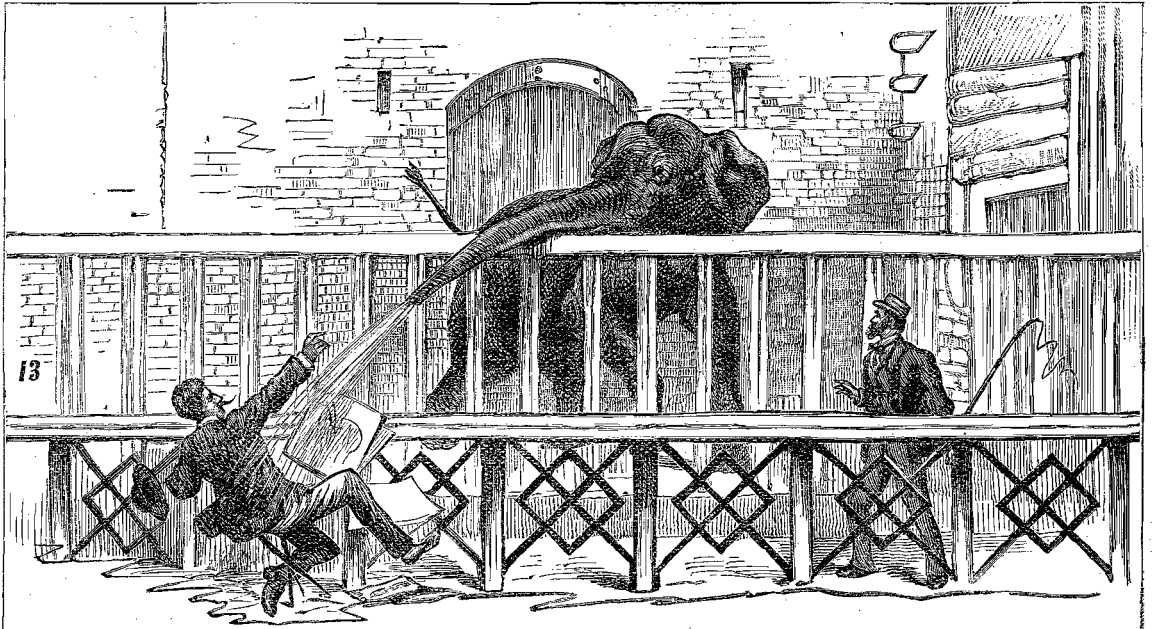
Falling Leaves. By W. H. J. Boot.

not only to maintain their position, but to obtain plenty of light, the water-lily being a good example of this. So, too, plants which grow in dry and sandy situations, where they only obtain scanty supplies of water, very frequently store their water in their leaves, which thus become succulent. This preserves the plant from the extreme heat of the sun. When the plant is a climber, the whole or part of the leaf may be modified into a tendril. When the plant feeds on insects, the leaf may be converted into a fly-trap, and so on. But we have not space to tell of

the infinite variety of leaves and their various ways and uses.

The time at length comes when each leaf, having done its duty to the tree, must die and fall to the ground, where it rots away, and enriches the soil so that it may produce the fresh young leaves of the following spring. But, all the same, the sight of the falling leaves saddens the heart. We feel that the sweet spring, the glowing summer, and the fruitful autumn are alike over, and nothing remains to us but the wild storms of gloomy winter.

D.



13.—An Elephant's Revenge.

14.—A Morning Walk.

15.—A Taste for Flowers.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

No. 13.—JARDIN DES PLANTES, AT PARIS.

AN artist was taking the portrait of an elephant. He wished to make it open its mouth, and raise the trunk. In order to make it do this, an apple was at intervals thrown to the elephant; but to save too great expenditure of apples, false throws were several times made, which had the effect of putting the trunk in the desired position, though greatly vexing the creature. At length the artist was just finishing the portrait, when the elephant filled his trunk with water, as if to drink, but, instead of so using the fluid, poured out the whole upon the artist and his work. The revenge was complete, the artist was drenched and the work almost ruined.

No. 14.—STRANGE ANIMALS IN HYDE PARK.

I SAW this strange procession in Hyde Park myself some twenty-five years ago. An old gentleman of military bearing used to take three fawns (does) with him every morning for a stroll. They used to follow just like dogs, only much more steadily, as they never used to linger, but kept steadily at his heels.

No. 15.—THE GIRAFFE'S TASTE.

THE giraffe is extremely fond of flowers. It never loses a chance of getting them. So ladies should beware of these animals, as they may make a mouthful of hat and flowers alike.

'I FORBID THE BANNS.'

DR. BUSBY was once Head Master of Westminster School, and is still remembered as one

'Whose look was lightning, and whose word
Was thunder to the boys who heard.'

The Doctor, though a severe man, was not an ill-natured one. He had left in his study one day a tempting dish of plums. A certain boy, of a waggish turn of mind, saw the fruit, and said, with a clerical flourish, 'I publish the banns of matrimony between my mouth and these plums, and, if any one here present knows cause or just impediment why they should not be united, you are to declare it, or hereafter hold your peace.' He then ate the plums.

The Doctor had overheard the proclamation. He said nothing, but he did not mean the matter to drop. Next day he had the plum-eating boy brought up before him, and, grasping his well-known birch-rod, said, 'I publish the banns of marriage between this rod and this boy. If any of you know any cause or just impediment why they should not be united, you are to declare it.'

The boy himself cried out very readily, 'I forbid the banns.'

'For what cause?' asked the Doctor.

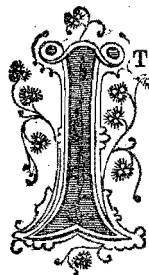
'Because the parties are not agreed,' answered the boy.

The Doctor relished the reply. It was a valid objection, and so the rod was laid aside. G. S. O.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 311.)

CHAPTER XVI.



IT was a cold day in January, the ground was powdered over with snow, while a keen north wind was blowing icy morsels in the faces of the passers-by, when Fred Malcolm returned to the warehouse in Hartle Street, exhausted and weary, after a long morning spent in his usual outdoor duty. But the boy did not as usual take off his cap and start on other occupations. No; he sat down on a bench, while his face became so grey and haggard in appearance that Charlie, who had seen him enter the warehouse, went up to him to find out what was the matter.

'I must go home, Charlie,' the boy had said; 'I feel so ill; do you think uncle will allow me?'

'Yes, yes,' replied his cousin, hastily, 'you go home at once to mother. I will make it all right here; poor chap, you don't seem well at all.'

Then, without another word, Fred departed, little thinking that never more would he enter the Hartle Street warehouse again. Fortunately for him, his aunt was within doors when he arrived at home, so that he was speedily placed in his own bed, where he lay pressing his burning cheeks against the cool pillow and feeling as though a sledge-hammer were beating on his brain. It was the beginning of an illness which, though not very severe, lasted for six weeks, during which time the services of a nurse and a medical attendant had to be procured in order to carry him successfully through the attack. All this extra expense greatly annoyed Mr. Grindley, who, in a moment of irritation, one day informed his wife of his plans for Fred, saying that in a month or two he was to be sent away, as he could no longer endure to have his house turned upside down for the sake of this youth, who was being fed and clothed at his expense. Then Mrs. Grindley inquired where the boy's future home was to be, and, having been told, she quietly left her husband and retired to her own room, where she remained for half an hour. What was she doing there? Had any one looked in, the dear lady would have been seen seated at the table, with her head in her hands, quiet and motionless, while a tear trickled slowly down between her fingers. Perhaps she was praying; but, however that might be, she rose after a time and went softly into Fred's room, where the lad lay on a sofa eating a few grapes with a relish not felt before, for Fred was now rapidly improving in health. The doctor said that in a fortnight or so he would be quite well.

Mrs. Grindley sat down by her nephew's side, and took one of his hands in hers. 'You are better to-day, Fred,' she said. 'Are you able to have a long talk with me, my dear boy?'

'Oh, yes, aunt. Certainly,' replied Fred, but with some surprise, for his aunt's manner had something strange about it, and the boy's quick eyes had detected the traces of tears.

'Fred,' she continued, 'you love me, do you not? you love me and trust me?'

'Yes, dear aunt,' replied the poor boy, looking earnestly in her face, 'I do indeed both love and trust you. What would have become of me if I had not had you?'

'Then, Fred, you must listen to me, for I have much to tell which you ought to hear. Your uncle, Fred, wishes you to leave Birmingham so soon as you are quite recovered. He has got a situation for you with a man in Aberdeen, a man of whom I know a great deal that is not good; and, Fred, I have made up my mind that you are not to go.'

Here Mrs. Grindley paused to take breath, for she was strangely agitated, while Fred exclaimed, 'I am so glad you feel that way, dear aunt; how it would have vexed me to leave you and my dear cousins.'

'Ah, but, my dear boy,' said his aunt, sorrowfully, 'though I am resolved that you are not to go to Aberdeen, I feel that you must leave Birmingham. Yes, dear boy, you must leave us all, never to return, so far as I can see. Oh, Fred, don't look so sadly at me; you said you could trust me, do you think I would send you away if I could help it, Fred?'

'No, aunt,' he replied; 'but can't you explain? I am not a child now. I am fourteen years old, and sometimes I feel a great deal older; do let me understand, dear Aunt Edith.'

'Yes, Fred, I will, and, if I am obliged to say some things about your uncle which are all unpleasant to me to say, I hope God will forgive me. I am trying to do what is best. Fred, the man in Aberdeen is a spirit merchant; he sells nothing but drink—which ruins the souls and bodies of so many of our fellow-creatures. The reason your uncle sends you there is because this man owes him a large sum of money, which he either cannot or will not pay; and your uncle is so anxious to get rid of you, my poor dear boy, that he has arranged to give up all claim to the money if his debtor will undertake to give you employment in his bar, and, above all things, to prevent you from returning to Birmingham. Oh, Fred, that I should have to say this of my own husband; but it is true, and I cannot bear to think that my sister's boy should be brought up to traffic in what has been the curse of so many. But now, my dear boy, your uncle will not be controlled by me, and I do not know what power the law of the land would give him over you; therefore, I feel that I must dispose of you in some other way. Fred, the man that brought you here, he was a good man, was he not?'

'Tom Ryder? Oh, dear aunt, he is the best of men,' cried Fred joyfully, for he now began to see in which direction his fate was tending. 'I only wish you had seen him, aunt—you would have been sure to like him. I could never make you understand how kind he was to poor Cecil and to me.'

Here Fred paused, almost overcome by recollections of long ago.

'And did he not make some promise to Cecil about you?' asked Mrs. Grindley. 'Charlie told me something about it. I suppose you and he had been talking it over together.'

'Oh, yes, aunt; Tom said that if at any time I found myself without a home, he would look after me.'

He said this to Cecil only a few hours before he died.'

'Well, Fred,' replied Mrs. Grindley, 'as it is quite plain that you must leave us, my plan is to send you to this man, and ask him to bring you up to a seafaring life. Would you dislike that, my poor boy? You have had sad experiences of the sea already.'

'No, aunt, I would not dislike it if I was in the same ship with Tom,' replied Fred, quite cheerfully. 'Indeed, I should like it far better than working in uncle's warehouse, and certainly far better than being sent off to Aberdeen; but I hardly see how you are to arrange.'

'Well, my boy, I will now tell you. Fred, I have seen, from the first day that you entered this house, that the day would certainly come when you would be sent away again, and so I began to save a little money for your use when the time came. It is not a large sum, Fred, for I have not much money at command, but it is all lawfully my own, and you shall have it, Fred; or, rather, your friend Tom shall have it, that he may repay himself for the expenses which he will incur on your account.'

'Oh, Aunt Edith,' said Fred, quite overcome, 'I never knew any one so kind as you; and that is why you would not buy a new dress at Christmas—you were saving the money for me.'

'Yes, Freddie, you have guessed rightly, I would not have thought it fair to save from the money allowed to me for household use, for all my children would have had to suffer; but the money given to me for my dress I felt I could save with an easy conscience. It was surely much better to keep it in order to fit out my dear boy for a start in life, than to spend it in new dresses when I had old ones which with a little mending would do very well.'

To this Fred made no reply, his eyes were full of tears, but he took his aunt's hand in his and kissed it reverently. After a little while he said: 'Aunt Edith, if I turn out a good man, as I do hope and trust that I will, it will be all your doing—yours, and my mother's, and Cecil's. Aunt, I cannot say more, but I shall never forget your kindness, be you sure of that.'

'All right, Freddie,' replied Mrs. Grindley; 'that you should be a good, a noble, and a brave man is my earnest prayer for you, as well as for my own boys, Charlie and Willie; but, Fred, I have a great deal more to say, and I am almost sure that I have said enough for one day. Are you weary, Fred? Would you like to rest a while and think over all that I have said?'

'No, auntie, I think I should like to hear everything at once, for I shall do nothing now but think about it. But, aunt, you look tired.'

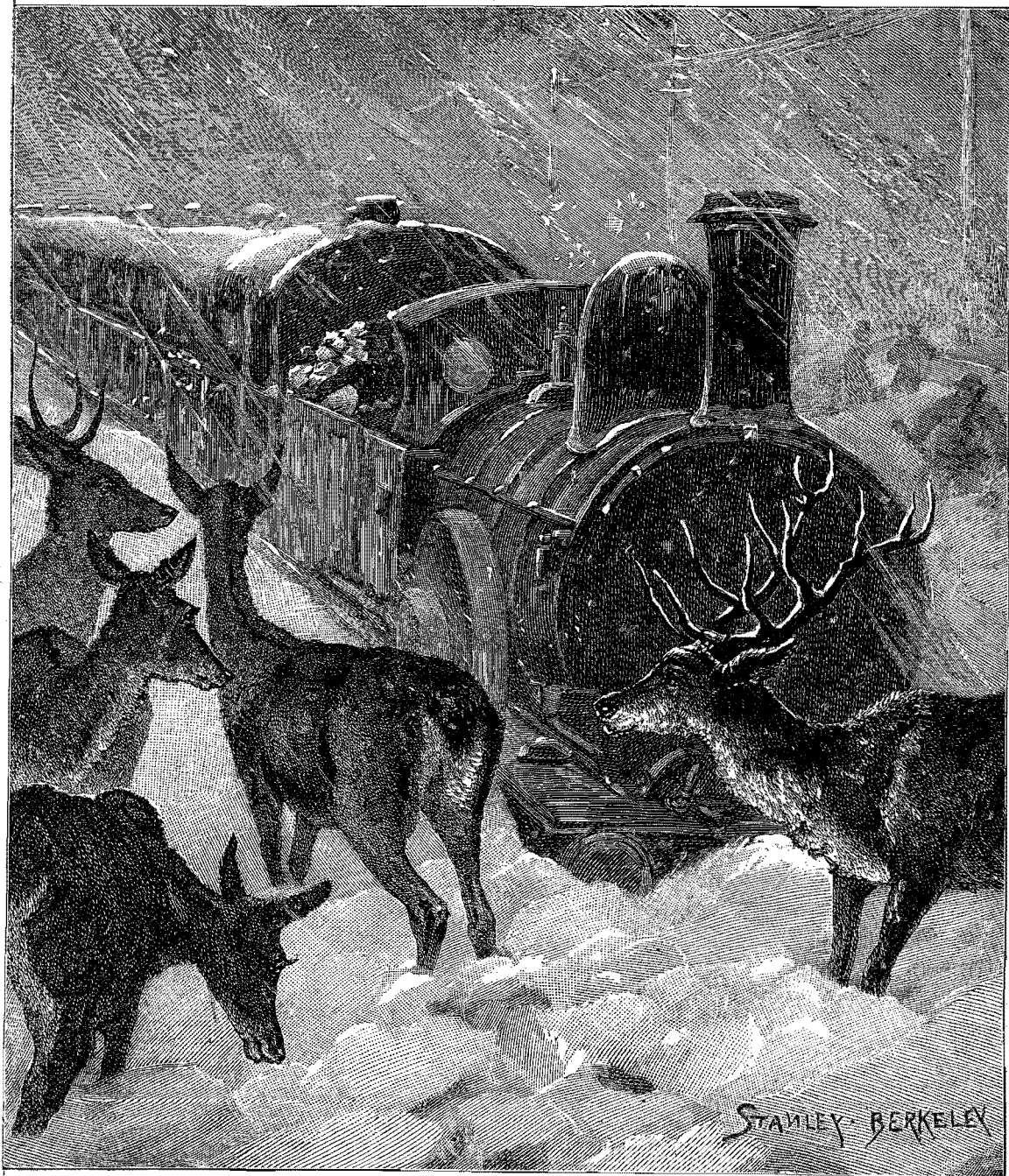
Fred might well say this, for a great paleness had gathered over his aunt's face, as she thought over all that she had yet to say; therefore he was not surprised when she said, 'I am tired, dear, and besides I hear Charlie coming up to see you, Fred; I must ask you not to say anything of all this to your cousins. Will you remember this, my boy?'

Fred could only nod his head and squeeze his aunt's hand, for Charlie was already in the room, and talking, as boys say, nineteen to the dozen.

(Continued at page 326.)



"Charlie went up to him to find out what was the matter."



Red Deer crowding round an Engine for Warmth.

RED DEER IN THE SNOW.

In the snowstorms of last winter, a railway train in the far north of Scotland stuck fast in the drift. The engine fire was not put out, and several red deer, starved with the extreme cold, and perhaps also moved by curiosity, came round the locomotive and seemed to like the warmth. The passengers, it is said, were so benumbed that they hardly noticed the strange sight of such timid and wild animals as the red deer crowding round a steam engine.

WRITING.

QUILL pens are much less used than formerly. Before steel pens were invented, the quill pen was in every writer's hand. It has been said, he who first wrote sense with a goose-quill, borrowed from a foolish bird the instrument of wisdom. A good quill will last longer than a steel pen. One man, who had turned a Latin book into English, without changing his pen, ended it thus:

'With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a grey goose-quill;
A pen it was when it I took,
A pen I leave it still.'

The pens of the ancients were not quill pens, but made of reeds, iron, or bone. The reed pens continued in use among the monks who made copies of the Holy Scriptures. There is a poem on a pen as old as A.D. 700. This pen was made of a pelican's feather. The swan and the crow also furnish pens; but nothing beats a good goose-quill. A wing supplies five pens. The quills are taken from the ends. By careful management a goose can yield two crops a year—that is, twenty pens.

Steel pens of a barrel shape, like quills, were first made about 1803, by a man named Wise, but they were hard, scratchy things, until Mr. Perry began to make them more elastic, and therefore pleasanter to write with. Other makers followed with their improvements. You can now buy a gross or more of steel pens for as much as one of Mr. Wise's barrel pens used to cost your grandfather.

The lead pencil in its best state is made of a mineral from a Cumberland mine. There is really no lead in it at all. The mineral is plumbago, a mixture of iron and coal, greasy to the touch.

One famous black-lead mine was discovered 300 years ago. It is in the heart of a high mountain, and guarded day and night.

The wood of the pencil is red cedar, or Virginian juniper. Pencils are square at first, then rounded by being squeezed through a hole. There are many bad cheap pencils hawked about, which cut and scratch, but will not make a proper mark.

The ancients wrote much on skins, which they sewed or glued together in a long roll, and then wrapped round a stick. Paper itself is called from papyrus, a rush or weed growing in the Nile. A book, anciently *liber*, was so called from its being made of the inner rind (*liber*) of certain trees. The Chinese still make paper of the inner bark of trees.

Rags and tatters make good paper. Those old dirty rubbish heaps are turned into the most beautiful and clean-looking of all things.

The rags are boiled and reduced to pulp, which is drained of its moisture, bleached and pressed, and washed again; and beaten and cut once more, and then the pulp is spread on wire cloths. The water drains off, and a thin layer of pulp is left, and laid on felt, and pressed, and sized, and finished off, and folded into reams and quires.

The sheep gives men its skin for parchment. On this material the Hebrews wrote the Bible; though some suppose that Moses wrote the first five books on Egyptian linen.

The skins are stripped of the wool and quick-lime eats off the fleshy part. They are stretched on frames, and pared and scraped, and rubbed with pumice-stone, and made almost as thin as paper.

The ink of the ancients was similar to Indian ink, which is made of soot or lamp-black mixed with gum. This ink is not durable; it can be washed off. Ink ought to bite into the paper.

Powdered gall, well boiled with some chips of log-wood, and mixed with sulphate of iron and some gum, will make ink that endures well.

If you dip a sheet of paper in a solution of galls, and then write on it with a pen dipped in one of sulphate of iron, black letters will be formed; but the pen will make no mark on other paper.

A good inkstand with a lid is important to the writer. Dust makes ink thick; and if the ink is exposed to the air, the water of which the ink is made will evaporate, and leave a hard dry mass at the bottom of the inkstand.

Charters used to be sealed, not signed. In very old days the sealing wax was a kind of clay. It may also be made of bees' wax, turpentine, and olive oil well boiled, and poured into cold water.

The best red sealing wax of modern times has no wax at all in it. It is made of shell-lac (a resinous substance from the banyan), resin, and vermilion, melted over a slow fire.

Wafers are a modern invention, said to be Genoese. They are made of wheat paste, white of egg and isinglass. Paste is adhesive because of the gluten in the wheat.

Slates come from Cornwall, Devonshire, North Wales, and some other parts of England. Those on which we write are of a fine texture, made thin by cleaving and grinding. The wooden frame saves them often from being broken. The pencils are made of a much softer kind of slate, which contains carbon, and perhaps alum, as they are found near alum beds.

SANFORD.

THE EVIL OF PROCRASTINATION.



MABEL, where are you? Oh, Mab, only think: mother says if we are both quite ready dressed by twelve o'clock, she will take us to Dene Hollow, where we may gather blackberries! There are heaps and heaps of them there, and afterwards we are to go to Aunt Mary's

to get luncheon. But, Mabel, dear, mother says that we must be quite punctual; she can't wait a minute after twelve o'clock. Now, dearest, do try to be ready in time.'

It was Anna Lorimer who spoke these words. She was four years older than Mabel, and such a kind, good sister.

'Of course I'll be ready!' cried Mabel, jumping up and clapping her hands. 'What fun it will be! I wonder if mother would let us bake a blackberry tart ourselves after we come home? What do you think, Anna?'

'We'll see about that afterwards,' replied Anna; 'but, Mab, remember, you will be left at home if you are not ready in time, and I should hate to have you left at home.'

'Oh, never fear,' said Mabel, laughing; 'it is only eleven o'clock now—surely I won't take an hour to dress; but thank you all the same, Anna. I suppose you must go and practise now?'

'Yes, indeed,' replied the good sister; 'but I wanted to warn you, dear.'

Then Anna ran off to the schoolroom, while Mabel again took up the story-book which she had been reading when Anna brought the good news. 'I can read for another quarter of an hour,' said she to herself, 'and this story is so interesting.'

After this there was silence in the room. Anna was quite engrossed with her book, while the clock on the chimneypiece ticked merrily on. Suddenly the door was pushed open, and Anna appeared. 'Oh, Mabel,' she exclaimed, 'it only wants five minutes to twelve! Mother is dressed; I saw her going downstairs a minute ago. Oh, dear child, you will be too late!'

But, before these words were spoken Mabel had thrown down her book, dragged off her school frock, and pulled off her house shoes. 'Anna,' she cried, 'do get me your button-hook—I have lost mine; and, oh, dear! where are my gloves?'

In the midst of this hurry-scurry the parlour-maid entered the room. 'Mistress wants you, Miss Anna, at once,' she said; 'and Miss Mabel too, if she is ready.'

But, alas! Mabel was not ready, nor could she possibly be for a quarter of an hour. Her gloves could not be found, she had forgotten to mend her dress, which had been torn the day before, and though Anna ran for her button-hook, it was quite evident that poor Mabel must be left behind. The parlour-maid again appeared, and said that Miss Anna must come directly. Then Mabel burst into tears.

'Dearest,' said Anna, while kissing the little girl, 'I must go. We cannot let mother go alone; but every blackberry I gather I will keep for you, and I will ask mother to let us bake the tart. I am sure she will say "Yes." Now, don't cry, darling; I must go now.'

Then the kind sister ran downstairs to join her mother, while poor little Mabel covered her face with her pocket-handkerchief, and wept such bitter tears that you would have thought her heart was broken.

After a sad half-hour, Mabel dried her eyes, washed her face, and made up her mind that in

future she really would try to be a more trustworthy little girl, and to follow in the steps of dear Anna, who was just her mother's right hand.

Towards evening her mother and sister returned home, Anna with a large basketful of blackberries for Mabel, which the little girl accepted with much pleasure, at the same time looking somewhat wistfully in her mother's face, as though afraid of her displeasure.

Mrs. Lorimer drew her repentant child towards her.

'Never feel afraid of your mother, my darling,' she said. 'Believe me, Mabel, it gives me great pain to punish you, as I have had to do to-day, by leaving you behind; but, my own darling, I would not be a good mother if I did not do so; but, now, let us say no more about it. I know you will really try to do better in future, and, Mabel' (here she whispered in her little girl's ear), 'I have just told cook to have the kitchen ready and the stove in a glow, as my little daughters want to bake a tart. Does that make you happy, dear?'

'Very, very happy,' said Mabel, with her arms round her mother's neck. 'Oh, mother, you and Anna are both so kind, I really will try to be more punctual and trustworthy in future!'

B. K.

CICERO.



CICERO was born at Arpinum about one hundred and seven years before Christ. Though of an honourable family, he was called a 'new man,' because he was the first of his race who became a magistrate. He soon showed great genius, especially in poetry. But the laws of Rome engaged his chief attention, and he could, ere long, hold his own with

the greatest lawyers. A social war now disturbed the public peace, and went on fiercely for two years. Cicero served in it under Pompey's father, and he was just as diligent a soldier as a scholar. But, to speak well was ever his chief ambition, and he was generally either composing or declaiming, and at twenty-six he practised at the bar. He was not strong, for he says, 'My body was, at this time, emaciated, my neck long and small, and those who loved me were anxious, and advised me to travel for a year or two; therefore I went to Athens.' Coming home, he pleaded many causes; among others one which Roscius, the famous actor, placed in his hands. 'Has Roscius robbed his partner?' said he. 'Can such a stain stick on such a man, whom the people of Rome know to be a better man than he is an actor, and while he makes the first figure on the stage for his art, is worthy of the Senate for his virtue?'

Cicero soon after became Quæstor in Sicily. This office was that of purveyor of provisions for the use of the great city. Though it was a time of scarcity, he managed his duties with great prudence, and gained the love of the islanders. He contrived, too,



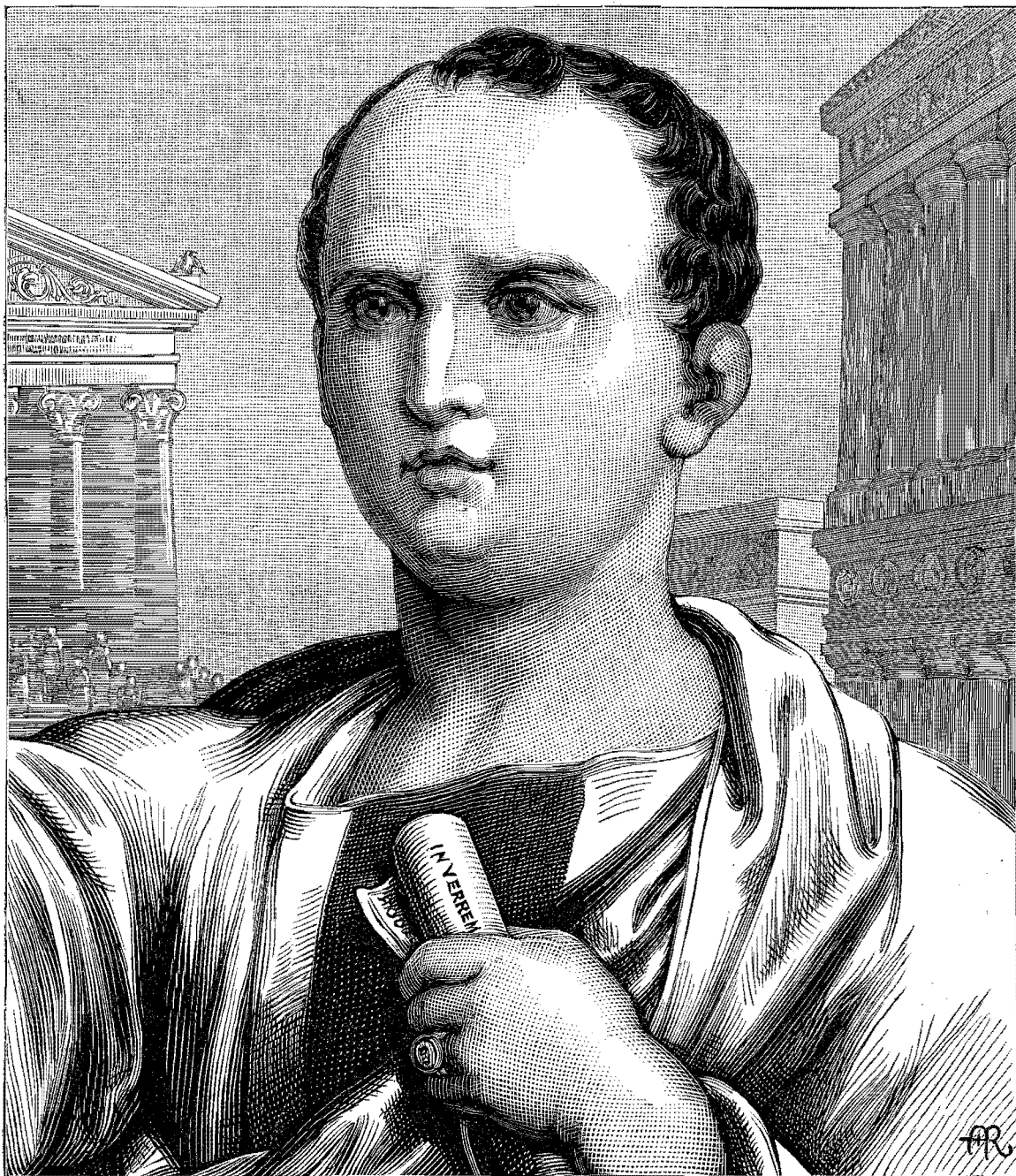
Mabel's Repentance.

being a man of great industry, to improve himself in his favourite studies. After filling other offices with credit, he sued for the highest honour of all—that of Consul. For this purpose he mixed with the crowd on the field of Mars, and saluted them familiarly. He was now forty-two—the proper age required by law—and there were six candidates, beside himself. Bribery was carried on to a shameful extent. The people chose whom they would by means of small wooden tickets, and when the day of election came they loudly proclaimed Cicero first Consul before the scrutiny of the ballot. His father died this year, happy in having seen his son advanced to the supreme dignity. He next had to deliver his great orations against the conspirator Catiline, a disappointed and dangerous man. He meant to kill Cicero, who had now to wear armour under his gown and double his guards. He denounced the villain, and, indeed, so bestirred himself in the defence of the real interests of the people that he was called ‘the Father of his Country.’

We now find him rich enough to buy a mansion in the most fashionable quarter of Rome; but, though

so highly successful, he found it necessary to attach himself to some great soldier as a protection from the storms of public life. He chose Pompey the Great for his ally, and this man was willing to befriend Cicero, for he, too, needed Cicero's eloquence, and so a friendship was struck up between them. Spite of this, we find Cicero falling into great straits when, as it happened, two very wicked consuls were elected at the same time. Cicero was now convicted of putting Catiline's accomplices to death (which was done by the voice of all the Senate), and he changed his dress, and went about in mourning, and his enemy, Clodius, hired a dirty mob to insult him. On his side stood the young nobles and others, as a perpetual guard, and the city was much agitated on his account. Pompey, whom he had always suspected, grew cold, and forsook his falling friend, and would not see him when he called, but slipped out at the back door, and Cicero then thought it high time to leave the city, and be an exile, where he would see nobody and hardly dared to open his shutters.

But he returned in triumph one August day, and the whole road, from the seaport to Rome, was a



Cicero.

long street of citizens. In fact, all Italy brought him back on its shoulders. 'That one day,' he said, 'was worth an immortality.'

He now rebuilt his demolished villas, and married his widowed daughter Tullia to a second husband. He had much domestic uneasiness on his return, for his wife was very jealous, and a perverse nephew gave him trouble.

We next find this busy man at the head of an army, in which capacity he acted very honourably towards the people on whose land the troops were quartered. He insisted on his soldiers paying for all they wanted. He succeeded so well as a general that he hoped to have a triumph, but that honour was denied him. On his return to Rome, Cæsar advised him not to join Pompey, with whom he was now at

open discord. 'Do not run to a falling cause,' said Cæsar. But Cicero would not forsake a man who had once been a friend—though an insincere one—and he went to Pompey, at the same time assuring Cæsar that he had no ill-will towards him. He followed Pompey because he thought him the defender of liberty. He did not like Cæsar because he thought him a tyrant.

Cicero was not present at the battle of Pharsalia, where Pompey was defeated, but remained behind, out of humour, out of health, and unwilling to do anything; and young Pompey was so angry that he nearly killed him at that miserable time. When things were somewhat righted, and Cæsar got his own way, Cicero returned home, and was kindly received by the conqueror. He resumed his studies, and awaited events. He was now courted both by Cæsar and the friends of liberty. Cæsar was kindness itself, for he knew Cicero's value; but Cicero mourned over the fallen liberties of his country as a mother bewails her only son. His heart was entirely with Cato and the patriots. One day Cæsar visited him, inviting himself, as kings do, to Cicero's villa. Cicero says, 'The guest whom I so dreaded was well pleased with his reception. He ate and drank freely and was very cheerful. Yet he is not a guest to whom one would say at parting, "Pray call on me again." Once is enough.' This was a very short time before Cæsar fell dead beneath the daggers of Brutus and Cassius. A great uproar arose after the murder, and they had to leave Rome, and Cicero soon followed them, visiting Athens a second time. He now began to cherish the friendship of Octavius, as the man in whom he most trusted to save the Republic against Mark Antony. He next prepared and delivered his famous speeches, called the Philippics, mainly against Antony and the other enemies of the Republic. There are thirteen of these great orations, in which he laboured to save—yet did not save—the Republic from arbitrary power.

Cicero, meanwhile, grew very rich. It is said he had, at one time, eighteen houses, beautifully placed and filled with fine things. He had the first cedar table ever seen in Rome, which cost him eighty pounds. 'How did he get money enough, one may ask, 'to support these many houses?' We are told that in legacies alone he received 200,000*l.* from grateful clients. Then he had rich presents from kings and states whom he had benefited, and the usual stipends of the high offices he filled. He was economical and moderate, a wise man in a wasteful age; of a gay and sprightly temper, yet too desponding in the cloudy day, and too fond of glory and praise. His industry was amazing. When other men were at shows and feasts, Cicero was at his books, or pen in hand. Many of his letters were dated before daylight, and some were written at his meals. A thousand of these still remain, and thousands are lost, with all his historical books. He believed in a God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future state of rewards and punishments.

When Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus formed what we call a Triumvirate, they resolved to destroy their enemies, and among them Cicero. When he heard that his life was in danger, he fled to the coast and embarked, but he was flung back by contrary

winds, and landed near Ciræum. He then thought that he would go and kill himself in Cæsar's house, and leave the stain of his blood on it; but his servants carried him by force to the sea again, to get him away from Italy. As they were in a wood, the soldiers overtook them, and cut off the great orator's head and hands, and carried them to Antony, who rewarded the officer richly. He fixed them in a public place, and the sight drew tears from many eyes. But Cicero had hardly cared for life. A little while before he died he had said, 'Now that I can no longer free my country from tyranny, let the tyrants kill me, for I have no wish to live.'

G. S. O.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 319.)

CHAPTER XVII.



TWO days had passed before Mrs Grindley was able to resume her talk with Fred—two days during which he had to endure all the tortures of suspense and impatience. But the trial was over at last; the time came when Mrs. Grindley, wrapped up in a large, white shawl, entered her nephew's room, and closed the door. 'You are almost well now, Fred, to judge from your looks,' were the first words with which she greeted him. 'And I am glad of it, my boy,' she added, 'for when I have told you everything, you will understand why I am anxious to send you away as soon as you can go.'

'Am I to go so very soon, then, aunt?' replied the boy, with a touch of pain in his voice; 'not for a week or two yet, I suppose?'

'Fred,' was his aunt's reply, 'I want to send you away the day after to-morrow; and now, my dear, let me ask you a question: Do you see no change in me, Fred, within the last few months?'

'I have thought that you did not seem very well, aunt,' he said. 'You are always tired in the evening, and you lie more on the sofa than you used to do. Oh, Aunt Edith, I do hope you are not seriously ill!'

'Fred,' replied Mrs. Grindley, quietly and calmly, 'I am not long for this world! I have suspected it for some months, but now I know it; and, my poor boy, you must be out of this house before I go!'

To these sad words Fred felt it impossible to reply, he could only gaze at the dearly loved face through a mist of tears, wondering in his young heart what would become of his cousins, and especially of little Hannah, if what his aunt feared should really be true. At last he ventured to speak. 'Have you consulted any doctor, Aunt Edith?' he asked in a

rather choked voice. 'Perhaps you may be mistaken, after all.'

'No, dear, I am not mistaken. I have consulted the doctor who attended you, Fred, and he is a very good one. I asked him to tell me everything, as I had my children to arrange for, and he was very kind, he told me all, plainly and without reserve. Fred, my disease is incurable. I may die at any moment, and my death will almost certainly be a sudden one. Now, dear boy, as this is so I certainly should (as the Bible says) set my house in order, and be prepared for what is surely to come. I confess, Fred, when I heard all this, my first thought was of little Hannah, she is so young, so delicate, and a girl does need a mother so much! Well, dear, God knows best, and I have arranged for her so far as I can. Still, Fred, she is in her own father's house; he may not love her with the same fond love that most fathers feel for a little daughter, but he will never be harsh to her. He will, I am sure, be as kind as he knows how to be; indeed, Fred, I sometimes think that your uncle has a soft side to his heart, if only we could touch the right chord; but meanwhile, my boy, it is your position that fills me with anxiety. Fred, if I should die before you are properly provided for, my plans would all be upset—you would certainly be sent to Aberdeen; and, Fred, I cannot bear the thought—I could not feel happy, I think, even in Heaven, if my sister's boy was in such a bad and dangerous place as a spirit-shop. Now, Fred, here is my plan: your uncle goes to London to-morrow for two or three days, and has fixed to take Charlie with him. My boy, before he returns, you must be away.'

'But, aunt, do you think it can be managed so quickly as that; should not some one write to Tom first? Suppose he should have moved away from the part of the town that he lived in before?'

'I have thought of that,' replied Mrs. Grindley, 'and I telegraphed to a friend in Glasgow to make all inquiries for me. I have had her answer, and it is quite satisfactory. His address is the same as when you parted from him. Now, Fred, I have bought you new clothes and boots—they will be home to-night; I will see that you have money enough to take you to Glasgow, and you will leave Birmingham by the night train on Thursday. Do you agree to all this, my dear boy?'

'I suppose so, Aunt Edith; but you have been so very kind, I cannot bear to think of leaving you all. Aunt, I may say good-bye to my cousins, may I not?'

'No, Fred; don't think me unkind, but I feel quite unable for all the talking, and questioning, and lamenting that would arise, and when you get to Glasgow, Fred, do not write at once, but wait until you get a letter from me. I do not wish your uncle to know where you are, till I have talked him over; you see, Fred, I wish to keep the peace with my husband if possible, only you must not be sent to Aberdeen.'

On the evening of the second day after this conversation had taken place between Mrs. Grindley and her nephew, Fred, and his aunt might have been seen leaving the house about eight o'clock on their way to the railway station. Mr. Grindley and

Charlie were in London, Willie and Hannah were playing chess in their mother's sitting-room, the servants were busy in the kitchen; no one knew, no one suspected that the boy who had come so unexpectedly, eighteen months before, was now taking his departure. But he had hold of his aunt's arm, and, as they walked along the crowded street, that loving aunt spoke to the orphan lad many words of good counsel. 'You will never see me again, Fred,' she said, very calmly and quietly; 'of that I feel quite sure, and, my dear boy, I have tried to do what seemed the best for you, both for this world and the next. It may seem rather a poor way to start you in life, Fred, to give you into the hands of a common seaman; but, my dear, I had no choice, and a sailor can be a good man, Fred, as well as those who live on shore. Now, my dear boy, tell your friend Tom that I give you up entirely to him, and that I hope God may bless both him and you.'

'Yes, aunt; and, oh, Aunt Edith, when you do tell my cousins that I have left Birmingham for ever, won't you tell them that I did so much wish to say good-bye, especially to Charlie, who was so kind to me in the warehouse, and won't you tell Hannah that I will keep the handkerchief she hemmed for me all my life, for her sake? And, aunt, don't you think that surely in this life I may see my cousins again? We are all young, and no one can tell what may happen.'

'That is quite true, Fred,' replied his aunt; 'and it would be a pleasure to think of you all meeting again. And, Fred, remember you may write to them freely, only don't do so till you have heard from me. I must first see how your uncle takes all this before I let any one know where you are. And now, Fred, this is your train; kiss me, my dear boy, and may God for ever bless you!'

Fred wound his arms about his aunt's neck, and did not seem to know how he could ever let her go. 'I knew before I came, aunt,' he said, 'that you would be kind to me, but I never expected anything like the kindness I have had from you, and it vexes me to think that I can do nothing to prove my gratitude. Aunt, if I am ever a rich man, I shall look after Hannah—that is to say, if she should require it, dear little thing. I hope she will not quite forget me!'

'No fear of that, Fred,' replied his aunt, kindly; 'we never can forget you; now, my dear boy, farewell till we meet in Heaven!'

The train slowly steamed out of the station, and plunged into the thick darkness of the tunnel, while Mrs. Grindley drew her fur mantle closer around her, and lost, in deep but not altogether unhappy thought, wended her way homewards. Having arrived at her own door, she gained admittance with a pass-key, and quietly slipped upstairs to her bedroom. There she found that Hannah was already in bed and asleep, the child having been promised the privilege of sleeping with her mother during Mr. Grindley's absence from home. 'God bless all my dear ones,' whispered the tender mother, as she softly kissed the fair little face. A few minutes more, and she had stretched her weary limbs beside her little girl.

(Continued at page 330.)



"Now, my dear boy, farewell!"



"Master Willie, come upstairs."

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 327.)

CHAPTER XVIII.



DAYLIGHT had scarcely dawned the following morning when little Hannah woke suddenly and sat up in bed, with a bewildered expression on her young face. The sudden movement of the child awoke Mrs. Grindley also, who, smiling upon her little daughter, asked her what was the matter.

Then Hannah laughed. 'Dear mother,' she said, 'I did not know where I was for a minute! I quite forgot I had gone to bed in your room; but I remember all about it now! Lie down and sleep again, mother dear; you look so weary,' said the loving child.

But Mrs. Grindley did not seem inclined to sleep; she looked at her watch. 'My dear,' she said, 'it is not so early as you think; it is half-past seven, and Willie must get his breakfast by eight o'clock, or he will be too late for school. Hannah, I wonder if you could see about breakfast this morning, make the tea, and pour out a cup for Willie before I come downstairs? I feel very tired, my child.'

Then Hannah jumped up as bright as a lark; she dearly loved to play at being housekeeper. 'Of course, I can, mother dear,' she cried, 'I know exactly how to do it; when Betty brings the kettle, I measure out four spoonfuls of tea, then I let it stand for a minute. But what makes you so tired, mother? Won't you stay in bed all day and rest? I could bring your breakfast upstairs, mother!'

'No, darling,' replied Mrs. Grindley, 'I would like better to get up, but I don't wish to keep Willie back from school; so, when you are dressed, my dear, run away downstairs. I will follow as soon as I am ready.'

Half an hour after this conversation, Hannah Grindley stood in the breakfast-parlour with her mother's keys in her hand, as brisk a little housekeeper as could be found anywhere: she rang for the kettle, filled up the teapot, and had everything ready before her brother Willie entered the room.

'I say, where's mother?' was his first question. 'And why is Fred not down yet? I suppose he wants his breakfast in bed still, but so far as I can see he is as well as I am.'

'Haven't you seen him this morning?' asked Hannah, in a surprised tone. 'Dear me, how lazy he is! But, Willie, here is your tea. Mother will be down in a minute or two. Oh, there is the post-man!' and the little girl flew away to the hall door to get the letters. There was only one, and it was for her mother. Hannah turned it over in her hand. 'Oh, it is from Ernest,' she cried, joyfully. 'I know the post-mark and the writing too; won't mother be

glad? I must run upstairs and tell her to make haste.' And the little girl danced away on her errand of love, leaving the letter in her brother's hand.

But Hannah was not long of returning, and her usually bright face wore a scared expression. 'I can't make her hear me, Willie,' she said. 'I think, perhaps, she is saying her prayers, and does not wish to be disturbed. I called through the door that there was a letter from Ernest, but she did not answer me; perhaps I should wait for five minutes and go up again.'

'Yes, do,' replied her brother, who was busy with his breakfast, 'for unless she comes soon I must be off to school without hearing the letter read, and I shouldn't like that, I can tell you.'

But the next time that Hannah returned to the breakfast-parlour, Betty, the maid-servant, was with her. 'Master Willie,' said the woman, 'come upstairs. I think my mistress must be ill; she does not answer missie's knock, yet I am sure she knocked loud enough.'

'Why did you not go in and see for yourself, Hannah?' replied the boy briskly. 'Come up again, little stupid.'

'Oh, Willie, the door is locked,' sobbed the poor little girl, who was now thoroughly alarmed. 'Oh, I am quite sure mother must be very ill.'

'Locked!' repeated the boy; 'does she always lock her door, Hannah?'

'I don't know,' said the child through her tears, 'but it is locked just now. Betty can tell you; she turned the handle round and round ever so often, but nothing came of it.'

Then without another word the two young people and Betty again ran upstairs. At the bedroom they met the cook, who whispered something into her fellow-servant's ear. 'Break open the door!' Betty cried. 'Nonsense; I know what to do better than that! Go and fetch the dining-room key; it fits the door of the mistress's room, I know it does.'

The key was soon brought; but, alas! nothing could be made of it; the real key of the room being in the lock prevented those outside from making any use of the second key.

Then Hannah burst into loud weeping, of which none of the others took any notice, they were all so thoroughly scared. At this moment a loud rat-tat was heard downstairs, and cook jumped up to her feet. 'That is the baker,' she cried; 'we must bring him up here.' And the man was soon on the scene, but refused to interfere.

'No, no,' said he, 'like as not when your master comes home he would haul me over the coals for damaging the door; but I'll tell ye, I saw the bobby as I was coming along. I'll fetch him if ye like, and he can break the door fast enough, I'll warrant.'

This wise advice being followed, everything was left in the hands of the police. The lock of the door was easily taken off, and the whole party hurried into the quiet bedchamber.

But why did they all suddenly stop and stand perfectly still, while a sudden exclamation, or rather sob, rose to the lips of each? Because the sight that met their bewildered gaze was so touching, so beautiful, so peaceful, that for a moment even the

elders of the party could scarcely believe that the messenger of death had been there before them: yet so it was. Mrs. Grindley, fully dressed and wrapped up in her white invalid's shawl, was kneeling at her bedside, her drooping head leaning on her folded hands. The summons to enter into her Rest had come while the fond mother was praying for those who were dearer to her than life!

We can all easily imagine what followed upon this sad discovery: the terrified weeping of the young people, the bewilderment of the servants, the hasty telegram to summon back the bereaved husband to his desolate home.

But everything was arranged at last, Mr. Grindley and Charlie had arrived, and the inquest was over. A short, almost formal, matter it had been, all doubts as to the cause of death having been set at rest by the testimony of Mrs. Grindley's medical attendant, who said that the poor lady's heart was so extensively diseased, that he wondered that she had lived so long. Then the verdict was recorded, 'Death from natural causes,' and the inquiry was over; and now Mr. Grindley is pacing moodily up and down his half-darkened dining-room, a prey to most melancholy thoughts. He had been quite unaware of the precarious condition of his wife's health, therefore her sudden death had shocked him beyond measure, and, during that lonely walk up and down the silent dining-room, conscience had stirred within him, asking many questions and insisting on a reply. Had he been kind to his meek and gentle wife, who had ever been loving and devoted to him? Had he been fatherly in his dealings with his children, or had he not rather been so harsh and churlish that two of them had run away and left his house for ever? How had he treated the boy, his wife's nephew, who had been sent across the ocean to beg for the shelter of his home?

Here Mr. Grindley's thoughts took a new turn; instead of accusing himself any further as to the mis-spent past, they wandered away into a variety of guesses as to the disappearance of Fred. He had closely examined and cross-examined Willie and Hannah upon the subject, as well as his two maid-servants, but he could not get from them any reliable information. Hannah had admitted that she knew her mother had been out of doors the evening before her death, but she had not seen her go, nor did she know whether Fred was with her or not. Willie's testimony was to the same effect; he had played at chess all the evening with his sister, and had gone to bed before his mother came in. The servants knew very little, their mistress had said nothing to them about going out. Cook, however, believed that she heard the hall door gently closed, had looked out of the kitchen window, and, in the semi-darkness of a March night, had seen the figures of a woman and a boy which bore a strong resemblance to her mistress and the boy Fred—still she would not say for certain that this was the case. Asked if she heard her mistress return home, she said 'No'—she and her fellow-servant had gone to bed at the usual hour, and had heard nothing.

After long meditation on all these points, Mr. Grindley came to the conclusion that his wife, who he knew hated his plan of sending her nephew to

Aberdeen, had stolen a march upon him and procured for him a situation elsewhere; but, how she had summoned up courage to act in so independent a manner he could not imagine. Probably she would have confessed what she had done, when he returned home, had not death come between them and sealed her lips. However, boys are not so very easily lost nowadays—the boy would be sure to turn up again like a bad shilling. He did not intend to trouble himself further on the subject. But weeks and months passed away, and Fred never returned.

(Continued at page 338.)

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

KNIFE, FORK, AND SPOON.

I HAD to put up with a great deal before I became as bright, beautiful, and able as you see me now,' said the ivory-handled carving-knife to the fork and spoon placed across his blade.

'Well, tell us all about it,' replied the jolly-faced spoon, and the fork smiled a similar request.

'I'll leave the story to the dinner-knife,' said the carver, 'he's smaller and more fond of talking, and what he says will hold good for both of us.'

'Most happy to oblige, I'm sure,' replied the genial young knife, as he plunged at once into an account of himself. 'I was fashioned in a large factory miles away from London; in fact, I may say that I was *born* in Sheffield. It is a large, busy town, and there is much smoke and dirt, and dust about, but within many of the busy factories there is also much brightness.'

'Well, don't prose so,' said the fork; 'tell us about yourself.'

'When I was quite young,' continued the knife, not heeding the interruption, 'I was decidedly plain, and old friends who remember my appearance, tell me that I strongly resembled a bar of iron. To bring me to a better shape, I was laid on an anvil and soundly beaten by two jolly smiths, who first placed me in a furnace until I was glowing with a bright red heat. The collar above my handle was a separate piece of steel; it was made intensely hot, and hammered or welded on to my blade, and beaten out thin to fit the socket of my handle. *Common* knives are frequently fashioned by *machinery*, but my character was developed by *hand*. I still recollect a curious place to which I was carried, before my union with my beautiful ivory handle. It was, I have been told since, a grinding shop. Huge stone wheels, driven by steam, revolved over water-troughs, and grated against my surface. I am also told that I became quite hot under this treatment, and sent out showers of sparks, which amused and delighted all who saw them. The rims of the wheels touched the water, and formed quite a cascade; but the effect of all this was that the man who pressed my surface against the revolving stone, at length declared me to be smoothed and edged, and after a rinsing in clear water, tossed me over into a box, with a set of blades, all bearing a strong family likeness.'

'I wish you would have done with talking about

yourself, and tell a little about the lovely handle,' said the fork, rudely interrupting again.

'My handle,' continued the blade, 'has had stranger experiences than myself. Her native land was the Niger territory, and a huge elephant her nurse. The tusk from which she was shaped weighed 390 pounds, and measured 10 feet 3 inches in height, and 22 inches in the circumference of its thickest part. The old elephant grew weary of her, and one day he rubbed his head against a tree, and left the tusk on the ground. There the leaves buried it, and years afterwards it was discovered, and sent by Cameron to this country, and strangely enough it was bought by my masters, who determined to unite me with my pretty handle sawn from the old tooth. Some members of the tusk family are beautifully decorated, patterns having been pricked on them with sharply pointed tools. These may generally be seen united to silvered blades.'

'Now you have mentioned silver,' the spoon said, 'I am almost tempted to give you my history.'

'You couldn't very well yield to a better temptation,' said the fork, quite gallantly; 'pray proceed.'

Thus addressed the spoon began: 'It is a little singular, I was shaped at the same establishment as the knife, only the processes were wrought in different departments. I am of German-silver ancestry, originally cast in ingots, or short thick blocks. These blocks were subject to heavy pressure under rolls, and afterwards "fired," or cut to the pattern of a spoon with a pair of tools. A third operation gave me my "ball" or "bowl" form.'

'I believe forks are treated in much the same way, are they not?' said the spoon.

'You are right,' replied the fork, graciously. 'Forks are related to German-silver ingots, they are rolled and then "stamped" out, and at the end of the prongs a thin bar of metal is left, so as to protect them while finishing. This thin line of metal is, later on, filed away. They are bent into shape on a vice, a skilful workman operating upon them with a buffalo-horn hammer-head. Each fork when shaped is laid inside its fellows, and must correspond exactly to the original pattern-fork.'

'From this point then,' observed the spoon, 'our history is the same.'

'Precisely; but I prefer to listen while you tell it,' said the fork.

'My sides were very roughly treated,' resumed the sweet-tempered spoon, 'but it was all for the best, for the filing rasped them fairly smooth and bright. I remember one department in the great, busy place, where long rows of girls and women, adorned with bright red caps and wearing white pinafores, were intently "buffing" hundreds of spoons and forks.'

'Pray, what is "buffing"?' asked the knife-blade.

'The object of buffing,' explained the spoon, 'is to remove all file-marks, and prepare for electroplating. Finely sifted sand and sweet oil are used. Upon leaving the "buffing" room I felt greasy, and was not at all loth to receive a gentle brushing in a solution of potash. I was then plunged into several baths: one contained weak vitriol

and water, another aquafortis, and a third mercury. I was rinsed in clear water before each successive bath, and you may be sure that I came out quite clean. I began to congratulate myself upon my appearance, when I heard an intelligent young workman say to his fellow, "Into the coating-vat with those spoons." A sharp wire was twisted about me, and I felt myself suspended on a copper rod with several of my relatives. A sudden shock, and I found upon my surface, and very closely adhering to me, thousands of small bright particles of silver. This deposit, I understood afterwards, was effected by an electric current. From the coating-vat to the dead-vat was my next journey; there I became whitened, and when drawn out had the appearance of china. I was not to be allowed to retain this queer complexion, and to alter it I was suspended over a "bright" vat, by wires, as before, but this time I was kept continually on the move. Finally I found myself in the polishing-room, where I was rubbed with a preparation of rouge, by girls who used only their bare hands. When a brilliant complexion had been imparted to me, I was carefully wrapped up in tissue paper and conveyed to the store-room, where I remained until I was purchased, and brought with several of my relatives to my present home.'

JAMES CASSIDY.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE LIBELLULA.

THE Libellula, or Dragon-fly, before arriving at maturity, has passed the whole of its life in the cold shades of aquatic plants beneath the stagnant water; mud and filth its dwelling-place, and its food consisting of little insects which feed upon the roots and stems of the aquatic vegetation—truly a foul and squalid existence.

Its appearance at this period of its life (the larva state) is ugly enough. As the time for change approaches, it begins to gradually crawl upwards on some plant or stem. When near the surface of the water, it there remains stationary for some weeks, in the nymph or chrysalis state; it then leaves the water, attaches itself to the nearest object, and at once breaks through the nymph covering or mask, as Linnæus terms it. The brilliant iridescent wings of gauze are unfolded, and a new world of warmth and glowing light opens before it. What a magical change!

One cannot look at these beautiful insects without admiring the wonderful lightness with which they maintain themselves in the air over a flower or other object. They stand there so perfectly steady for a moment or two, then in an instant they dart away with such rapidity, that the eye can scarcely follow. The eyes of the dragon-fly are very large, and, when dissected, form beautiful objects for the microscope. Their jaws are powerful, and can inflict a wound severe enough to draw blood.

The dragon-flies are great insect-eaters, and do their share in keeping in check large numbers of insects which are injurious to vegetation. There are nine species in all.

W. A. C.



The Libellula or Dragon-fly.

Dragon-fly.

Chrysalis State.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

43.—GEOGRAPHICAL WORD PUZZLE.

A LAKE in the North of England famed for its picturesque scenery.

1. Often seen in a park.
2. Not matter.
3. 6, 10, 8, 4. Bends before the wind.
4. 9, 2, 3, 4. An outer covering.
5. 9, 5, 2, 3. Seen on your horse. To restrain.
6. 6, 2, 4, 8, 9. Does not go on foot.
7. 3, 5, 10, 4. Necessity.
8. 1, 2, 4, 5, 9. Less narrow.
9. 7, 2, 8, 3. Appearance, manner.
10. 1, 5, 8, 4. Of quick growth.

[Answer at page 351.]

ANSWERS.

- 38.—1. Bag-gage. 5. Cap-rice. 8. Hand-cuff.
2. Bargain. 6. Toad-stool. 9. Hum-drum.
3. Worm-wood. 7. Turn-pike. 10. I-sing-lass.
4. Tip-pet.

- 39.—1. Boy. 2. Ant. 3. Elk. 4. Cold.
Bay. Ten. Leg. Fold.
May. Ben. Peg. Ford.
Man. Bee. Pig. Fore.
Fire.

5. Boat. 6. Stag. 7. Star. 8. Lock.
Boar. Star. Tarn. Lack.
Bare. Sear. Torn. Back.
Pare. Seer. Morn. Bark.
Pier. Deer. Moon. Bars.

40.—China.

1. Caspian. 3. Inverness. 5. Azores.
2. Horn. 4. Nubia.

41.—Japan.

1. Jersey. 2. Antrim, containing the Giant's Causeway.
3. Pyrenees. 4. Avon. 5. Nippon.

- 42.—1. Pyramids. 4. Colosseum. 7. Tuilleries.
2. Tower. 5. Cathedral. 8. Tuilleries.
3. Monument. 6. Monastery. 9. Escorial.

KEMPENFELDT AND THE SAILOR.

ON one occasion Kempenfeldt was sailing into port to have his ship paid off, when a sailor eyed with great earnestness a gold-laced velvet waistcoat which his commander wore, and, in his best sea fashion, he boldly took the liberty of asking the admiral who made it. The admiral good-humouredly gave him the necessary information. When Jack went on shore, he visited the admiral's tailor, and ordered a waistcoat to be made exactly like his commander's. The tailor, after taking his measure, said to Jack, 'What will you have the back made of?'

'Made of?' said Jack; 'the same as the front, to be sure!'

The tailor remonstrated, but in vain; so the waistcoat was made and put on, with an old greasy jacket over it. Shortly after the admiral met Jack in this curious dress, and laughed heartily; and this merry fit was not a little increased when Jack, coming up to him, lifted the hind part of his jacket, showed his gold-laced back, and exclaimed, 'See here, old boy! no false colours; stem and stern alike!'

THE TOW-PATH.



IT is not much to boast about, but I do know something about a canal. I don't mean to say that I have slept in a bargee's cabin, or swayed the long rudder handle, or toiled behind the patient horse on the towing-path. I am the son of a clergyman, whose modest mansion stood about forty yards from a canal in the midlands. Some ninety-five or a hundred years ago our village was filled to overflowing with great strong fellows, who came from the fens with their thews and sinews, their barrows and spades, to dig a ditch about thirty feet broad and six feet deep from one town ending with 'ham' to another town ending in 'ham.' Just by our house was a sixteen-mile pond without a lock, and, as the country is flat, nothing was needed in a general way but to cut the required dyke. But, just beyond our home paddock, the ground dipped into a deepish valley, and the canal had to be carried across that by means of embankments. I should think ten thousand loads of soil would hardly be sufficient for them. As long as I have known them, those banks have been green slopes, on one side thickly set with thorns, and, now I look at them in my old age, I regard them as a great achievement. Think of the pressure of a sixteen-mile pond on those navy-made supports, and you will wonder, too, that they have proved sufficient to restrain the water for a hundred years. But the bank at the top is wearing thin. My father and his curate have I often seen pacing abreast on the bank in the days of my boyhood; but that could not be done now, the thickness of the bank is wearing away with the fret of the wavelets on gusty days, and with the boring habits of the water moles or rats, and I believe one of my childish terrors will be realised before long. Our house stood several feet above the canal, and yet my mother had an idea, which I shared for a time, that the valley bank would give way and the canal overwhelm us. My father, of course, having been at Cambridge, used to ridicule such a notion, but he did not laugh me out of my fears. These were heightened by a picture in the *Saturday Magazine*, which showed a man, named Funns (how well I remember the name unto this day), and his family, in a great flood which happened in August, 1829. Poor Funns was standing on a spot of ground a few feet square. His wife sat on a bit of log, with one child on her lap, and a boy and

girl leaning against her. A score of sheep were standing round, or wading through the shallows. Three cows and a small horse were also grouped with the family. Every stormy night one winter I thought the canal would disobey the law of nature, and rise above its level, and that my father, in spite of his Cambridge education, would have to repent of his error on the grass-plot, with his wife and children, horse, cow, and dog about him.

A poetical neighbour used to call our canal 'a river in harness,' because it winded so gracefully through our vale. And, indeed, it is a pretty canal, with a towing-path on one side, and a hedge separating it from the fields and meadow-land on the other side, where the cattle would come and drink their fill of the sweet water, and stare stolidly at us as we went along in our little pleasure-boat. There they stood, knee-deep in oozy mud, until we dashed water into the face of the nearest one, who with some effort would withdraw his mud-stocked legs, and turn to his buttercups once more.

And then, at one time, the bargees, as my father used to call them, were uncivil, and tried to squeeze our frail boat between their barge and the bank; but he put a stop to that game, by making a serious complaint to the employers, whose names were pointed legibly on the barge.

Generally, we found them civil, but for a long time I had a dread of them, derived, I think, from their griminess of aspect, and the wild out-of-door lives they led. I think my timid heart, too, was alarmed by the huge clasp-knives with which they cut the thickest sandwiches I have ever seen. And the man or great lad, who smacked his whip at the horse, with nose in nose-bag munching as he went, was often given to very bad language, which made me tremble.

Many brick bridges, very white with constant lime-washing, span our canal; and beside these there are swing-bridges of wood. One was put up for the convenience of my father's tenant. When the canal was dug, the canal cut the glebe in two, and the rector bargained for a swing-bridge, and got it. This, as its name implies, was made to swing to one side, and so let the barges through.

No treat could be given to the Sunday-school children which enchanted them so much as a barge trip. Well do I remember the first we had. I think the idea came into my head one Sunday evening, when I, then the rector, was wondering what we were to do to strike out something new. The idea soon bore fruit; and, one happy morning, a cargo of merry youngsters were packed in a long narrow barge, which carried also teachers and invited friends, with provisions for a long summer day. A tarpaulin lent us by the friendly railway company was spread over our heads, for who dare trust English skies? and, by a fortunate chance, I remembered that we might be late; might feel the night air chilly; might, in such a case, let down the tarpaulin sides; might thus form a snug room, and, if so, a few lamps would be an improvement! So I hurried to the church, and borrowed half a dozen. We had a small fife-and-drum band, which seemed all life or all drum; but it did its best. One great terror beset me all the day, and that was—fingers!

Yes, fingers—crushed into bleeding pulp betwixt the barge-side and the brick edging under the bridges, where the canal narrows so much, that a wide barge can just get through, and often grinds its side against the bricks. So, early in the day, and all through the day, the cry of 'fingers' was raised, whenever a bridge loomed in sight. One sport was to throw paper boats into the 'cut' at the bow end, and, as the barge went on, successive little hands were dipped in the tepid soft water, to catch one of the tiny ships. At noon we halted for lunch at some unknown place, several miles from home, and by three o'clock we were at a kindly farmer's house, where, by appointment, boiling water was to be had in ample supply.

Games succeeded the tea-fight, and yet more games, and we elders began to look anxiously at the westering sun, and to point out the need of departure. The barge, we may say, after landing us, had been towed about two miles further to find a 'basin.' And what is that? A basin is a large round place cut out in the bank opposite the tow-path, a place where a barge can turn. A full-sized barge can only be turned round in a basin. Long before the time we left the farmer's, the boat had her nose pointing homeward, and at last the voyage began. It was more lively going home than coming out, for the news had spread, and the children—yea, and elders too—were assembled on the white bridges, hurrahing and creating no end of a stir; and many boys and girls ran on the tow-path for a mile or so, and exchanged defiance with our children; but they soon got tired and dropped astern, and, as we came within two or three miles from home, we felt the summer-night wind was cold, and we let down our tarpaulin sides, and lit our lamps, and sang hymns alternately with the fifeing and drumming. At home, we were given up for lost. The whole village was on our bridge, looking out for us. They had expected us hours before. Anxiety was felt in many a mother's bosom, and no wonder, for it was a first voyage. Our return was heralded by a distant sound of music. 'Oh, there they are!' 'Now I hear them!' 'Oh, how cold they'll be!' 'Bless them, what a day they've had!' 'I wonder what made them so late?' 'Perhaps the horse went lame.' 'Perhaps the rope broke.' So the simple, good-hearted villagers talked, no doubt, though I was not there to hear them, for I was on board the belated barge.

We had settled on 'Home, Sweet Home,' to be sung at the Mill bridge, about three grass fields from our own bridge, then Keble's Evening Hymn for the finale; and, as we were singing,

'Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in Heaven above,'—

we landed close to the assembled village, and then there was a lively scene going on, in the almost darkness, of mothers finding children, and children chatting of the great event to mothers. That trip has often been repeated since that day, and our village feast in mid-July generally ends now with a water frolic on the dear old canal. G. S. O.



The Tow-path of the Canal.



"Now, you and Willie sit down, and I will read the letter."

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 331.)

CHAPTER XIX.



H, Charlie, dear Charlie, how are we to live without mother?' Such were the woful words spoken by Hannah Grindley the evening after the funeral had taken place, and when she found that the world was going on as before, though her own home was desolate, and her little heart felt quite broken. 'Oh, Charlie,' she added, 'how I wish that I could have died with her!'

'Hush, hush, you must not speak like that!' whispered her brother, drawing the forlorn little black-robed figure into his arms, and pressing a kiss upon her fair curls. 'No, no, Hannah; you must think of Willie and me. How could we ever have got on if both you and mother had been taken from us? It is bad enough, darling, as it is, terribly bad, especially for you, my poor little pet; but, Hannah dear, you could be such a comfort to us if you chose!'

On hearing these words, the little girl looked up with a new light in her eyes. 'A comfort to you, Charlie, oh, I should indeed like to be a comfort to you and Willie, but how could I? I am not wise like mother, and then I am so little!'

'So you are, my pet,' said her brother kindly; 'you are our little darling, you belong to Willie and me, and when we come home in the evening, I from the warehouse and Willie from school, don't you think that it would be a pleasure to us to see you sitting here in the very chair that dear mother used to sit in, and making tea for us as she used to do? Couldn't you do as much as that for us, Hannah?'

'Oh, yes,' she exclaimed, with a smile, 'I could easily do that, but then'—and her face fell again—'think of the long, long day when you are all out, and when there is no one with me but the servants. Oh, Charlie!'—and her eyes filled with tears—'mother used to give me lessons and talk to me so sweetly, but now—'

'Yes, yes, dear; I know, I understand,' said Charlie. 'You will feel very lonely, I am afraid; but, Hannah, tell me, would you not like to go to school—to a day school, I mean, where you would meet with other girls and learn lessons with them? I think it would be good for you, dear.'

But the very thought of school terrified Hannah; she had been kept very much at home, and so she was a shy and timid child.

'Well, never mind, don't think about it,' said Charlie, soothingly, 'father will tell us what he means to do, and meantime let us be as happy as we can. Wouldn't you like to hear Ernest's letter? Father said we might read it.'

Then Hannah brightened up once more. 'Oh, that will be delightful!' she said. 'I had quite

forgotten all about it; it came, you know, just before—'

'Yes, yes, I know,' cried Charlie again. 'It came just before mother died. Don't be afraid to talk about mother, Hannah. Let us get used to the thought that she is now an angel in Heaven, but that she still loves us, and perhaps can see us, and would certainly like to know that we are happy. Now, you and Willie sit down, and I will read the letter.'

'MY DEAREST MOTHER,—'

'It gave me such pleasure to receive your last letter and to know that you are all well. And now I have a great deal to tell you about myself and about my change of plans, for, mother, I mean to leave Kingston, indeed I am going to leave Jamaica altogether, but I must tell you how it is. We have gone through a great many anxieties lately: first, a dreadful hurricane, which did immense damage all over the island; then we had a visitation of that terrible scourge, Asiatic cholera. Among the first to die was our employer; and, oh, mother, his death was so sudden. He was in the store the afternoon before his death, feeling quite well, yet he died through the night and was buried at sunrise! We all felt as though we could not believe it. Then, mother, the business was sold, and the man who bought it was one that I would not have liked to serve under, he was so overbearing and hard on us. So I and a fellow called Goldie gave up our situations, intending to move to another and healthier part of the island, where we might seek for employment in the same line of business. Just at this crisis, Goldie's mother, who lives in Sydney, wrote to tell him of his father's death, and to beg him to return to Sydney, as he was the eldest son. Well, he agreed to this, and, at the same time, he asked me to go too. He said that his mother would take me in for a week or two, till I got employment. I was quite pleased at this, mother, for if Goldie had left the island I should have missed him terribly. He has been my chief friend while here, and more like a brother to me than a mere friend. So now, mother, before you get this letter, I shall have left Jamaica, I hope, for ever. Tell my little cousin Fred that when I reach Sydney, and get settled somewhere, I shall certainly look up the man who was so kind to Aunt Mary and her two little boys. He will be glad to hear of Fred, although, long ere this, he has probably heard everything from you. Dear mother, it was just like your kind heart to say that you would take Freddie to be a son to you instead of poor Walter. I am quite sure Fred must be happy with you all. Now, dearest mother, my best love to all of you. Never forget your loving son,

'ERNEST GRINDLEY.'

There was a long pause after Charlie finished reading this letter, each of the three young people being busy with their own thoughts. At last Willie broke the silence. 'I should like some day or other to go out to Sydney and join Ernest. I hate Birmingham; now that mother is gone, it does not seem like the same place.'

'No, indeed,' said Hannah, with a sigh, 'everything seems so sad.'

But when Charlie spoke he changed the subject altogether.

'I can't think enough of Fred's sudden disappearance,' he said. 'I could almost believe that he had run away as Ernest and Walter did, except that I am sure he would never willingly have left mother, who was so kind to him. And the strange thing is this, that, wherever he has gone to, mother evidently knew all about it, and helped him to get away. Do you know what I think, Willie, and you, Hannah?'

'What? what?' cried both the brother and sister at once.

'I think he has gone away to Tom Ryder, the man who saved him from the mutineers and brought him here. And I am sure mother thought it best for him to go, and helped him away. She would have told us all about it, I am sure, had she lived. But there is one thing which I certainly cannot understand at all, and that is why Fred does not write; it really seems so strange. If mother had lived, think how disappointed she would have felt when day after day passed without bringing any letter. Well, well,' he added, 'I suppose we must just wait as patiently as we can and see what turns up.'

'Do you know where the man, Tom Ryder, lives?' asked Willie, thoughtfully.

'He lives in Glasgow,' replied Charlie, 'but I don't know in what part. Glasgow is a large city, and there may be twenty Tom Ryders in it.'

'I wonder if father knows,' said Willie again.

'I don't think he does,' replied Charlie. 'Mother kept all Fred's affairs to herself. You see, he was her nephew, not father's; it makes a difference, of course.'

'But I wish he had not gone away,' sighed little Hannah; 'the house feels so empty now. I loved him very much indeed.'

'I can tell you,' said Willie once more, 'I only wish I had Fred's chances; he has no one to lord it over him. Tom Ryder seems to have been as kind as possible, and if he should take Fred to sea! think how delightful! I am sure I would ask for nothing better.'

'But you forget, Willie, how much poor Fred has suffered already while at sea,' said Hannah. 'Think of the terrible mutiny, and the murder of the kind captain, and then the death of our cousin Cecil! No, I do not think Freddie could wish to enter a ship again.'

'Oh, you think that, Hannah, just because you are a girl,' said Willie. 'But boys are quite different; almost all boys love the sea. I am sure I do, and I don't mind telling you that I mean to be a sailor so soon as I am old enough to choose for myself.'

'All right—all right!' cried Charlie. 'But shut up about these things just now; you are only vexing Hannah. She does not like to think of any more of us leaving home, and neither do I. But I'll tell you what I wish—I wish with all my heart that I knew how father intends to carry on the house now that dear mother has left us. I wish we had an aunt or a grown-up cousin who could come and stay with us, and make things cheerful for Hannah.'

'Oh, I don't want any stranger to come among us!' cried Hannah, clinging closer to her brother. 'I am not fond of strangers; I feel afraid of them.'

'Ah, but you must not be so timid, Hannah,' said her brother, cheerfully. 'However, we must just wait and see.'

But we must now return to Fred Malcolm, and see how he is getting along with his old friend, Tom Ryder.

(Continued at page 346.)

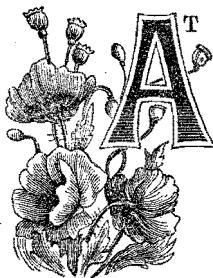
'CAPACITY.'

A MUCH overdressed woman blustered into a school in New York City about examination time and said to the principal, 'I wish my daughter to be put up into a higher class, because we are going to make a great scholar of her.'

'I am afraid, madam, you will never be able to do that,' said the tired teacher; 'she has no capacity.'

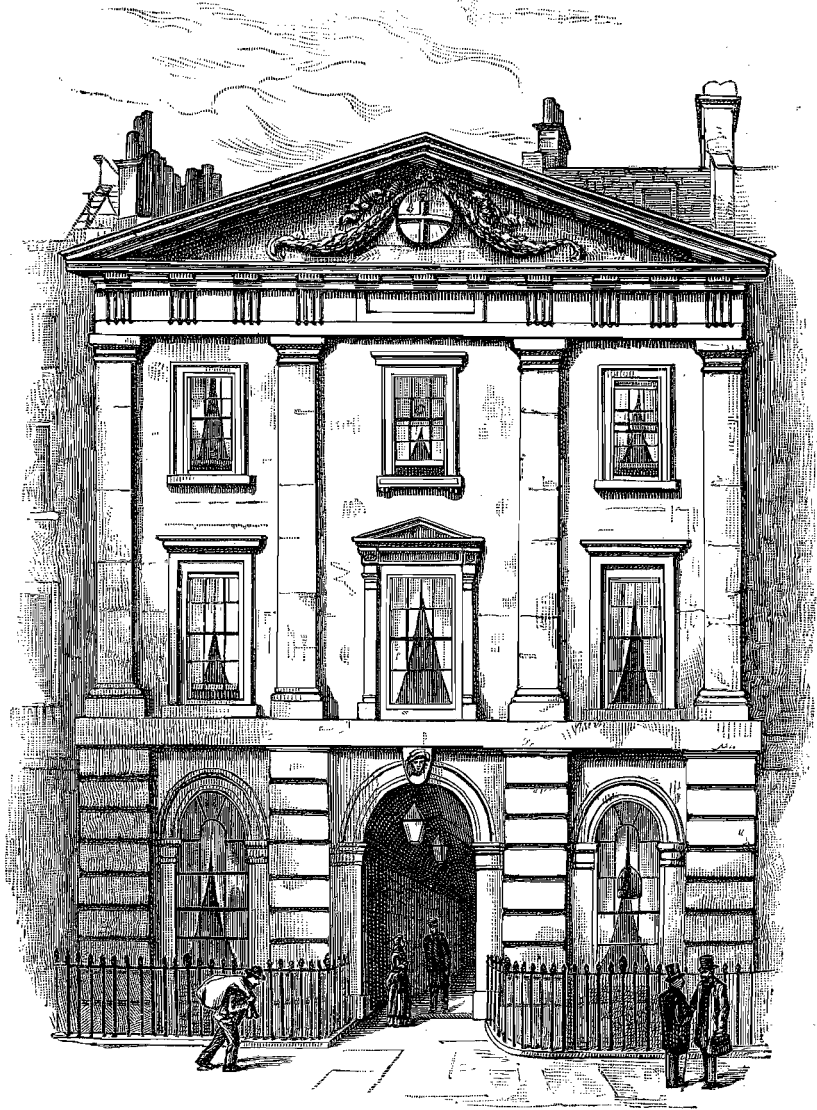
'Indeed, then,' replied the woman, shaking her head and all that was on it, 'her father shall get her one, no matter what it costs.'

BRIDEWELL.



AT that angle of the river Thames which was formed by the estuary of the Fleet ditch, there stood for many years a castellated palace. This once Royal precinct occupied the space which at present is bounded by Fleet Street, New Bridge Street, and the Thames Embankment. This parish has the name of the Danish saint, Bridget, and here is the

only church in London dedicated to St. Bride. A holy spring once was here, which was supposed to possess miraculous curative powers. This spring also bore the saint's name, and in course of time the Royal Palace hard by was termed Bride-well. It is hard to realise that this district of ceaseless traffic once was a beautiful and well-wooded retreat, separated from the busy scenes of the adjacent city by a stream flowing so swiftly that it was called 'the Fleet,' while its main bank was washed by the tidal waters of the Thames. The first building of any repute in this place was a tower or castle belonging to the King, for as far back as A.D. 1087, 'Mauritius, then Bishop of London, began the foundation of a new church, to which King William (the Conqueror) gave the choice stones of his castle, while afterwards King Henry I. gave stones from the castle yard, so as to enclose and form the precincts of the new church.' The Castle, being thus dismantled, stood in the place whereon now standeth the house called



Bridewell, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London.

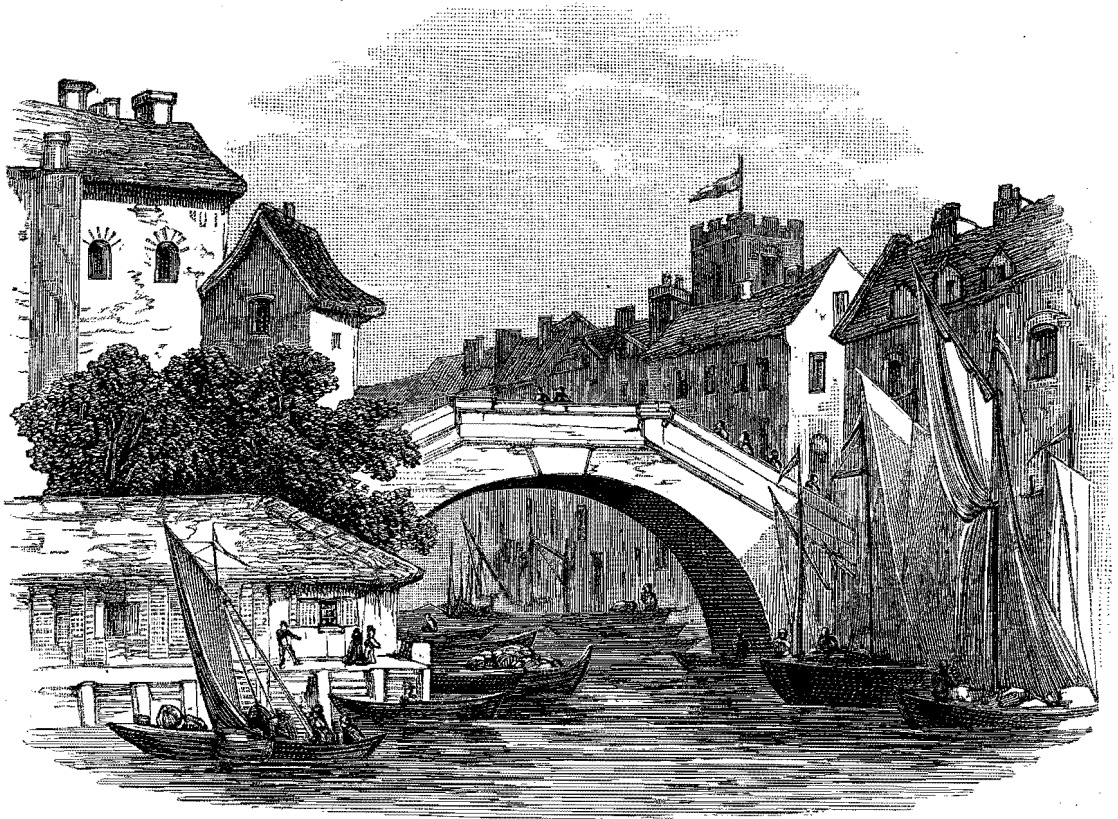
Bridewell. But, notwithstanding the destruction of the said castle, the house remained large, so that the kings of the realm long after were lodged there, and kept their courts.*

A great part of this house was given to the Bishop of Salisbury (hence Salisbury Square), the other part remaining waste till the time of Henry VIII. After various changes, Bridewell Palace and pre-

cincts appear to have passed into the possession of Cardinal Wolsey, but, on the downfall of that great prelate and statesman, they again reverted to the Crown.

In 1522 Henry VIII. repaired the old Palace for the reception of the Emperor Charles V., who, however, lodged in the Blackfriars, and his suite in the Palace, a gallery of communication being flung over the Fleet estuary, and a passage cut through the city wall into the Emperor's apartments.

* Stow.



Old Fleet Bridge.

After Wolsey's fall, Henry VIII. resided at Bridewell, particularly during the agitation at Blackfriars concerning his marriage with Queen Catherine of Aragon. It was at Bridewell also that the unhappy Catherine received Wolsey and Campeggio, with a skein of red silk round her neck, being at work with her maidens. In the following year Henry and his Queen resided at the Bridewell Palace while the question of their marriage was pending at the Blackfriars, after which, taking a dislike to the place, the King allowed it to fall into decay, in which state it remained until it was devoted to charitable uses in the following reign.

A few days before his death (January, 1547) King Henry VIII. granted the Charters of Bethlehem and St. Bartholomew's Hospitals to the City of London. The circumstances which led to this were as follows:—The King having suppressed the monasteries, it was soon found that London became filled with multitudes of necessitous and also of idly disposed and dissolute persons, who before that period had depended on these monasteries for support. It therefore became necessary to adopt some plan, not only for the correction of offenders, but also for the

relief of such as were in absolute want of shelter and of the necessaries of life. The first effort towards this praiseworthy and charitable end was made by the good Bishop of London, 'Nicholas Ridley,' the same man who, in the reign of Mary Tudor, was burnt at the stake for his continued adherence to the Protestant cause. The Bishop wrote a pathetic letter to Sir William Cecyl, secretary to the young King, whom he knew to be of a pious disposition, as well as much about the King's person. As this letter very clearly shows what manner of man the Bishop was, it is given here almost in full:—

'GOOD MASTER CECYL,

'I must be a suitor with you in our Master, Christ's cause. I beseech you to be good to Him. The matter is, sir, that He hath been too long abroad without lodging in the streets of London, both hungry, naked, and cold. Now, thanks be to Almighty God, the citizens are ready to refresh Him, and give Him meat, drink, clothing, and firing; but, alas! they lack lodging for Him, for, in some one house at the present time, they are fain to lodge three families under one roof.

'Sir, there is a wide, large, empty house of the King's Majesty called Bridewell, which would wonderfully well serve to lodge Christ in if He might find friends at Court to procure in His cause. I have promised my brethren, the citizens, to move you in this matter, because I do take you for one that feareth God, and would that Christ should be no more abroad in the street.'

The Bishop also wrote to other men about the Court whom he judged to be well-disposed in these matters, with the good result that the young King sent for him, and treated him with the greatest respect, thanking him heartily for his sermon and good exhortation (the Bishop having preached before him), and not only granted his request, but gave to such as should be overseers and governors of the said houses, viz., 'Christ's, Bridewell, and St. Thomas, a Charter of Corporation, and authority for the government thereof, also requesting that he (the King) might be accounted as the chief founder and patron thereof. Also he granted lands of the yearly value of 600*l.* unto the City of London for the maintenance of the aforesaid foundation.'

Then, in the hearing of those who were about him, the young King uttered this prayer: 'Lord, I yield Thee most hearty thanks that Thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the glory of Thy Name.' Two days after this Edward VI. died, having by this, almost the last, act of his life become the founder of the Royal hospitals in London.

When all arrangements were completed, provision was made, firstly, for the innocent and fatherless children in the house that was the late Grey Friars in London, but now called by the name of 'Christ's Hospital'; secondly, for those visited by grievous disease, the hospital of St. Thomas in Southwark, and St. Bartholomew in West Smithfield; and, thirdly, for the idle and dissolute, the house of Bridewell.

The stream called 'the Fleet,' which ran by the Bridewell Palace, shared in the changes which came over the city as the years rolled on. Fed by the upper rivulets, it became, by the time it reached the Bridewell Palace, a river that joined the Thames at this very spot. In the year A.D. 1307 we find that a complaint was laid before King Edward I. that the course of water running at London under Fleet Bridge into the Thames had become so choked up with refuse thrown into it from the tanneries on its banks, that ships could no longer enter as they were wont to do. Therefore the river was cleansed at great expense, and other things were done to preserve the water-course. Very often was this cleansing repeated, but the last time it was done to any effect was in the year A.D. 1502, when the whole course of Fleet Dyke (or ditch) was scoured down to the Thames, so that boats carrying fish, fuel, and other necessities were rowed to the Fleet Bridge as of old times, to the great comfort and contentment of the citizens. In A.D. 1589 another great cleansing was attempted, but the result was only failure; in a few years the channel became more cloyed than ever it had been before.

(Concluded at page 347.)

THE VOLE FAMILY.

DRIVING one afternoon along the banks of the little river which runs down the lovely valley between Buxton and Miller's Dale, our driver suddenly pulled up and showed us a very pretty sight. The swirling greeny-brown water danced and played over the rocks and pebbles which obstructed its progress, beneath the shadow of overhanging trees, through which gleams of sunlight flashed on tiny cascades and wreaths of foam. About mid-stream, on a rather wide boulder lying in full light, sat a pretty brown creature, making its toilet, and clearly quite willing to give us the pleasure of watching it. A tiny counterpart of itself lay beside its mother, fast asleep, and on another stone a few yards distant another furry creature basked in the sunshine. Our friendly driver informed us that our new acquaintances were the Vole family—papa, mamma, and the baby. The lady sat up on her hind legs, and washed her face, brushed her hair, and trimmed her whiskers to her complete satisfaction, and then as our carriage moved on the sound of the wheels must have suggested danger, for she picked up the baby in her mouth, and plunged into the stream and made for the opposite bank, whilst papa politely gave up his afternoon siesta and followed her. I had often heard and seen the plunge and hurry-scurry of disturbed water-rats, but this peep at their quiet family life gave me quite a different idea of them and inspired me with a desire to know some facts about the Vole family, which having learned I will share with you.

Voles seem to exist everywhere, but their size and colour depend on their surroundings. The lucky ones who dwell in the rich lands of the South and Midlands of England, are of a deep brown, and between eight and nine inches long. Those of the Scottish and Northern streams are more grey in colour, and not more than six inches in length, and are known by the name of Shear-mouse. This is probably in allusion to a very human arrangement by which Mr. Vole always shears a little lawn before his front door. Their homes are burrowed out of the sloping banks of streams, and there are always two entrances, one close to the water, the other higher up and further inland. In many ways the Voles resemble rats, with which they are often confounded, but their hair is much thicker, softer, and more shiny. They have small, dainty heads, with very gentle, innocent eyes, and, unlike rats, their ears and tails are covered with thick fur. They live on the roots of water plants, as well as of those which grow above in the moist ground. Some naturalists say that they eat fish, frogs, and insects; but there seems to be good reason for questioning this, whilst there is no doubt that the pike family, as well as the larger trout, find a tender young vole a most toothsome meal.

Spread over the world are some fifty species of the vole tribe, and some, more like mice than rats, are terrible pests to the farmers in certain seasons. Amongst the larger kind may be mentioned the white water rat of Canada, whose coat is remarkably thick, soft, and glossy.

HELENA HEATH.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

ONE autumn day, around the school-yard gate
The school-boys stood to see the hares depart;
We took our place about a minute late,
And watched, impatient, for the sign to start.

The signal came. We flew (Hal Smith and I)
Across the open stretch at our best pace,
And, down the hill to Burford, seemed to fly,
To make the best of ten short minutes' grace.

Before we reached the wood in Milford glade,
The cheers they sent behind us down the hill,
With every passing moment seemed to fade,
Until the air around grew hushed and still.

'I vote,' said Hal, 'we make for Wincombe down,
Then round the road to where the poplars grow,
And, keeping up this pace, could reach the town
Quite easily in half an hour or so.'

So off we started up the winding track,
And, till we reached the down, nor stopped nor
stayed;
But on the top we turned, and, looking back,
We saw the hounds beneath us in the glade.

With wild 'Hurrah!' we raced across the green;
The grass beneath us seemed to slip behind;
The hounds, we knew, our flying forms had seen,
And now their voices reached us on the wind.

'Keep up!' cried Hal; 'we'll yet escape the hunt.'
I heard him panting as we left the down;
Then round the road, the poplars rose in front—
Then shot behind—and we were in the town.

The school-yard gates, we saw, were drawing near,
And as we ran, one backward look we cast;
The hounds, the hounds, were close up in our rear;
But—the gates flashed by, and we were safe at
last. JOHN LEE.

SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. IX.



THE funniest piece of dodging work
that ever fell to my share was
when two or three of us were up
in the Cheyenne territory on a
trapping and hunting expedition.
One of my mates fell sick, and
all he could do was to crawl
about camp and cook for us. The
other—Spider Bill we called him,
on account of his long, thin legs
—had had a cruel hard day's
work, and said that he would stay in camp the time
I'm speaking of, whilst I started out to get some

fresh venison—if I could. I say 'if I could,' be-
cause the Cheyennes were all about, and had killed
off most of the deer, and we had to be very careful in
our movements in case they should drop upon us
unawares. Well, early in the morning, off I went to
try my luck. For three or four hours I got no show
with the deer, but at last I saw a small herd feeding
near a clump of trees, and set to work to stalk them.
It was a plaguy long job, and meat was so scarce
with us that I didn't want to hurry the thing and
then find I had made a mess of it, and startled them
before getting within range.

Bit by bit I crept up, hid behind a bush, drew a
head on the biggest of the lot, and fired. He was
hit, but not so hard as to stop him running off with
the rest. I started after him, and soon saw that he was
dropping behind. I loaded as I ran, and was going
to fire again as he entered a small copse. Just as I
got the rifle to my shoulder I heard a rustle in the
trees, and thought I caught sight of a man hiding
behind a clump of dwarf bushes. 'Indians,' I said
to myself, and jumped for shelter behind a tree-
trunk. The buck fell dead a few paces farther on
than where I had seen the man sheltering. I should
think I waited nigh upon an hour to see if he made
any move, but he was wary and just as patient as I
was. Then I began to crawl on my hands and knees
round, so as, if possible, to take him from the rear.
No fear! he was as artful as I was about it, and as
soon as he spotted me moving, he moved too, so as to
get on to some higher ground and put me at a dis-
advantage. Often, as you most of you know, it
means death in these bush skirmishes if you let
your enemy get first fair shot at you, so each one
schemed to get a sight of the other, and yet keep
out of reach of his bullet. Finally, after a terrible
long time, during which I couldn't even catch a sight
of him, I thought I saw the bough of a big tree,
some distance off me, shaking a bit more than it
ought to do in the light breeze then blowing, and,
venturing half a yard forward, I felt certain he must
have climbed up it unseen by me. Thinking that
when he got a little higher up the tree he would
be able to command my position, I shifted smartly
round to the far side of my tree-trunk, you may be
sure. Well, the waiting got so dreadful tiresome
at last that I guessed I would try the old trick of
hoisting my fur cap on a stick so as to draw his fire,
and see exactly whereabouts he was. I cut a small
stick, put the cap on it, and gently hoisted it above
the clump where I was waiting for his shot. Instead
of hearing the crack of a rifle, all I heard was—

'Why, Seth, old chap! what a game we've been
having these two hours! You thinking me a
Redskin, and me returning the compliment! Brace
of fools they will call us, I'm thinking, though how we
could tell otherwise without chancing getting our
top-knots raised, I don't know.'

And down comes old Spider Bill from his tree,
looking about as foolish as I felt.

'Spider,' I says, 'guess we won't boast about this
expedition. I reckon we will just let it slide out
of our minds. Let's pick up the venison and get
back.'

Which we did, and we never told about the job
from that day to this. FOX RUSSELL.



"The buck fell dead a few paces further on."

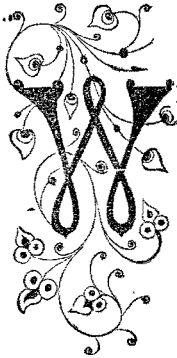


Fred gets an Outfit of Suitable Clothing.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 339.)

CHAPTER XX.



WELL, Master Fred, how you have grown, to be sure! Why, you are a head taller since I saw you last.' And, as Tom Ryder spoke these words, he held Fred Malcolm at arm's length, gazing, as he did so, into the lad's face, glowing as it was with delight at this meeting with his tried and trusty sailor friend. 'But still, Fred, you have not filled out enough; you are thin, my lad,

and, now that I look at you, your face is too pink and white, too like a girl's. How does that come about?'

'Well, I have been ill, Tom,' replied the boy, 'for six weeks or so; I caught a chill during a January snow-storm, but I am all right now, or nearly so; but I say, Tom, do you know that I have come to you for good? I have come to claim the promise you made to Cecil, that when I needed a friend you would take me, and treat me as a boy of your own; you won't go back from your word, Tom?'

'Not I, indeed,' replied Tom, gravely; 'but have you run away from your uncle's house, Fred?'

'Oh, no,' replied the boy, cheerfully, 'my aunt sent me; but, Tom, here is her letter, and you will understand all about it. Oh, Tom, my aunt and cousins are as good as gold.'

Then Tom read the letter in which poor Mrs. Grindley explained that she had not long to live, and that, though Fred was very dear to her, she sent him away rather than allow him to begin life in a spirit store in Aberdeen.

Then Tom folded up the letter, 'Ah, she is a good lady this,' he said, 'she must have been almost like a mother to you, Fred. Well, my lad, you belong to me now. I take you with all my heart, and I will do for you all that I can, but—'

'But what, Tom?' asked Fred, with some anxiety, for the seaman had paused with a thoughtful look on his face, which struck a chill to the boy's heart; 'I hope that I am not to be a burden to you?'

'No, indeed, Fred, no more a burden than one of my own sons would be; but still I must explain to you. I have given up sailing in a trading vessel, Fred, for I got a very good offer from the captain of a whaler, which I accepted. Fred, I am now mate of the whaling ship *Diana*. I have been one voyage in her already, and I am to sail again the day after to-morrow.'

Here there was a pause for a minute or two, during which Fred's face expressed blank despair. 'But do you mean that you can't take me with you, Tom?' he asked at length. 'Oh, Tom, surely a boy can be useful in a whaler?'

'Of course he can, Fred,' said the seaman promptly. 'There will be other boys on board, you may be sure,

but the question in my mind is what will the good lady, your aunt, say to it? In a whaling ship, Fred, the life is hard and at times dangerous, and the boys get all the dirty work to do, you may be sure of that.'

'Of course they do,' said Fred, cheerfully; 'but what am I that I should refuse the humblest work on board? My aunt has always taught me that honest work is honourable, whatever the work may be. I am not afraid of work, Tom; oh, don't refuse to take me! I have nobody now but you!'

Then Tom shook his hand heartily. 'Well, it is a bargain, Fred; I will speak to Captain Hart about you. I know that he will be glad of a boy whom I recommend, and now, my lad, we have little time to lose, for, as I said, we must be at Plymouth the day after to-morrow.'

'At Plymouth!' repeated Fred in surprise. 'Why I thought that the Greenland whalers mostly sailed from Dundee or Aberdeen?'

'I dare say they do,' replied Tom, with a laugh; 'but we are not going to hunt the Greenland whale this voyage. We are going to the south seas, Fred, to attack the sperm whale, a very different creature, but almost more valuable. It may not have quite so much blubber about it, but it has lots of spermaceti. You would scarcely believe it if I told you how much of this stuff can be got from one whale. Why, last year we caught one big fellow, and when all the oil and spermaceti was sold, they said that we cleared a thousand pounds off that fish alone.'

'And who got the money?' asked Fred; 'I mean to whom did the fish belong? I suppose to the owners of the *Diana*.'

'Oh, that is just according to arrangement,' replied Tom. 'If the men are engaged to go whaling at fixed wages, then, of course, they get those wages, even if not a single whale is caught; but, then, suppose three or four are caught, and the ship goes home with a valuable cargo, the men are none the better for the success which they have had, they only get their fixed wage. Now, that is discouraging, and it tempts the men not to care much whether they are successful or not. On board the *Diana* things are different; each man is paid a fixed wage, but, in addition to that, each one, from the master to the youngest boy, receives a certain sum for every ton of oil which is brought home. You can see that in this way it is each man's interest to be as active as possible, and to keep as good a look-out as he can for the first sight of a whale. But, Fred, as I said before, we must be busy, since we have to sail so soon. Suppose you go with me and get an outfit of suitable clothing? Your good aunt has sent some money which will come in very handy for that, and, as we go along to the shop, you can ask me any other question you like about whales. On our return to the house you will see my wife and boys; they will all be home by then, and will be main glad to see you, I know.' So saying, Tom led the way, and as they went along Fred asked, 'Does the sperm whale always live in southern waters, Tom, as the Greenland whale does in the far north?'

'Oh, no,' replied Tom; 'the sperm whale is a good deal more spread over the world than its cousin, the Greenland whale; several times within the last

hundred years they have been caught on the coasts of Great Britain, they have also been sometimes taken in the Mediterranean Sea; still, these have been wanderers, for as a rule, it is in the southern waters of the world that they find their true home.'

'And I suppose that both kinds are very like each other?' asked Fred.

'No, indeed; you are out there,' observed Tom, with a laugh. 'The sperm whale is larger even than the Greenland variety, which is large enough, as you will see, when I tell you that fifty or sixty feet is no uncommon length for them to attain. Then, the head of the sperm whale is enormously large, with a blunt muzzle, a large mouth furnished with teeth, also a wide throat. It is said that it can swallow a man whole; whether it has ever done so or not, I really cannot say. But the Greenland whale, though it also has a huge mouth, has a very narrow throat, and no teeth at all, its mouth being furnished with the material called whalebone, which acts as a kind of trap to catch the tiny squids and other molluscs which constitute its food. It is said that the mouth of a large Greenland whale sometimes contains nearly two tons in weight of this material; and as whalebone, when dressed and cleaned, sells at about 450*l.* per ton, one can easily imagine what a prize a fine large whale must be.'

'Yes, indeed,' answered Fred; 'but as the sperm whale has none of this queer stuff in its mouth, it must be a less valuable creature, I suppose?'

'Not at all,' said Tom; 'it is equally valuable in its way, for you must remember the enormous quantity of spermaceti which its head contains. Why, Fred, ten barrelsful have often been taken from the head alone—just think of that!'

'What strange creatures they must be!' observed Fred, thoughtfully. 'I wonder, now, why the spermaceti is all crowded into the head of the whale,' he added; 'has it anything to do with the brain, do you think?'

'No,' said Tom, 'the brain, which is very small, is in quite a separate part of the head; but what purpose it serves is not very clear, unless it be to give buoyancy to the fore part of the huge body. I think myself that this must be its chief use, for it is well known that the sperm whale when killed does not sink, as the Greenland whale so often does, and; besides this, it has been noticed that the creature swims with its head high out of the water. But, Fred, it seems to me that I am giving you a lesson in natural history; suppose we change the subject now that we are getting near my house again. Don't you think that, after my wife gives us a bit of dinner, you should write to your aunt and tell her that you are safe with me, and that you are to sail in the *Diana*, to the south-sea whale-fishing?'

Then Fred explained that his aunt did not wish him to write until he received a letter from her. 'You see, Tom,' he added, 'she does not wish my uncle to know where I am, at least for a while; she is so afraid that he might follow me here, and send me off to Aberdeen. Can you tell me, Tom, whether, by law of the land, Mr. Grindley has any authority over me? Aunt was afraid he might have.'

But Tom shook his head. 'I can't tell you that, Fred, but we will follow your aunt's counsel and

keep quiet till she writes to you. The law is a very uncertain thing to meddle with; and, if we should have sailed before any letter comes to you, my wife can forward it when it does come to the Cape, where we are to touch.'

But no letter came, and thus Fred set sail in the *Diana*, quite ignorant of the death of the dear aunt who had cared for him so kindly ever since the day when he had come as a poor orphan to his uncle's house to beg for the shelter of his home.

(Continued at page 358.)

THE TWO MONKEYS AND THEIR MASTERS.

A Fable.

TWO brother monkeys, who were tired of their life among the trees in Monkeyland, determined to leave their place of abode, and seek a livelihood out in the world. They had not gone far before they met a bear coming along in his usual floundering way. The monkeys asked him if he were in need of a servant. The bear said that he was not particular; but if one of them wished he could go and live with him, and he would be supplied with plenty of food and a good bed at night to sleep on. Presently a fox came up and asked what their talk was about. The monkeys told him they were looking out for a place. Reynard said he was just then in need of a servant, and would take one of them, who would have good wages paid to him and not very much work to do. This proposal seemed very agreeable. So one of them went with the fox and the other with the bear. Some time afterwards the two monkeys met again, and each asked the other how he was getting on. The one who went with the fox said he was nearly worked to death, and had very little food to eat; and, as to wages, he had never seen any signs of them yet. The bear's servant said he was getting on very well, and had plenty of good food to eat and a cosy bed to lie on at night, and although his master, the bear, had rather a rough appearance, yet he had a very kind heart.

MORAL: We must not judge people by their exterior, for very often those who have the roughest exterior possess the kindest heart.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

BRIDEWELL.

(Concluded from page 342.)

IN A.D. 1608 twelve large granaries were erected in the Bridewell hospital precincts at the expense of the City, also two houses for the storage of coals. In A.D. 1624 a letter from the Lords of the Council was addressed to the Lord Mayor, requesting him to see that 2000 quarters of wheat should be delivered from the granaries at Bridewell to be made into biscuit with all expedition for the use of the Navy.

One hundred and thirty years after this the magistrates of the City of London were empowered to erect a stone bridge across the river Thames from Blackfriars to the opposite coast of the county of Surrey; also to fill up the channel of the Fleet Ditch, for, alas! by this time the once clear and fast-running stream had become a public nuisance. Alexander Pope, the poet and satirist, thus alludes to the Fleet Ditch:—

‘This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
As morning prayer and flagellations end,

still was erected, and is called Blackfriars Bridge, forming a fitting termination to the Thames Embankment.

The education of destitute children and the cure of paupers afflicted with disease, having been provided for by the erection of the hospitals of Christ Church, St. Bartholomew, and St. Thomas, the citizens next turned their attention to the establishment of a place for the reception of those vagrants and mendicants who were not fit objects for these institutions, and with this view a petition was pre-



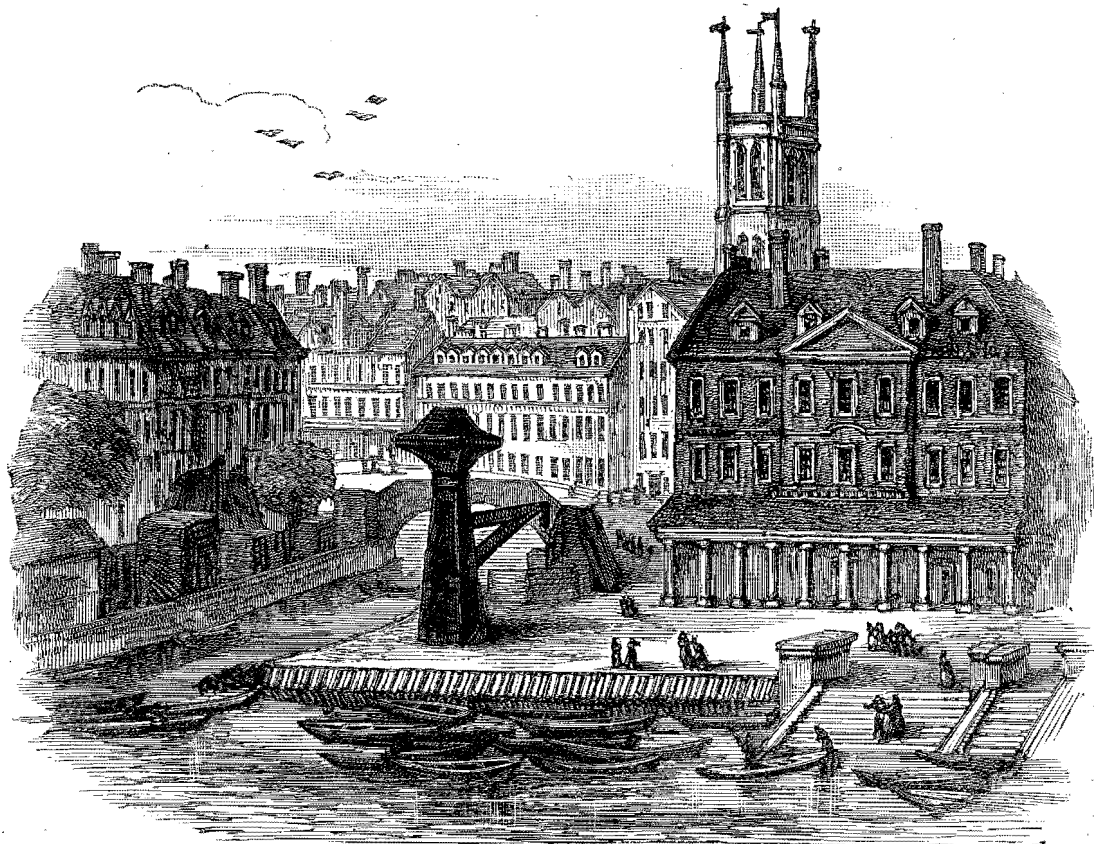
River Front of Bridewell, showing Granaries (about 1660).

To where Fleet Ditch, with disemboing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.'

Words such as these show us that it was high time that the Fleet Ditch should be filled up. So it came about that the bridge now existing at Blackfriars fills the mouth of the once filthy Fleet Ditch. This bridge was originally named Pitt's Bridge, in honour of William Pitt, earl of Chatham.

A hundred years later a new and finer bridge

sent to King Edward VI., praying for a grant of the ancient Palace of Bridewell, which appeared suitable for their purpose. The King's consent having been obtained, a statement was presented to the Council, setting forth the objects of the institution, pointing out that beggary and thieving abounded everywhere, and, though many statutes had been made for the redress of these evils, little amendment had followed, the conclusion being that idleness was the cause of all this misery; therefore work was recommended in order that beggary and thieving might be reformed; also promising that, as the



Fleet Ditch (1749).

citizens had given large sums for the furnishing of Christ's and St. Thomas's, so they would do the needful for the third house also.

The union of Bridewell with Bethlehem was made at a Court, held at Christ's Hospital, in A.D. 1557. Although the objects of the two hospitals were different, yet the same Governors acted for both. The arrangements made for the reformation of idle vagrants at Bridewell seem strange to our modern notions. 'Great care was to be taken that vagrants not belonging to the City were to depart for their own place of birth or last abode. If they returned in a roguish manner, they were to be whipped at a cart's tail. If any escaped from Bridewell, they were also to be whipped when caught, and, on a repetition of the offence, they were to have their ears bored. Idle boys, too, were to be severely punished, and set to work upon very meagre diet.' This all seems very terrible to us, but we must remember how rude these times were.

Further on, we read that 'reformation, and not perpetual servitude, was the real object to be attained, if possible, and every effort was to be made that youths who might be sent to Bridewell should be apprenticed there to a trade, sent to service, or to sea.'

Thus we see very clearly that the men who made all these arrangements had the real benefit of their fellow-creatures at heart, though they often acted in a manner that seems high-handed to us.

We find that corporal punishment was very freely administered in Bridewell. Thus, in the year A.D. 1556, a woman was whipped, then placed in the pillory with a paper in her hand, on which was written, 'Whipped at Bridewell for leaving her child in the streets.' Again, we read that 'women of idle life who, after being committed to Bridewell, would not be quietly contented to reform and amend themselves, had their hair cut off.' Another woman for scolding was punished in Bridewell by sixty stripes. It also appears that 'torture was plentifully used at Bridewell in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for it is stated that one "Eustace White," a seminary priest, was to be examined "very straightly," and if he refused to answer at once was to be put to the manacles, and such other tortures as are used at Bridewell.'

It is not very certain of what the manacles consisted, but it seems probable that one of the instruments of torture now at the Tower, which compresses the neck of the sufferer down to his feet, might be

the manacles; and, if so, Shakespeare probably alludes to it when he makes Prospero say, in the *Tempest*,—

‘He is a traitor!
I’ll manacle thy neck and feet together.’

Many other cases are on record of persons being put to the manacles, but there is no necessity to give more than this one instance. It is pleasant to know that, as time rolled on, these abuses in the management of Bridewell were corrected.


Only a few more words are needed respecting Bridewell as a prison.

In A.D. 1789, John Howard, the philanthropist, says, referring to this place:—

‘Each sex has a work-room and a night-room. They lie in boxes with a little straw on the floor. The prison not being strong, the men were in irons, picking oakum and making ropes. They are allowed one penny loaf each day, and, four days in the week, ten ounces of beef without bone. The prison wants white-washing. The prisoners have some proper instruction, but the visitor laments that they are not more separated.’ He adds, in commendation: ‘In winter they have some firing, the night-rooms are supplied with straw. No other prison in London has any straw or bedding!’ Thus we see that, miserable as was the condition of things at Bridewell according to our more enlightened ideas, still this prison was far in advance, as to comfort and management, of any other similar institution in the times of good John Howard. M. K.

The information respecting Bridewell has been mainly gleaned from a book entitled, *Bridewell Royal Hospital, Past and Present*. By Alfred James Copeland, F.S.A.

HIS MOTHER’S BOY.

 MOTHER once owned just a commonplace boy,
A shock-headed boy,
A freckle-faced boy,
But thought he was handsome, and said so with
- joy;
For mothers are funny you know,
Quite so—
About their sons’ beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian, but pug,
And turned up quite snug,
Like the nose of a jug;
But she said it was ‘piquant,’ and gave him a hug;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons’ beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small, and he blinked in the sun;
But she said it was done
As a mere piece of fun,
And gave an expression of wit to her son;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons’ beauty, you know.

The carroty love-locks that covered his head
She never called red,
But auburn instead.
‘The colour the old masters painted,’ she said;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons’ beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so, let it pass;
Don’t look in the glass,
Like a vain, silly lass,
But go tend the baby, pick chips, weed the grass;
Be as good as you’re pretty, you know,
Quite so—
As good as you’re pretty, you know.

ELLEN V. TALBOT.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

44.—WORD PUZZLES.

SUPPLY the blank in each sentence with a word, each word to be spelt with the same letters.

1. If you go into that—you will be in—of an attack from a fierce—
2. Those—of poachers have stolen all the best of our—this season.
3. If all those—trees were placed in a line, they would reach a—
4. If you will—that—for me, you shall—a reward for your kindness.
5. What dreadful singing! the—are nearly all out of tune; it would be almost better to be—deaf than to have to listen to such distasteful—
6. I cannot think how you—to go into that wood; I should—meeting with an—at every step.

C. C.

45.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. WHAT is that which can keep pace with the swiftest horse, yet always goes on foot?
2. When is a plant to be more dreaded than a mad dog?
3. Though you set me on foot, I shall be on my head.
4. There is a word of six letters—take one away and twelve will remain.

C. C.

46.—GEOGRAPHICAL WORD PUZZLE.

A TOWN and fortress belonging to Great Britain, but situated in a country in the South of Europe. It has been in the possession of the English since A.D. 1704.

1. 3, 4, 5, 7. A contemptuous word for a child.
2. 1, 8, 9, 3. Clothing.
3. 4, 5, 2, 6. Part of a fence. To scold.
4. 3, 4, 5, 1. To boast.
5. 1, 8, 2, 7. Manner of walking.
6. 1, 2, 6, 7. Not always what it appears.
7. 3, 5, 2, 7. A temptation. A refreshment.
8. 7, 4, 5, 2, 6. A track.
9. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. A place for sacrifice.
10. 3, 8, 9. Part of a gate. An impediment.
11. 7, 8, 9. A name for a sailor.
12. 7, 4, 2, 5, 6. A test. A legal examination.

C. C.

47.—ANAGRAMS.

Birds.

- | | | |
|------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| 1. No calf. | 5. Drive on, G. | 8. Gain the ling. |
| 2. Rhone. | 6. Last ring. | 9. Ramp, giant. |
| 3. To suit me. | 7. Cross a way. | 10. No cord. |
| 4. Go in flames. | | C. C. |

[Answers at page 363.]

ANSWER.

43.—Windermere.

- | | | |
|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. Deer. | 5. Bein. | 9. Mien. |
| 2. Mind. | 6. Rider. | 10. Weed. |
| 3. Reed. | 7. Need. | |
| 4. Rind. | 8. Wider. | |

SHOOTING BIRDS OF PARADISE.



BIRD OF PARADISE is the common name of a large family of birds, found chiefly in New Guinea and the neighbouring islands, every one of them being remarkable for the varied splendour of their plumage. In all other respects, however (except in plumage) they are closely allied to the Crow family, not only in the character of the

bill, the feet, and general form, but also in their habits, and even in their voice. These magnificent birds have been the subject of many fables, one of which was that they had neither feet nor legs, that they never alighted on the ground, but passed their whole time floating in the air, except at rare intervals, when they suspended themselves for a little time by their long tail filaments from the uppermost branches of trees, feeding only on dew and the nectar of flowers (some of them do indeed feed partly on the latter). The origin of these ideas may be found in the fact that, before the skins are exported from the islands, the legs and feet are always cut off as useless, and also as interfering with the preparation of the skins. Another reason for the rise of many of the absurd ideas which used to prevail about these birds may be found in the fact that the Malayan traders, who receive the skins from the natives, never see the birds alive, knowing them indeed by a name which, in their own language, signifies 'dead birds.'

In fact, our true knowledge respecting Birds of Paradise only dates from the year 1857, when Mr. Wallace visited New Guinea, and, although since then the quest has been followed up with enthusiasm, there is still a great lack of information respecting them, especially in regard to their nests and eggs.

Birds of Paradise are small in size, but their spreading feathers are often of great length. Though allied to crows and starlings, the adult males are not surpassed in beauty even by humming-birds. Tufts of bright feathers spring from beneath the wings, from the tail, or from the head, back, or shoulders, the gracefulness of the plumage being

enhanced by the brilliant colour and metallic lustre. The females are, however, sober-coloured birds; so also are the young males, as it is only after successive moultings that they acquire that brilliancy of plumage which they exhibit to such advantage at the nesting season.

The true Birds of Paradise feed on fruits and insects, and in fact eat anything. Their mode of life is more or less gregarious; they are intensely active, flitting about the whole day long. Some of them may be readily kept in confinement; others, however, at once die if taken alive by the natives. Among these lovely birds the following species deserve special record.

The great Bird of Paradise, represented in our picture (left-hand top) is the largest species, measuring more than a foot in length. From beneath the wings of the male bird there springs on each side a rich tuft of long plumes sometimes two feet long, the gorgeous colours shading from golden orange to deep violet, quite baffling anything like brief description. Its loud shrill note is the most prominent animal sound in all the islands. The natives shoot the male birds with bow and arrows when they are displaying themselves at the nesting season. In order to reach their game, the natives construct a kind of shield of foliage, under cover of which they are able to kill the lovely creatures at their leisure.

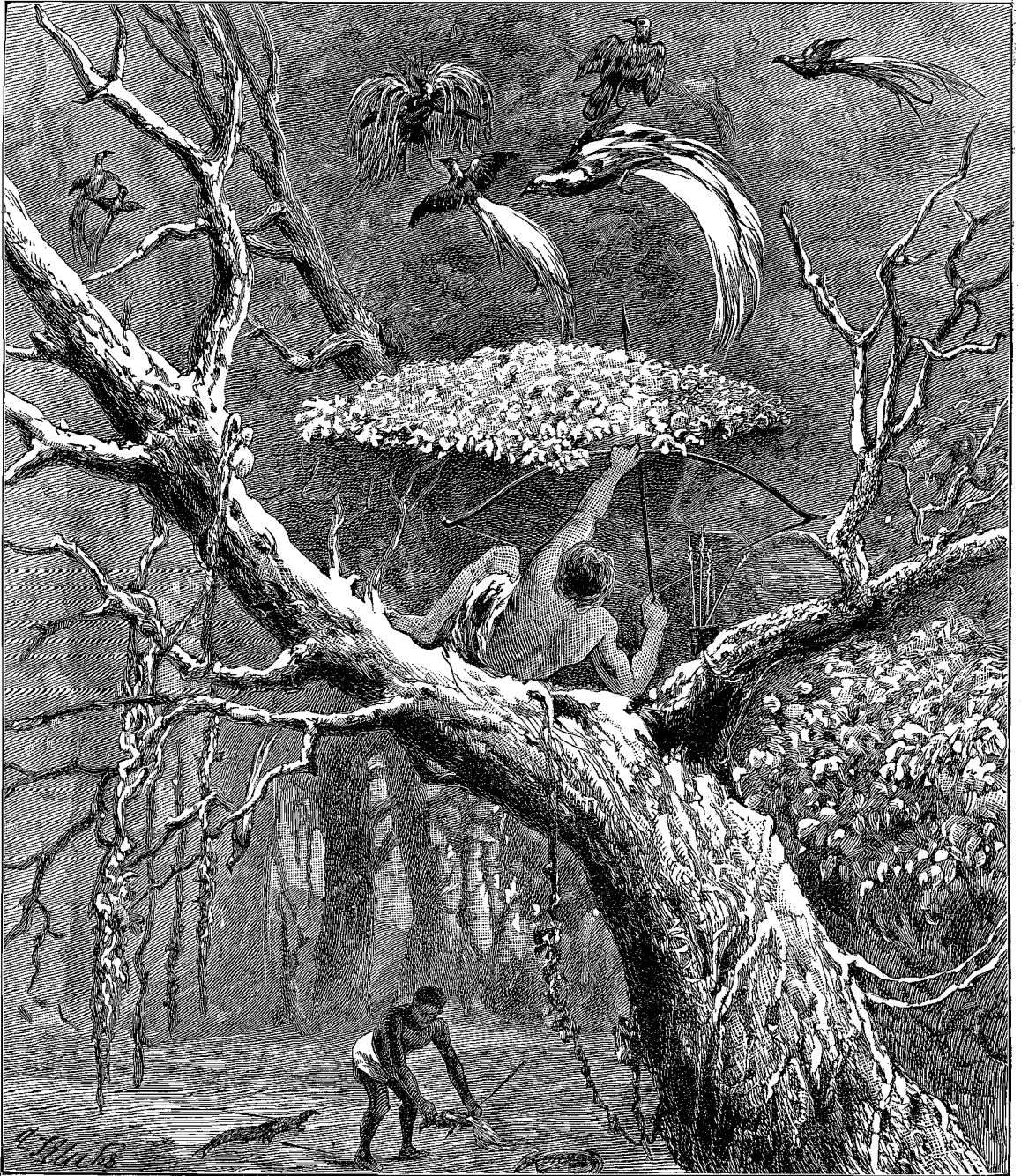
The lesser Bird of Paradise is of a bright yellow, except on the breast, which is of a violet colour. This species is much used for ladies' head-dresses. Mr. Wallace was able to secure two live specimens of this variety, which he presented to the Zoological Gardens, London, where they lived in tolerable health for more than a year.

The Red Bird of Paradise may also be mentioned. It is fourteen inches in length, with side plumes of the richest crimson, the two middle tail-feathers forming stiff black ribbons about twenty-two inches long. The King Bird of Paradise is also very beautiful, but is only six inches in length. The Magnificent Bird of Paradise has, in addition to the usual gorgeous plumage, a curious double mantle on its back.

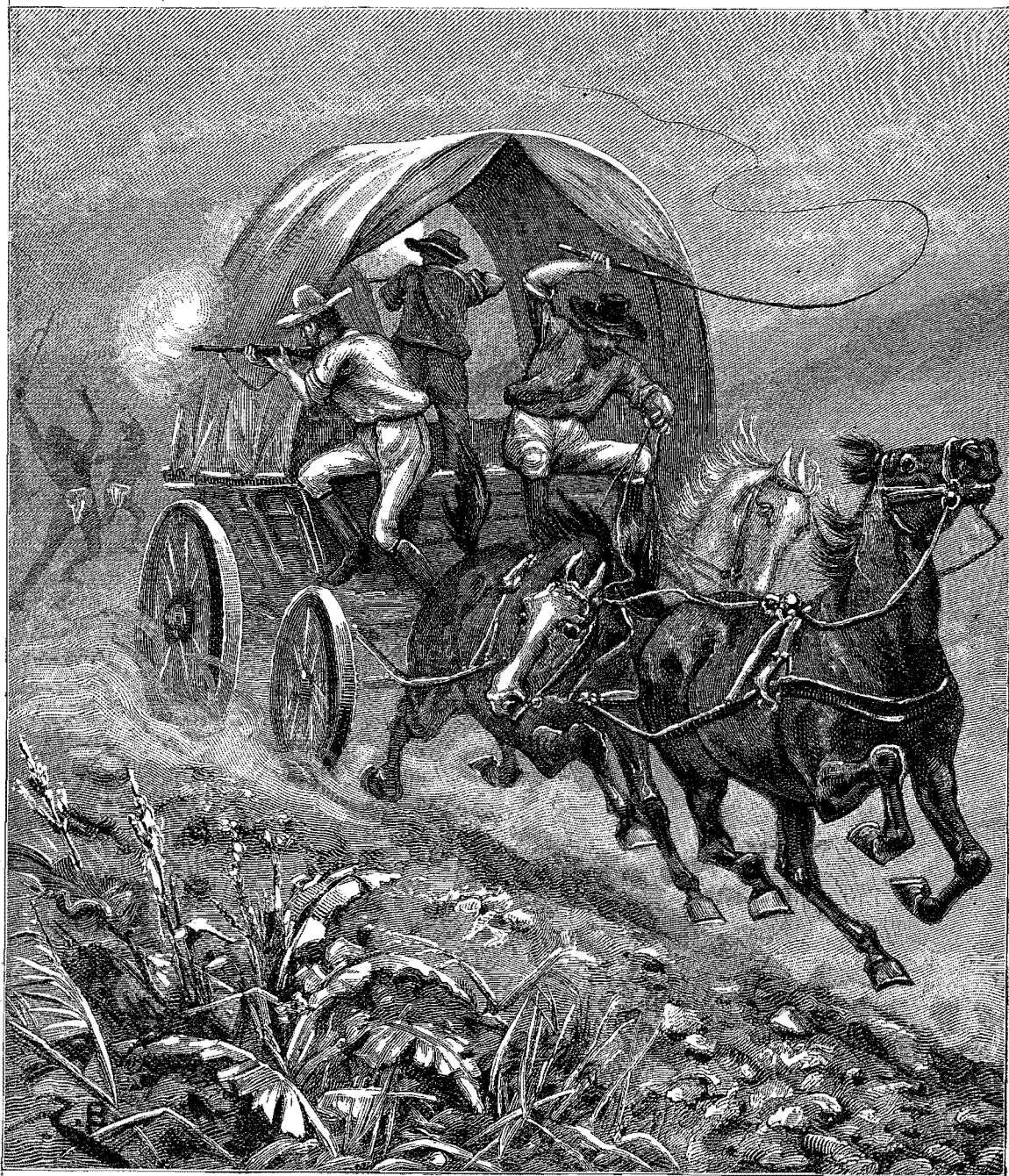
The Superb Bird is yet rarer and more brilliant, and bears a most extraordinary shield, like another pair of outspread wings on the back of its neck. These marvellously beautiful birds (besides many other varieties which we have not space even to name) have some commercial importance. They are the monopoly of the chiefs of the coast villages, who obtain them at a low rate from the mountaineers and sell them to the traders. The skull and feet are removed, the skin is then wrapped up in palm-leaves and dried in a smoky hut, but, unfortunately, the colour is often half spoiled in this process.

New Guinea, the chief home of these lovely birds, is rugged and mountainous. The people are savages. 'In such a country,' says Wallace, 'and among such a people, are found these wonderfully beautiful Birds of Paradise, whose exquisite beauty of form and colour and strange development of plumage are calculated to excite the wonder and admiration of the most civilised and the most intellectual of mankind, and to furnish inexhaustible materials for study to the naturalist, and for speculation to the philosopher.'

D.



Shooting Birds of Paradise from an Ambush.



Pursued by Indians.

SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. X.



SETH, said I, one bitterly cold, snowy night, 'Pete, here, was telling us yesterday that you used to do a bit of teamstering in slack times, and that the Indians nearly got you once or twice over it. Is that true?'

The old man's wrinkled face softened into something between a smile and a grin as he drew his pipe from

his mouth and said, nodding his head at the fire, 'That's so.'

'Well, let us hear about it. The fire's good and the night still young.'

'What a pack of wolves you all are after my doings. They're all over now, and what's the use—'

'Oh, go on with the story, you old 'possum-hunter!'

'If you really want it, here goes. It's simple enough, I'm sure. Well, the fur trade being slack, I closed with an offer I had to drive a waggon and team up to the Red Cloud Agency on the White Earth River in Dakota. There were three waggons altogether, and we were loaded with a variety of goods, but the bulk of my waggon-load was sacks of flour. Everything went well with the outfit until the fourth day of the trip, and then we began to see Indian signs about, and all the teamsters drove with their loaded rifles laid across their knees. All told, there were twelve of us in the expedition, all well armed, so we hadn't any call to be nervous.'

'Well, I don't know, Seth, about that,' I interjected. 'Suppose three or four hundred Indians had swooped down on you? Wouldn't that have made trouble, eh?'

'Why, cert'nly. That's just the expression for it. It *would* have made trouble—but, ye see, after all they're *only* Injuns. It's not as if they was *reg'lar* human beings, ye know!' and the calmly superior way in which the old trapper brought this remark out seemed to give one the clue to the secret of his many almost miraculous escapes. He always appeared to feel his immense superiority to the dusky foes whom he had met so many times in mortal combat.

'On the fourth night we halted not far from a creek and just on the side of a slight slope. I didn't like the place for a camping ground, and told the boss of the outfit so. He asked what was the matter with the place. "First, there's that creek. There's precious little water in it, and we might get a volley into the middle of us from redskins hid between the banks. Next, we should be in an ugly place suppose we were attacked from higher up this hill," I answered.

"Attack your grandmother!" says Murthwaite, the boss, turning round and walking off.

'Of course it was no good my saying anything more after that. Murthwaite was a conceited sort

of Down-east Yankee who had been a clerk in a dry goods store on Broadway, New York, until six months before, but for all that he reckoned that he knew more about the ways of the red men than those that had passed their lives amongst them. But no sleep for me that night. I sat there and watched till day broke, and soon after Murthwaite roused up and says to me, kind of sarcastic, "Where's your copperskins now, Seth?" The answer came in the awfullest sudden manner ever I knew. Crack went a rifle not fifty yards off, and one of the teamsters lay stretched out dead in his tracks. The poor chap hadn't been five minutes out of his blankets.

'In a flash we all rushed to my waggon and piled up the flour sacks as best we could for a breastwork. Before we had fairly begun the work thirty or forty painted faces could be seen dodging just over the edge of the steep creek-bank, and thirty or forty shots came slashing into the camp.

'For between two and three hours we must have kept this up, the enemy not daring to make a rush for us—which, considering their numbers and ours, would have been by far their wisest plan—and we, of course, knowing better than to be lured out of cover by their yells and taunts. There was a lot of powder and shot wasted, but there didn't seem to be much damage done to either side. As far as we knew only two of the enemy were wounded, whilst of our party in the waggon Murthwaite had a ball through his shoulder, and one of the others said he was badly hurt and lay down behind the sacks. Not more than about six, or at most eight, miles further on I remembered there was what we used to call the Stockade house, a little fort, dug out of the ground, not more than fifteen feet across, but which, from its being excavated, was a very strong place. There was a stockade all round it. I told Murthwaite (who, to do him justice, had fought coolly and well) about this place, and we agreed that it would be our best chance to push on with the one waggon and the best team we had, keeping up a running fire on the Indians if they followed. The other two waggons we abandoned, but we cut the lariats of the spare horses and stampeded them off. I drove our waggon, and we *travelled*! Instead of freezing on to the two waggons we had left, these ostriches meant having the lot; so they followed us every inch of the way to the fort, keeping up a brisk fire all the time. We must have had our horses shot but for one thing—either their rifles were the common-made things so often found among the Cheyennes, or else their powder was inferior stuff—and they soon found that to do us any harm they must come to much less range than that of our Winchesters. As soon as one of them ran in to get a shot at the horses or at me—I being the only one exposed to full view, you see, on account of acting as driver—one of our chaps picked him off as sure as eggs are eggs, and that way the horses escaped and we reached the little fort safely. A man called Kansas Harry lived there, and he, seeing what was up, ran out, and quickly got us inside. The redskins were close upon us, whooping and yelling, but getting our rifles through the chinks in the stockade, we sent such a rain of lead in amongst them that they concluded to clear. It seems they made straight back for where we had had to abandon

the two waggons, and you can imagine their disgust when they found, on arriving, that the whole outfit was in the hands of a detachment of coloured troops, who had heard the sound of the firing from a point some miles away. The member of our party who had said he was badly hit, and lay down amongst the flour sacks, was requested to show his wound, but somehow or other he couldn't. He didn't hear the last of that for a time!

'When it was all over, Murthwaite came up and offered me his hand. "Seth," says he, "you were right and I was a fool about the Indians."

"Right," I says, shaking his hand. "Right to a hair. You *were* a fool; but we all of us make mistakes. I made one, for I never thought you could fight; but you can, and so I own up."

FOX RUSSELL.

HIS NEW COAT.

MY pretty boy! are you not proud?
Your coat is new, your frill a beauty;
Your face and paws are clean. Now come,
Let's see if you can do your duty.

Come, beg, my boy! And Fido begs
With looks that say, 'Oh, this is horrid!
I thought that now I'd have a rest,
Yet see, with lessons I am worried.

'This wretched pipe, it smells so bad,
Whoever saw a doggie smoking?
But master think it quite good fun;
You see his trade is comic joking.

'And so he treats me like a fool;
And dresses me like any funkey;
And when he beats his horrid drum,
He makes me skip, just like a monkey.

'Eugh! how I hate the whole concern,
I wish the drum would break asunder;
It gives me quite an aching head,
As though I'd heard a clap of thunder.

'Ah, well! the time is growing short;
My weary days will soon be over,
And when I get to Doggie-land,
Of course I'll find myself in clover.

D.

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.

GLASS EYES.

MANY of the so-called glass eyes worn in this country are made on the Continent—in France and Germany—and there are more artificial eyes in use than most folk know.

No great factories are required for the manufacture of these little articles; they can be made easily in an ordinary room, by a skilful workman.

It was in such a room* that I saw and heard many things about 'glass' eyes.

They are not really made of glass, though popularly known as such; only those for stuffed birds and animals are glass; those for men, women, and children, are of enamel. The workman about to make a 'human' eye takes in his hand a glass tube, fixes on to it a small piece of enamel, blows down the tube, and a small bulb results, very much as would be the case were one of you to 'blow bubbles' through a tobacco-pipe in a bowl of soapy water. While the bulb is still warm and soft, various colours and tints are carefully worked into it. These colours are also enamel, and great care is necessary to make the shading as perfect as possible, and as much like the eye which it is to match as may be. The enamels are in long thin threads before they are heated and worked up. The size of the 'pupil' and the putting in of the iris or colours round the pupil are very touchy matters. The 'blowing' and 'colouring' are succeeded by 'shaping' and the tracing in of the 'blood-lines,' to represent the natural blood-vessels. When the eye is first shaped the edges are quite rough; to render them smooth they are ground or rubbed down on a wheel—should there be the slightest roughness irritation would be caused to the socket. A piece of highly polished flint glass is carefully placed over the top of the eye or cornea, and it may then be considered finished.

The making of grey eyes is more difficult than the making of brown eyes; more shading is required, so very many tints appearing in the iris.

'One eccentric old gentleman for whom we have made several eyes refuses to have any "blood-lines" put in; he says they don't look well; but the eye is not at all natural, and could easily be detected as artificial,' said Mrs. Halford, as she drew from one of the many boxes of eyes the one to which she referred. And certainly she was right in her judgment.

'We have plenty of children here; the youngest is a baby of six months. Numbers of boys lose their eyesight or the sight of one eye by the dangerous practice of stone-throwing, and the quite little ones by coming into violent collision with the door-key. Children's eyes have larger pupils than have those of older people, and quite a white rim may be seen round the pupils of elderly people's eyes, and this, of course, must be also shown in the manufactured eye.'

'I suppose it is always possible to see when a man or woman has an artificial eye?'

'Oh, no! I could tell you of ladies whose husbands are quite unaware that their wives have not two natural eyes, and there are other ladies whose children have never guessed the secret. When the artificial eye is fitted over the actual eyeball it looks much better because it moves naturally.'

'Can folk sleep with a "glass" eye, or is it removed before sleep?' I asked.

'Well, some have different eyes for evening wear, and it is quite common for them to go to sleep with them,' said Mrs. Halford.

* Messrs. Gray and Halford, 171 Goswell Road, London, E.C.



His New Coat.

'But why should not the same eye worn during the day do for the night?'

'It would do, of course, but the pupil of the real eye dilates (*i.e.*, grows larger) by night, and then you see the difference would be more easily detected, and would give a strange appearance.'

'How often do patients require new eyes?'

'The time varies much. Some can wear them for years, others need a fresh one every few months, but the average time is two years. Look at this eye, now;—and Mrs. Halford placed in my hands a large and well-made blue eye. At first I could not find anything the matter with it, but upon a closer and more careful inspection, I noticed a

cloudiness at one side, and a very slight roughness near the pupil. 'That spoils it,' said my informer; 'it is produced by the tear of the eye; this tear eats into the enamel, and makes it as you see there.'

'Do eyes differ much in size?'

'Very much. It is not always the eyes which appear the smallest that are really so. The depth of the socket has a great deal to do with this. If the socket be very deep, but little of the eye shows; if, on the contrary, it be shallow, quite a little eye looks large.'

'Is it necessary for you to see a patient before you can match an eye?'



For Answers see page 363.

'No; many paint or draw the eye they wish matched, and we send one out carefully packed and exactly like the design. Some are sent over-sea, and others overland, for we make for people of all nations, as well as for English folk settled abroad.'

'How long does it take to complete an eye?'

'That is not an easy question to answer, for eyes vary so much. Some can be finished in three or four hours, while others requiring very careful shading keep us busy a week or longer.'

'Are those who wear artificial eyes very sensitive about the matter?'

'Not always; but nearly every one hopes, of course, that the "glass" eye is not noticed. One young lady who comes here, and is quite blind, wears two "glass" eyes, but yet goes to the Royal Academy every year accompanied by her sister, who explains to her all that she sees.'

'What is the difference between eyes made in Germany and those made in this country?'

'The German eyes are thicker, heavier, not so comfortable to wear, and not so natural to look upon.'

'Do you make eyes for animals?'

'Very few. But we have had some four-footed friends to fit. A gentleman's favourite horse met with an accident and became quite blind with one eye, and it was found best after a time to extract it. His master wished us to make a glass eye. We did, and fixed it carefully, but the animal would not wear it; he fidgeted until he succeeded in rubbing it out.'

Mrs. Halford then showed me several queer-looking bunches of wire, with 'beads' at either end, and said, smilingly, 'these are for stuffed birds. We do not make them; they are of German manufacture, and are bought for a trifle per gross. *Animals'* artificial eyes are solid, and of glass, whereas *human* eyes are not of glass, and are hollowed.'

I left the busy workroom and its workers, convinced that an *imitation* eye could do everything possible for a real one, except see.

JAMES CASSIDY.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 347.)

CHAPTER XXI.



WHEN Fred Malcolm first stood by Tom's side on board the whaler, he was lost in astonishment and delight at the busy scene around him. The *Diana* was not exactly a handsome ship; she had been built expressly for the whaling trade, and, as strength was more important than fast sailing, she seemed

almost clumsy in her shape.

She had six boats, all of them built of well-seasoned pine-wood; the oars, boat-hook, mast, sail, water-keg and bailer all being stowed away in their proper places, along with the harpoons, the lances and the spades. Two hundred and forty fathom of pure white Manila rope (the whale-line), all neatly coiled in a tub, stood beside each boat, ready to be lifted in whenever the welcome order was given to 'lower away' on sight of the first whale.

The crew of the *Diana* consisted of forty-five men and a few boys, and, as the ship was to sail very soon, every one was so busy that Fred felt quite lost among them all, till Tom hailed a young fellow called Peters, and handed Fred over to his care.

'Now, none of your tricks upon the new-comer, Peters,' said Tom; 'mind you, he is a friend of mine, and under my care, and I'll reckon with you if he comes to grief in any way!'

'All right, sir,' said Peters, promptly, 'I'll take care of him.' Then, as Tom turned his back and left the two boys together, the young rascal squinted so horribly that Fred almost thought his eyes could never look the same after such treatment. 'He's a fine old chap, the mate,' observed Peters, 'and you're a friend of his, it seems! Well, of course, we were all talking about him and you before you came aboard. We were told that he had rescued you from freebooters, somewhere or other, and that you were an orphan, and supposed to be a son of the late king of the Cannibal Islands. Will your highness condescend to inform me if I have got hold of the story by the right end?'

Fortunately for Fred, he quite understood that his new friend was only chaffing him, and, being a good-natured lad, he laughed, and told his queer companion to 'hold his jaw,' an answer which so delighted Peters, that he took Fred to his heart in a moment. 'You come along with me,' he said, 'and I'll show you over the ship, and put you up to a wrinkle or two.' Then he dived down a dark stair, followed by Fred, who was presently gazing in bewilderment at an array of barrels, tubs, and iron pots, all standing ready for the work of flensing or cutting up the blubber, which begins as soon as a whale has been killed and towed to the ship.

'Do you like being on board a whaler?' asked Fred of his new friend.

'Don't I!' was the emphatic reply; 'why, it is the greatest fun in the world. Some of the men knock a hole in the brute's head, and jump in with a spade in their hands, and a ladle. Then they ladle out the spermaceti in such quantities, that I've seen it fill eight large barrels!'

'And do you help in that work?' said Fred; 'it must make a horrid mess in the ship!'

'A mess! you may say that,' cried his companion. 'Why, wait till we catch our first fish, and you'll see the decks so slippery with grease and blood that the men are all staggering about like drunkards, tumbling down and getting black eyes.'

'Oh, you are joking,' cried Fred, 'I know that can't be true!'

'Well, perhaps I have been drawing a little on my imagination,' replied Peters, quite cheerfully; 'but you may take my word for it, youngster, that, when flensing the blubber is going on, the deck of the *Diana* is by no means so pretty as the floor of a lady's ball-room. By the way, youngster, tell me about your own folk; where does your father hang out, and what does he do? Is he in the naval line, and have you got a mammy, and a lovely young sister? Come, now, let's hear all about them!'

But poor Fred's face had grown rather grave. 'I have neither father nor mother,' he said, simply; 'they both died in Sydney. I never had a sister, and my only brother died at sea, after we had been tossed about in an open boat for eight days. Tom was with us then, and he was so good and kind.'

'And have you no relations at all?' asked Peters, who was rather subdued in spirit by this little bit of poor Fred's family history.

'I have an aunt and some cousins,' was the reply. 'I have been living with them for nearly two years, but that is all at an end now. I am to be with Tom for good. I have no other friend in the wide world.'

'Well,' said Peters, after a pause, 'my story is quite a different one. I have a father, a mother, one brother, and two sisters, and an old hunk of an uncle, who ought to have died years ago and left his money to me, seeing that he is my godfather, only he seems resolved to live as long as he can, more's the pity! Then, being possessed of what my father calls an unruly spirit, I had a quarrel with him one day, more than two years ago, when he, finding his horse-whip conveniently near his hand, gave me a cut over the shoulders with it. Of course, I cleared out of the house at once; I was not going to stand that sort of thing. No, indeed! I made for the nearest seaport, which was Plymouth, got on board the *Diana*, where I have remained ever since.'

'But how it must have vexed your mother to see you leave home like that,' said Fred, as his thoughts wandered away to his own loved mother, whom he would not willingly have grieved for all that this world could offer him.

'Yes, I dare say she was vexed when she came to know of it,' said Peters; 'but she was from home at the time, so, of course, I did not see her!'

'Then you never said "good-bye" to her!' cried Fred, with a look in his eyes which seemed to vex his companion.

'Of course I did not,' he said, sharply, 'how could I? She was not expected home till the following day, and I would not have lived in my father's house one single hour after having had a cut from his horse-whip.'

Fred was silent for a time after this. His thoughts had wandered away to what his aunt had told him of her two elder sons, who had acted in the same manner as this boy had done, after a quarrel with their father.

'Come along! speak up, young one,' said Peters, in his usual tone; 'I see you have something more to say, so don't be shy about it.'

'I was thinking of my own cousins,' said Fred; 'two of them, after a quarrel with their father, ran away to sea without bidding their mother good-bye. I know it nearly broke her heart, but just about the time that I came to them, she got a letter from the eldest of them, telling her that his brother had been washed overboard in a gale, and that he had left the ship at Kingston, Jamaica, and had entered into business there. He said that both he and his brother had felt how wickedly they had behaved, and I can tell you the letter pleased my poor aunt so much, even though it told her of her son's death, for she saw that they had repented of the past, and that Ernest still loved her. I suppose you have written to your mother?' Fred asked.

'No, I have not,' replied Peters, doggedly; 'it would have seemed like giving in, and I would not have my father think I was giving in, for all the world.'

'Well, I think you are wrong,' said Fred; 'suppose you should hear of your mother's death, how would you feel?'

'Come now, let's drop the subject,' said Peters; 'some day, I dare say, I may write to her, but just at present, you see, my father stands in the way of my knuckling down—he is so domineering.'

Here Tom's voice was heard calling Fred, who ran upstairs to see what was wanted, while Peters ran off in another direction.

The next day the *Diana* sailed amid the cheers of the spectators, many of whom were women and children whose husbands and fathers were on board. It was altogether a pretty scene, for a fresh breeze was blowing, which caused the *Diana* to bound gaily over the tiny blue waves, while Fred, as the breeze lifted the hair from his forehead, felt a lightness of heart which he had not known for many a long day.

'I am now launched upon the world,' thought he to himself, 'and I must try to do my duty, so as to bring no disgrace upon Tom, who recommended me to the captain, and no sorrow of heart to my dear aunt, who has been so kind to me. Oh, how I wish I had heard from her before I left Glasgow! But her letter is sure to be sent on to the Cape.'

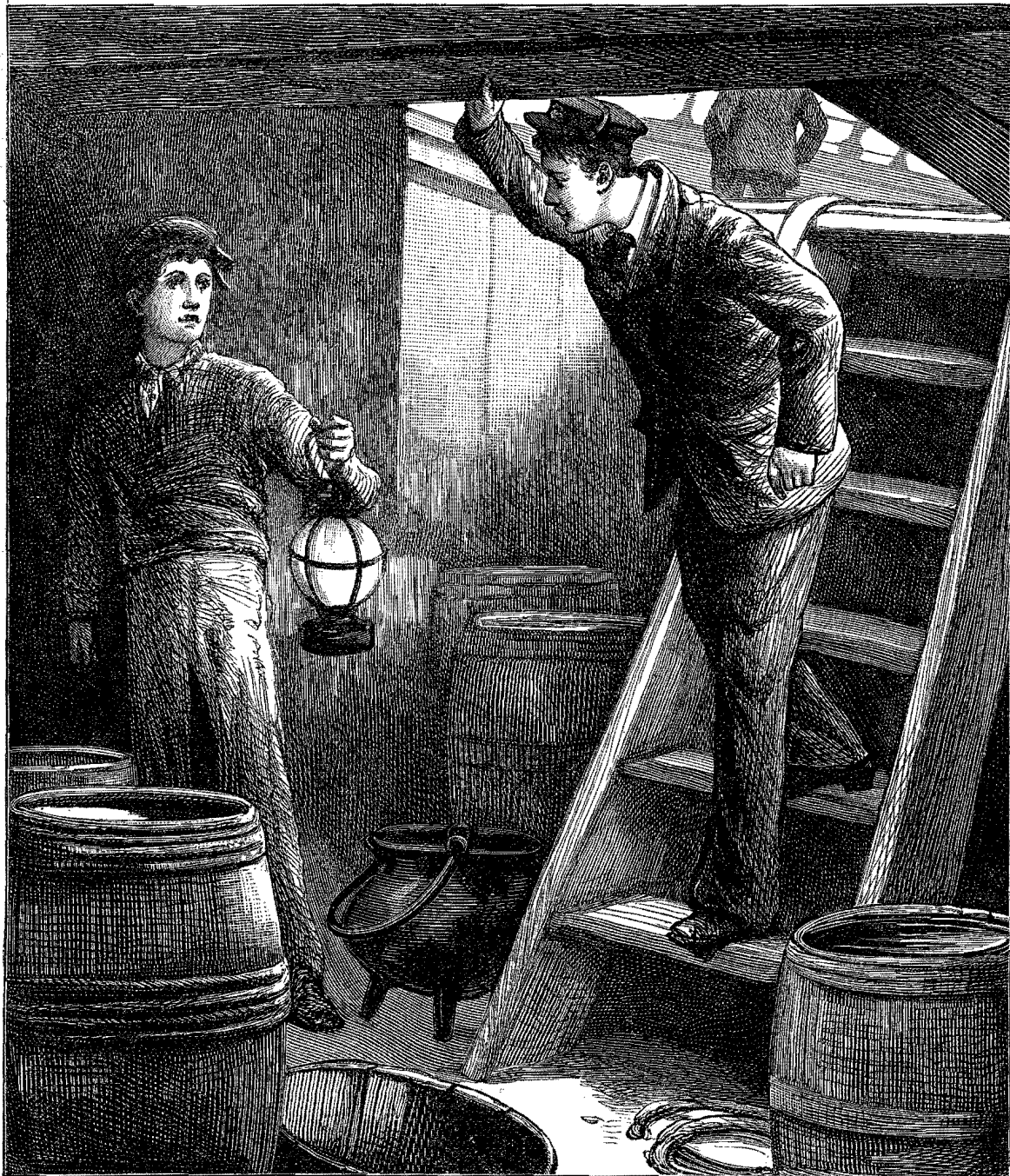
Then Fred dismissed the subject from his mind, and gave his best attention to Tom, who instructed him in the various duties which were to fall to him on shipboard.

Thus many weeks passed away of alternate sunshine and storm, till at length the *Diana* reached Cape Town, and packets of letters were brought on board; but, alas! there were none for poor Fred, who seemed to be completely forgotten by all his friends.

'When can I have another chance of a letter, Tom?' he asked, rather ruefully.

'Not till we turn our face homewards, Fred, and touch at the Cape once more, many months after this, of course; but cheer up, my lad, remember the old saying, that "no news is good news," and with this small crumb of comfort Fred was fain to be content.

(Continued at page 362.)



"You come along with me, and I'll show you over the ship."



"The poor mate was dragged overboard."

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 359.)

CHAPTER XXII.



EARLY three weeks had passed away since the *Diana* had left Cape Town, when one bright morning the crew began to show an eager interest in the aspect of things around them, the men gathering together in groups, pointing

ing to the windward, then to the leeward, arguing one with the other—the reason being that they were now approaching the regular fishing-ground where whales might be expected to show themselves at any moment. A look-out man was therefore stationed at the mast-head, and many an anxious glance from below was directed towards him as he turned his glass in every direction, watching for the sudden spouting of water, always a sure sign that at least one whale was disporting itself in its native element at no great distance from the ship. Fred Malcolm gazed upwards along with the others, his heart beating high with excitement, and his bright, eager young face clearly showing how deeply interested he was in the near prospect of seeing a living whale, and perhaps of even witnessing its capture by the hardy seamen around him. But for three whole days the look-out man had been at his post before his anxious watch was rewarded; the happy moment, however, came at last. 'There she blows!' was suddenly sung out from the mast-head, while from the deck there was the answer of a ringing cheer.

Then Captain Hart hailed, with the demand, 'Where away, my lad?—where away?'

'Three points to leeward,' was the reply, and in another moment every man had scattered away to his own appointed task. The *Diana's* course was quickly altered, and she was run down towards the school of sperm whales, which had been seen from the mast-head, though not yet visible from the deck. Very soon, however, they could be seen from the deck also, when the excitement of the men could scarcely be restrained within due limits. And no wonder! Each whale was worth nearly a thousand pounds, and at least a dozen could be seen at no great distance, their slate-coloured, square-shaped muzzles glistering in the sunlight, while a row of short jets of white spray showed their exact position.

In order not to approach them too closely, and so to scare these great monsters of the deep, the ship was rounded to, very shortly, while two boats were lowered to take part in the hunt. The *Diana*, after dispatching them, followed cautiously in the rear.

'Down to your oars, men!' cried Tom Ryder, who was in charge of the first boat; 'give way hard!' he added, as the men sprang into their places, shoved off from the ship, and, starting with a long swinging stroke, began the pursuit.

The whales, when the chase began, appeared to be leisurely moving along at about eight miles an hour, but, after half an hour's steady pulling, the men had the satisfaction of finding themselves getting nearer to them; but, unfortunately, the whales had also made the discovery that they were pursued, for, with a flourish of tails and an extra spout or two, they moved ahead at a greater rate, which caused much anxiety to Tom and his crew lest they should altogether escape.

'Up with the sail, men,' cried Tom, 'and try them with a rush.' This was done, the boat sprang forward, but the whales were on the alert, and contrived to keep the boat at a distance.

This was disappointing. They therefore now tried to steal quietly up to the whales under sail only, the oars being put away for the time being, and the sail stretched to its fullest capacity for holding wind, by means of a boat hook; then silently they swept over the waves, the men who had been rowing turning round on their seats to view the scene. The day was bright and warm, the sea was blue and sparkling; in front of them the whales, each one, swimming with its head completely above water, seemed to be keeping careful watch as to their movements. Behind them at some little distance was the second boat, prepared to back up the first boat when it became necessary, while in the distance was the *Diana*, steering after them as they altered their course from time to time to suit the movements of the whales.

Well, there could be no doubt that the whales had slackened speed whenever the rowing ceased, but the provoking thing was that they seemed to regulate their pace by that of the boat with almost mathematical nicety, appearing bent on not letting the enemy come to close quarters. This was not to be endured, the men were beginning to murmur, and Tom feared that they might lose heart. All of a sudden, therefore, he gave the order for another rush to be made. This was carried out with splendid spirit. The breeze had freshened too, and with oars and sail combined they flew over the water. Then there seemed to be a difference of opinion among the whales; instead of all keeping in almost a straight line, they spread out a little, while one large fish detached itself from the others and appeared to lose touch of its companions.

'Now is our time!' cried Tom; 'give way hard, my lads!' But the men needed no urging. They sprang to their oars, while the sail lifted the boat clean over the seas. They neared the isolated monster by leaps and bounds, and in a few moments they were closing in upon him. Another spurt with the oars and the boat was within striking distance.

'Up, up!' cried Tom hoarsely, 'and give it to him,' and in another moment the boat-steerer, seizing his harpoon, plunged it well into the side of a fine whale.

'Lower the sail, stern all, for your lives!' was the next order, as the whale with a tremendous flourish of its tail shot ahead, at something like twenty miles an hour, the line to which the harpoon was attached running through the tub (in which it had lain neatly coiled) with such velocity that sparks of fire flew from it in all directions. It was an anxious moment. How far would the whale run at its present tremendous pace? Would it exhaust so much of their

line that they must cut themselves free and so lose the prey altogether, in order to avoid the dreadful danger of holding on so long that they might be dragged under water and drowned every one of them?

While they were all anxious about this, the line suddenly slackened, the whale seemed to be resting for a moment, and the men began with the utmost caution to haul in the rope so as to bring themselves nearer to the big fish; but in doing this they were too sanguine of success, for the whale, seeming to be aware of their intention, bounded almost out of the water, and then shot downward at such a rate that it was quite evident that its strength was still unbroken. After a few minutes of anxious suspense, a terrible misfortune took place. The line suddenly became entangled; but the steersman, who was at his post in the stern of the boat watching it, instantly threw the tangled loop from the tub, when it ran forward and caught in the bows. Another moment and the boat would have been dragged under water, when Tom made an effort to push off the rope. But, alas! a coil of it had run round his arm, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, the poor mate was dragged overboard and disappeared.

This accident, so sudden, so dreadful, seemed to stupefy the amazed crew, none of whom spoke a word, but remained gazing upon the sea with fearful interest. After a few minutes of almost intolerable suspense, the steersman spoke. 'He's gone; gone for ever!' he said in a hoarse and broken voice. 'God have mercy upon his soul!'

Not another word was spoken, for the last hope was expiring, when a dark object was seen to rise to the surface a short way from the boat. Immediately the men rowed up to it. It was the body of poor Tom Ryder.

(Continued at page 370.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

43.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. Divide 20s. among A, B, C, and D: giving to B, 6d. more than A; to C, 6d. more than B; and to D, 6d. more than C.

2. A servant agreed with a gentleman to serve him for twelve months at the rate of one penny for the first month, threepence for the second, and so on, receiving each month three times the amount of the month before. What did he receive for the last month, and what did his wages amount to for the whole year?

3. How many 6-inch cubes can be cut out of a 12-inch cube?

4. There are two numbers, the greater of which multiplied by the difference between the numbers will equal 12; and the lesser multiplied by the sum of the two numbers will equal 40. What are the numbers?

5. A man being asked his age said: If you add 12 to my age and multiply the sum by 6 and divide that product by 4, the answer will be 81. What was his age?

6. How many half-crowns are there in 100 florins, 15 shillings, and 50 pence? C. C.

49.—HISTORICAL WORD PUZZLE.

From the following words form the name of an ancient philosopher not famed for a cheerful disposition.

1. 3, 4, 8, 6, to scold, part of a fence.
2. 6, 10, 9, 7, a musical instrument.
3. 4, 5, 10, 9, 2, sharp.
4. 11, 4, 8, 6, chiefly seen on the water.
5. 5, 1, 4, 8, 3, a seat.
6. 5, 3, 10, 2, 6, unfeeling, a kind of wool.
7. 11, 9, 4, 3, best seen in the dark.
8. 5, 1, 2, 11, 9, a box, a part of the body.
9. 11, 9, 4, 8, 3, a means of ascent. C. C.

50.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICS.

An ancient city of Egypt now containing very remarkable ruins; a once famous city in Greece of the same name.

1. 4, 3, 6, 1. More than good.
2. 1, 3, 5, 6. A river between Durham and York.
3. 4, 5, 3. An insect possessing a valuable moral quality.
4. 6, 2, 3, 5, 1. A large covering.
5. 1, 2, 5, 6, 3. Things present.
6. 2, 3, 4, 5. A cup-bearer. C. C.

[Answers at page 379.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 44.—1. Garden Danger Gander | 2. Rogues Grouse | 3. Lime. Mile. |
| 4. Pare Pear Reap | 5. Notes Stone Tones | 6. Dared Dread Adder |

- 45.—1. A pair of spurs.
2. When it is madder.
3. A nail in the sole of a boot.
4. Dozens. Take away the s.

46.—Gibraltar.

- | | | |
|----------|-----------|------------|
| 1. Brat. | 5. Gait. | 9. Altar. |
| 2. Garb. | 6. Gilt. | 10. Bar. |
| 3. Rail. | 7. Bait. | 11. Tar. |
| 4. Brag. | 8. Trail. | 12. Trial. |

- | | | |
|----------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 47.—1. Falcon. | 5. Ringdove. | 8. Nightingale. |
| 2. Heron. | 6. Starling. | 9. Ptarmigan. |
| 3. Titmouse. | 7. Cassowary. | 10. Condor. |
| 4. Flamingoes. | | |

ANSWER TO PICTURE PUZZLE.

PHEASANT.

P arrot.
H arp.
E yeglasses.
A nvil.
S keleton.
A rmchair.
N uts.
T oil-gate (or Turnpike).

THE WILD ROSE.

THE Wild Rose represented in the woodcut is, as its name (*Spinosissima*) implies, the most thorny of its tribe; it does not grow in long wreaths, as our common hedge-row wildling does, but on chalky or sandy soil, in small low bushes, covered with cream-coloured blossoms.

Lord Bacon says, 'A great store of hips and haws portends a cold winter,' a saying which, whether true or not, is commonly believed by country folk. In the time of Queen Elizabeth conserve of wild hips was made by 'cooks and gentlewomen,' and Daniel Horstius says, 'The quintessence of roses is a medicine dedicated to kings, princes, noblemen, and great ladies, in respect to which rhubarb, senna, and manna are malign poison.'

The trailing white Dog-rose is said to be the same that was adopted by the Yorkists as their badge when the Civil War of the Roses desolated England. It is very common in Yorkshire. On the field of



The Wild Rose.

Towton, especially, it is said to grow in remarkable profusion; as some fancy, from the sprigs which the soldiers wore in their helmets having fallen to the ground and taken root.
R. B.

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD ENGLAND.

PERFORMING ANIMALS.



PEOPLE who are about the streets of London now and then see a crowd of boys and girls around a man who has an organ and a monkey, or who is exhibiting performing dogs, or even leading a dancing bear. It is curious to see the tricks which animals may be taught to do when young, for it is not easy to train them

after they have got older. Those who teach them have to be patient and persevering; they are sometimes cruel in forcing animals to perform tricks which hurt them; but, as a rule, they are obliged to be kind, so as not to frighten them.

Some of the ancient Saxon gleemen used to take with them animals trained to dance at the sound of music: but the 'joculators,' or jesters, were much more famous for their performing animals; and, what was a cause of fun to young and old, they also made sport by dressing themselves up to look like animals, such as deer or dragons.

Londoners of the olden time had many horses, and the young men often exhibited feats of horsemanship on the fields or commons. We are told that they even taught horses to walk upon a rope, which is more surprising than anything they are now trained to do. A horse was sometimes shown carrying upon his back a young ox, and this animal had been so taught as not only to be quiet while on horseback, but he would also hold a trumpet in his mouth. Horses were made to dance, standing upon their hind legs, to the sound of a pipe or a fiddle; and, still more remarkable, some were shown that could beat time with their legs upon a small drum, which a man held in his hand. Another performance was a sort of sham fight between a horse and a man, which is shown in an old picture. In this fight the horse is rearing up to attack the man, who holds a little shield in one hand and in the other he has a cudgel.

But though the folk were amused by the doings of horses, a performing bear was a still greater attraction. As early as the tenth century the Anglo-Saxon gleemen exhibited a bear-dance, which is shown in a curious old print. Three gleemen are performing while a bear is upon a mound, and around them is a crowd of people. Another sport was for a person to dance or skip about a bear, which was held with a chain, trying to provoke the animal, but running away when in danger of being grasped by his paws. Bears were also taught to stand upon their heads, to hold out a paw to be shaken, and to



A Sham Fight between a Horse and a Man.

jingle some rings fastened to a stick in time to an instrument that was being played. One picture shows us a bear walking on his hind legs, and carrying a monkey as his rider.

Monkeys and apes, indeed, were favourite companions of the wandering musicians after the Crusades, when travellers brought them from Eastern lands. These animals went through a

variety of tricks, often to the sound of music; they tumbled, they danced, they vaulted, they walked on ropes, or climbed poles, and rode upon dogs for horses. A monkey is still a very popular feature, when an organ-man comes round with the quaint little creature.

The jesters do not seem to have made much use of the dog, though it is an animal so easy to teach; but

now and then they showed one or more dogs, which went through a kind of dance. What is very odd, a cock is represented in a drawing 400 years old; he is mounted upon stilts, and is dancing to the music of a pipe and tabor. It is not usual to train any such birds now, though canaries have been exhibited which would march like soldiers, and even fire off small cannons!

Another odd performer of bygone times was the hare, a very timid quadruped, we know; yet a hare was taught to stand up, and with its fore legs to beat upon a little drum, which was fastened round its body.

The learned pig, as it was called by its showman, was a sight to be seen in London only about fifty years ago. This animal had been trained by his master to pick up letters upon small cards and put them together to spell words. Londoners have recently been much interested in a 'talking horse' and a clever collie dog, which have done wonderful tricks with letters and figures.

J. R. S. C.

THE COLONEL'S BOYS.

By FOX RUSSELL.



IN a warm, beautiful evening in late July, a brig of about 800 tons lay riding to her anchor in the Downs. The little town of Deal, with its few lights glimmering out into the darkness, seemed hushed in repose. The brig had not long 'brought up,' and from the shore might be heard the cries and shouts of the men aboard her. Presently a boat was lowered from her davits, three or four dark figures clambered over the side and slid into her; another minute and she crossed the silvery streak of moonlight which shone on the dark purple of the gently heaving waters, and made for the shore. As her keel grated on the beach, a short, thick-set man, the brig's captain, jumped out, and, merely saying to his men, 'Back in half an hour,' strode off towards the town.

Passing several tarry fishing luggers, hauled high and dry up the beach, the captain made his way to a little hostelry. Arrived here, he walked into the bar parlour and rapped loudly on the table with his horny knuckles. A portly man soon came in response to the summons, and asked what the seafarer's pleasure might be.

'Are you the landlord of this place?' asked the captain.

'I am, sir. Just landed here?'

'Yes,' answered the brig's commander in short tones. 'You have two lads staying here, sons of Colonel Thompson, now serving with his regiment in the West Indies. Is that so?'

'Quite true.'

The captain nodded.

'Tell them Captain Carter is waiting for them here below, and that they must come aboard my brig to-night.'

The landlord, first motioning his visitor to a seat, hurried off up the stairs, and knocked at the door of a sitting-room, the windows of which opened on to the sea front. Two well-grown youths, of fourteen and sixteen years, sat reading near the open casement. The elder called out 'Come in,' and the portly landlord entered.

'Young gentlemen,' he began, with a bow, 'the ship you have been expecting has just brought up in the Downs, and the skipper—one Carter—is now below and awaiting you. Shall I show him up?'

'By all means do so,' replied the elder of the two young fellows addressed; and the landlord, again bowing, left the room.

'At last!' exclaimed the younger brother; 'I began to think, Phil, that the brig never would get round as far as Deal! I suppose that our being so anxious to see our father, after all these years of absence, makes us impatient.'

Phil smiled. He had had a little experience of the sea, and knew its capricious moods better than his brother.

'I wonder what sort of a man our skipper is, Jack? Ah, here he is,' and as he spoke there was a knock at the door of their room, and the landlord ushered in Captain Carter.

'Good evening, young gentlemen. I'm sorry to hurry you, but you see a fair wind is not to be had for the asking, and if you can be ready, say in an hour from now, why, I've got a boat waiting on the beach, and a couple of my hands shall come up and get your traps aboard. Do you think you can manage it?'

'Of course we can, Captain Carter. We have been waiting here nearly a week, with our boxes packed and ready; all we have to do is to ask for the bill, put on our caps and go straight off to the ship with you. Meantime, if you will take some refreshment—'

'Thank ye, no, sir. I'd rather not lose even a capful of this wind, and would like to be up and off as soon as it's convenient to you.'

In less than ten minutes' time the trio were tramping down to that part of the foreshore where lay the *Esmeralda's* boat. Arrived there, Captain Carter quickly dispatched two of the sailors to the inn to fetch the boys' luggage, and in half an hour's time the boat was being pulled out to where the brig lay gently moving up and down on the swelling waters.

The moon behind her revealed the delicate network of ropes and spars surmounting a powerful-looking hull. Although laden, the cargo consisting of light stuffs; she sat rather high out of the water, and so looked bigger than she really was. The reflection from a solitary ship's lantern fell upon the darkling waters as the boat pulled alongside. A ladder was let down from the opened gangway, and a few seconds later the brothers, closely followed by Captain Carter, stood on her deck.

'Now, then, jump forward, some of ye, and man the windlass. We want our anchors up quick as possible. Pass the boat along and hoist her in! Come, jump along, lads—jump along! We've got no time to waste if we want to lose sight of the Downs by morning.'

The men ran about briskly executing these orders,

and the boys soon saw that, turn in which direction they would, they were always in the way. They therefore wisely decided to go below, and, guided by the cabin-boy, they soon discovered their sleeping-bunks, arranged with one berth on the top of the other.

Four years before this story opens, Colonel Ralph Thompson, then commanding the 114th Regiment of Foot, had been ordered to proceed to the West Indies on service, and, being a widower, he was forced to send his two children to school, as much to provide them with a home as to help on their education. He had now been moved to a healthy spot in Jamaica, and was anxious for his boys to join him. However, owing to various causes, he was unable to obtain long enough leave to get to England and bring them out, and so he adopted the only plan open to him, he sent for them to come out to him. He knew something of Captain Carter, and placed every confidence in his discretion. With him it was determined, therefore, that Phil and Jack should sail.

Manly young fellows were these, good alike at work and play. Always brought up with the idea of following their father's noble profession of 'soldiering,' their bodies had been trained to hard athletic exercises, whilst their mental powers were also good by nature and improved by proper cultivation. They had left their school with a regret which was, however, tempered by the prospect of an adventurous voyage and the delight of joining their father, and after many delays they had, as we have seen, arrived safely on board the brig at last.

(Continued at page 371.)

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE TSETSE FLY.



THIS insect is a native of Africa, and in some parts of the country it is a terrible scourge. Its peculiar venom is most deadly. When horses, oxen, or sheep, are bitten by this fly, death is almost certain to follow. The natives are well acquainted with the

districts where they exist, and avoid them accordingly; but sometimes it is necessary to change their cattle-posts. In doing this a great deal of time and trouble may be saved by crossing a tract of country where these flies abound. The natives choose a moonlight night in the cold season, and pass over safely, as during the hours of rest the flies are quiet and do not bite.

It is rather singular that the bite of this fly is only fatal to domestic animals, as wild animals feed and roam about undisturbed in those districts where they are numerous. It is also curious that man is bitten by it and no danger follows. Mr. Anderson, a great traveller, tells us that the bite gives no serious inconvenience, and has been likened to the sting of a flea. Mr. Anderson says: 'In size, the

tsetse is somewhat less than the common blue fly that settles on meat, but its wings are longer; yet, though so small and insignificant in appearance, its bite carries with it a poison equal to that of the most deadly reptile. Many is the traveller who, from his draught oxen and horses having been destroyed by this pestiferous insect, has not only had the object of his journey upset, but his own safety endangered by the loss of his means of conveyance. Mr. Anderson mentions 'a party of Englishmen attempting to reach Libèbè, but they had only proceeded seven or eight days' journey to the north of the Ngami when both horses and cattle were bitten by the tsetse fly, and the party were compelled to retreat with heavy loss. One of the number lost no less than thirty-six horses, and all sustained heavy losses in cattle.'

THE CENTIPEDE.

THIS class of curious creatures is in many respects nearly allied to insects. There are several divisions of them. In the higher division, the number of segments forming the body is seldom more than twenty-two, but is sometimes as low as twelve; the body is somewhat flattened, the segments have a covering or plate, which is firm and horny in character; each segment has a pair of legs well formed, which enables the insect to run about quickly. When not alarmed, these creatures seem to glide along like a serpent or worm; but, if closely watched, the flexible regularity of the movements of the legs is very remarkable. When disturbed or touched with a straw, the body is instantly rolled up, like a ball; in this way the legs are hidden and protected from injury. Their bodies are so flexible that they can wind their way easily through very narrow openings if they are pursued or threatened with danger.

COCKROACHES.

THESE destructive insects generally make their appearance after dark, for, strictly speaking, they are nocturnal in their habits. In many parts of the country, and also in London and other towns, they are said to have multiplied enormously; often in underground kitchens and other rooms they are an intolerable nuisance. On entering one of these rooms with a lighted candle, a panic seizes the whole mass of insects, and they make a general rush, helter-skelter over each other's bodies, towards their hiding-places, and in a few moments not one of them is to be seen. They devour everything which comes in their way—kitchen-stuff, clothes, leather, and books. They are commonly called black-beetles, but the cockroach has many varieties. The common cockroach is about an inch in length, and its colour is of a reddish brown. The male, when fully grown, has wings about half the length of its body. The female is not provided with wings, but only the rudiments. The eggs of this insect are enclosed in a white shell, of oval form. The female carries it about with her for some time, until a suitable place is decided upon; she then fixes it there by a gummy substance exuded from her body; from this shell the young make their escape in due time.

W. A. C.



B — Cockroaches.

A — Tsetse Fly.

C — Centipede.

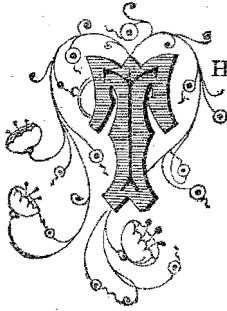


"The whale lay motionless and dead."

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 363.)

CHAPTER XXIII.



HE crew of the whaling boat, having lifted the apparently dead body of their comrade from the water, now lustily plied their oars, so as to reach the *Diana* with all possible speed. Not a word was spoken, the situation was too terrible for words, though anxious eyes were fixed upon the pale face of their comrade, until a convulsive tremor passed over the body and limbs, the sight of which cheered their hearts. 'Thank Heaven, he is still alive!' cried one; 'Where there's life there's hope,' said another; and, with renewed energy, the men plied their oars, till they reached the ship and their poor comrade was slung on board. Then the usual remedies were tried, and with such success that in a short time the captain pronounced him out of danger.

But, when Tom was able to speak, his experience while under water was listened to by the men with absorbing interest, for not one man in a hundred, who has been dragged overboard as he had been, has lived to tell the tale. He described himself as having been perfectly conscious while rushing down, with incredible force and swiftness, though it appeared to him that his left arm would be torn from his body, so great was the resistance of the water. He knew well that his only chance of life lay in cutting the line, but he could not remove his right arm from his side, to which it was pressed by the force of the water through which he was being drawn. At last, just when his strength seemed altogether failing and his brain reeling, the line for a moment slackened, when he was able to reach his knife, and by a desperate effort set himself free. After this he only remembered a feeling of suffocation, a terrible pressure on the brain, a roaring as of thunder in his ears, and then all seemed over, till he woke in terrible pain in the boat.

'Oh, Tom, what you must have suffered,' said Fred Malcolm, who had listened to this narration with tears in his eyes. 'Tom,' he added, 'if you had died, life would have seemed worth nothing to me!'

'Don't say that, my lad,' replied Tom. 'Life was given you for some good purpose, and we should never so depend upon another that, when we lose him by death or otherwise, we feel as if we were hopelessly shipwrecked; but, Fred, it was an awful experience, and I do feel thankful to Almighty God for bringing me through it. My poor wife and boys, had I been taken away, how they would have suffered! But, mates,' he added looking round upon the crew who were all gathered about him, 'my stupidity in getting caught by the line has lost us

this whale, and a fine fellow he was; but never mind, better luck next time!'

But it is easier to say such words as these than to get rid of a disappointment so serious as the loss of a fine whale. The men did not grumble at Tom, they were too generous to do that, but they felt irritable and morose, more especially as, for many days after the unfortunate whale-hunt, nothing more was seen of these creatures. They seemed to have entirely deserted the usual fishing-ground, whether terrified at the attack which had been made upon them, or having gone in search of other supplies of food, who could tell?

But after the lapse of a fortnight, to the great joy of all on board, the signal was again given from the mast-head that whales were to be seen about two miles distant from the ship. Then the same excitement prevailed on board the *Diana* as before, two boats were again manned and sent off in pursuit, and, after some hours of anxiety and hard labour, a harpoon was securely fixed in a fine large sperm whale, which quickly sank like a stone, the line running out with such rapidity that the steersman had actually lifted his hatchet to cut it away, lest the boat should be dragged down. At the critical moment, however, the line slackened greatly, the men hauled it in, hand over hand, till at length the monster came to the surface. But no sooner did he see the boat than he darted off like the locomotive of an express train, the men holding grimly to the line, though they could see nothing but one white bank of curling foam, which rolled up before them higher than the bow of the boat, as if every moment it would topple over and overwhelm them.

At length the whale slackened speed, apparently much exhausted by his wild attempt after liberty; the men therefore hauled up to him, and the captain of the boat (not Tom, this time) darted his lance adroitly, and it took effect. Now the last struggle began, the surrounding waters were lashed into foam, great jets of blood spouted upwards from the blow-hole, until at last the monster lay quite still, while his captors drew back a little to a safe distance, where they might wait the end. It was not long of coming; leaping almost clear of the water, the whale fell back, rolled over on his side, and lay motionless and dead on the surface of the water, which was crimsoned with his blood. The battle was over, the fight was won, and the men shouted in their excitement as surely they had never shouted before. It was the first whale of the season, and it was a prize well worth the struggle which it cost them.

Meanwhile the men on board the *Diana* had not been idle, for they had good reason to suppose that their comrades in the boats had captured at least one whale. They therefore had lighted the furnaces, brought up the pots and casks on deck, and prepared the tackle necessary to secure the whale to the side of the ship.

Everything was in proper working order, when the first boat hove in sight, towing the whale behind them, a sight which greatly excited the men on board; they laughed, and sang, and shouted, Fred and the boy Peters being as merry as the others; indeed these youngsters began to be so very lively, that they

amused themselves by playing some practical jokes upon their elders; wherefore Tom gave each of them a smart slap on the side of the head, and set them to do some necessary but unpleasant duty, which kept them apart for the rest of the day. The whale was properly secured to the ship, which is a work of great difficulty, as we may well suppose. Then the work of 'flensing' or stripping off the blubber began at once. Some of the crew, having their boots armed with iron spikes to prevent them from slipping, dropped down upon the carcase, and cut into the blubber with blubber-spades, removing a broad strip or blanket of skin twenty or thirty feet long, which was hoisted to the deck by means of a hook and tackle. Great cubical pieces of blubber about half a ton in weight were then cut out and hoisted on deck. The whale was then turned over and over, that every part might be reached, till, in three or four hours, the whole mass of blubber was removed.

Meanwhile others of the crew had got upon the head, and opened a large hole in front of the muzzle, through which a bucket was passed, the bucket being attached to a pole, when the semi-fluid spermaceti was ladled out. After every useful piece of the whale had been thus secured, the carcase was flung adrift, when it gathered round it a cloud of sea-fowl, who fought and screamed over the skeleton, and even contended with the sharks, who swam greedily around, to secure as much as possible of the feast.

Fred Malcolm watched the skeleton of the whale with the deepest interest, until the last bone had been torn from its fellow-bone, and carried off by a shark.

'A pretty sight, is it not?' said Peters. 'I say, Fred, if you and I work hard to-morrow, we shall have our share of the profit, and I can tell you it will be something good this time; but what is wrong? You are as white-faced as a girl who has cut her finger.'

'Oh, well,' replied Fred, 'it is the first time I have seen such a sight as this; it is horrible, don't you think? But I am not sick. I was only thinking how fearful it would be to fall a prey to these sharks. What loathsome monsters they are! But what work are we to do to-morrow?'

'What work!' repeated Peters. 'Why, the boiling down! Only wait, and you will see what work means.'

(Continued at page 382.)

THE OSTRICH.

THE ostrich (*Struthio camelus*), which is the largest of living birds, is a native of Africa, where it seems to find itself quite at home in the barest and most arid deserts of that great continent. A full-grown bird stands upwards of seven feet high, the wings being extremely short and quite useless for flight, while the legs are long and very powerful. The plumage is of a glossy black, except the long feathers of the wings and tail, which are white. To obtain these valuable feathers, the bird is pursued by

sportsmen and others, although, owing to its fleetness of foot, the chase of the ostrich is attended by no small difficulty.

Several of these birds are usually found associating together, one common nest (a mere hole in the sand) receiving all their eggs, the birds sitting on them by night, but leaving them by day covered over with sand, exposed to the heat of the sun. At some little distance from the nest the old birds place other eggs which are meant to serve for food for the young when hatched. The ostrich, though it shows great care for its nest and young when it is not discovered by a man, will often forsake them when molested. This fact, coupled with the apparent neglect of the supernumerary eggs which are seen to lie scattered about on the surface of the sand, will explain the cruelty ascribed to this bird.

The ostrich utters a loud cry which is sometimes mistaken for the roar of a lion. This loud wailing is referred to in Micah. 'I will wail and howl. . . . I will make a mourning as the ostriches.'

The ostrich has been from early times considered by the Arabs to be a foolish bird; indeed, where we would say as 'silly as a goose,' the Arabs would say 'silly as an ostrich.' The bird, however, is by no means devoid of sagacity, and nothing short of dogged perseverance will enable the hunter to take it. Ambuscades and artifices are of no avail against its extreme wariness.

THE COLONEL'S BOYS.

(Continued from page 367.)

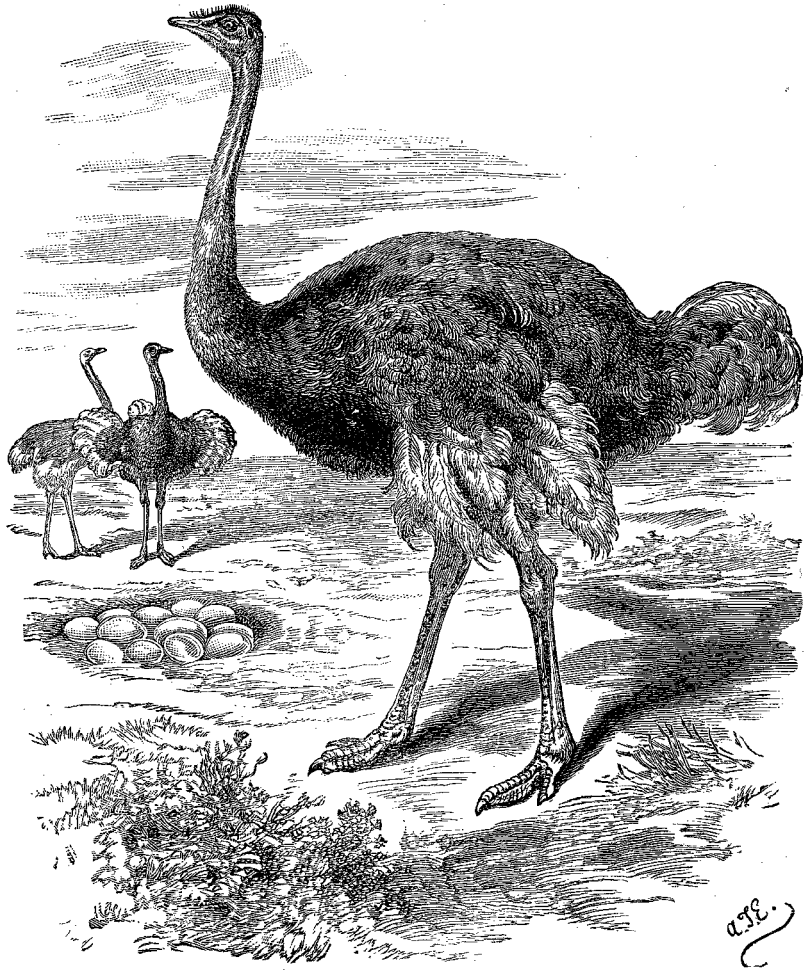


HE clank, clank of the windlass, mingling with the merry song of the seamen, was inspiring music to the boys as they paused to listen in the intervals of unpacking and stowing away their smaller baggage below. When they returned to the deck, the anchors had been got and securely catted, the boat

hoisted and swung in on the davits, whilst two of the men were just breaking out the foresail, some of the others hauling the sheets home taut at the same time.

The *Esmeralda* soon gathered way on her, and dipped her stem into the dark blue waters with the grace of a swan. The breeze was light but perfectly steady, and, for the next hour or two, Phil and Jack, perched up in the bows, peered over the side, watching the cut-water as it clove the waving masses apart, and sent the spray lightly flying upwards. Then they went below, turned in, and soon slept the sleep of the just.

Next morning it blew pretty smartly from the south-west, and the long roll made the motion somewhat unpleasant. Indeed, some time before eight bells—at which hour breakfast was served in the Captain's cabin—both boys had ceased to feel the



The Ostrich and its Nest.

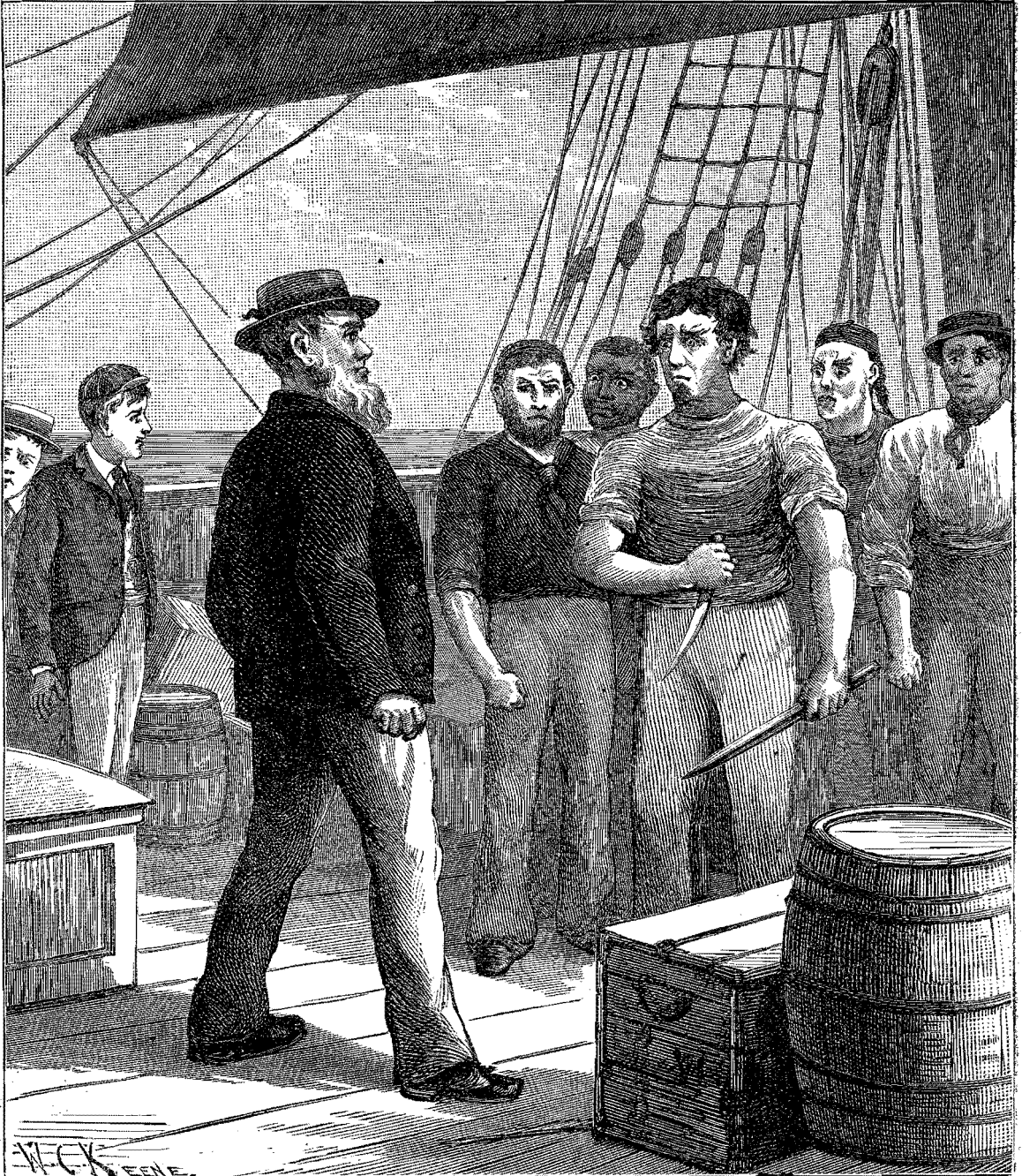
slightest interest in such things as eating and drinking, and for two whole days after, sitting on the deck, wrapped up in heavy coats and tarpaulins, they subsisted mainly upon cups of tea and hard biscuits.

However, in three or four days after leaving Deal, they had got fairly upon their 'sea legs,' and felt more inclined to take notice of the things they saw around them. The first thing that struck Phil as curious was the fact that nearly three-fourths of the crew of the brig were foreigners: Malays, Spaniards, French, and Chinese, all helping to make up the complement. The mate was a German—rather an ill-favoured man, with a bullying air to those under him, which seemed sometimes likely to lead to a breach of the peace. Captain Carter, however, held him

fairly in check, and for about a fortnight out all went well.

At the end of that time signs of discontent broke out amongst the crew. One day the wind, which had been squally all the afternoon, increased to half a gale as darkness fell, and the mate, who was in charge of the deck, shouted to the men of the watch to take in sail, using at the same time very violent language to one of the crew. The man turned sulkily from him, and muttered, 'You should have thought of doing that half an hour ago, before it came on to blow like this. You can go and do the job yourself;' and with these mutinous words he coolly walked forward and jumped below.

The mate was furious, and with reason. He saw that, should such conduct as this spread, the safety of



"Men, I'm going to be firm in this affair."

he ship would be endangered. With a volley of threats, he rushed forward to the scuttle, and shouted down the steps for the man Johnson to return to the deck. To this demand no answer was returned.

Again and again did the German shout his order to Johnson to come on deck, but in vain. Then he cried :

'If you do not come, I come down and fetch you up

mineself !' to which the only reply vouchsafed was a roar of savage laughter.

Now, the mate knew, and so did the crew, that he dared not venture backwards down a step-ladder into the semi-darkness below. His opponents—and he was well aware that he had no friends amongst the foremast hands—could have done him some severe injury, without much chance of ever being found out afterwards. So, feeling his rage to be entirely impotent, he presently went back to the after-deck and succeeded in getting another man of the watch to take in the sail.

On the following morning the mate appeared on the after-deck in company with the captain, and the boatswain piped all hands aft.

The captain braced himself up, and then addressed the sulky-looking men facing him.

'Look here, my lads: the mate gave an order yesterday to shorten sail. Johnson there, the man he gave the order to, refused to obey him. Do you know what that means? It means mutiny, and mutiny means the yard-arm! Now, you will have to hand that man over for punishment, and he will have a taste of the irons below for a week or two. And, if any of the rest of you repeat the offence, why, then I shall make it worse for him than for Johnson,' and, with these words, Captain Carter advanced a step, as though to lay hands on the mutinous seaman.

'Stop, cap'n,' growled out a deep hoarse voice from amongst the group of rough-looking fellows, and a great hairy-looking man, who seemed to be spokesman of the party, stepped out to the front, 'we're not going to give up Johnson for punishment. What's he done? Why, told old Sassengers there, as the order to shorten sail should have been given half an hour before it was, when a man might run out on the yards with safety, instead of risking his life to do it.'

The skipper was very pale as he turned to reply. He well knew the dangerous temper in which the crew now were, and he knew how helpless he and the mate and (possibly) the boatswain would be when their combined forces were opposed to those of the men. Even of the boatswain he was anything but certain, should matters come to a pitched battle. The two boys were hardly old enough to be counted upon as effective combatants in a turmoil of this sort, and altogether things began to look black for the cause of law and order on board.

Acting according to his lights, however, Captain Carter determined to make another effort to stem the rising tide of revolt.

'Men,' he said, 'I'm going to be firm in this affair. It will be better for you all if you give up Johnson to be dealt with by me.'

'Then, we shan't, and that's all about it,' came the reply, in insolent tones, from the man who had spoken before.

Attempting to do by force that which speech had failed to effect, the skipper made a sudden dash at the man Johnson.

As though the rash act had been the application of a torch to a powder magazine, the conflagration of fury, pent up for a time, blazed forth now in a moment. Almost quicker than the eyes of the horrified lads could follow its movements, a knife was flashed in the air, and then plunged deeply into

the captain's side; a groan and the ill-fated man lay on the deck, his life-blood slowly oozing from a terrible gaping wound. Almost at the same time the mate was seized, and, in spite of his desperate struggles, he was dragged to the lee bulwarks and hurled headlong over into the bright green seas that swept along below the brig's counter. In the six-knot breeze, he was astern of her in a few seconds: an arm thrown wildly upwards, a despairing shriek that chilled the two boys to the marrow, and all was over.

After the storm comes a calm, and, now that their fell work was done, none of the crew seemed to know what to do next. Having ridded themselves of their officers, a horrible pause ensued, which none seemed wishful of breaking.

At last the big, hairy-faced man spoke: 'Well, boys; what's done is done. We must give this'—indicating the captain's body with his foot—a toss overboard, and one of you must get a mop and swab up these stains. Then we'll go forward for a bit, and have a palaver to see what's best to be done next.'

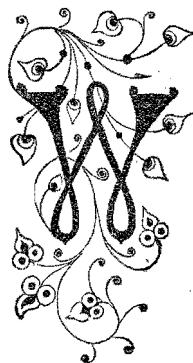
Phil and Jack rose and went below, sick at heart with the awful sight which they had just seen.

For several days more nothing transpired as to the intentions of the mutineers. The two boys lived in a state of terror lest the men should heave them overboard, like the unfortunate mate, on the principle that 'dead men tell no tales.' What would the men do? would they proceed to Jamaica? or would they alter the ship's course for some other port? What tale would they tell as to the death of the two officers?

(Continued at page 380.)

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

CHARLEY HEXHAM AND
JENNY WREN.*



WHEN Charley Hexham is first introduced to us he is about fifteen, and his voice, face, and stunted figure are described as 'coarse.' He was cleaner than other boys of his type; and his writing, though large and round, was good, and he glanced at the backs of the books—for he was standing in a library—with an awakened curiosity which went below the binding. When he had delivered his message to a gentleman staying in the house he returned home, accompanied by that gentleman, Lawyer Lightwood, and another. Charley's home was a low building, at a dark river-washed corner, hard by Rotherhithe. The walls inside the crazy old building were covered with handbills and placards

* Thirty-five years ago the stories of these two children were written by Charles Dickens in *Our Mutual Friend*. The contrast between them is striking, but our sketch must show it.

with the police-heading 'Body Found.' Gaffer Hexham, Charley's father, who got his living along shore, had found the bodies in the river, and always with the 'pockets empty and turned inside out.' Before the fire sat a girl—a young woman—engaged in needlework. Charley addressed her as 'Liz.'

When the two strangers had been conducted to the police-station by Gaffer to view the 'body' they had come to see, which was described in the latest of the handbills on the wall, Charley and Lizzie sat down by the dull red fire, and, stirring it to a blaze, 'Liz,' at her brother's request, told him of the pictures which she saw in the hollow down by the flare.

'There are you and me, Charley, when you were quite a baby that never knew a mother—'

'Don't go saying I never knew a mother,' interposed the boy, 'for I knew a little sister that was sister and mother both.'

The girl laughed in delight, and her eyes filled with pleasant tears, as he put his arms round her waist and so held her.

She continued: 'There are you and me, Charley, when father was away at work, and locked us out, for fear we should set ourselves afire or fall out of window, sitting on the door-sill, sitting on other doorsteps, sitting on the bank of a river, wandering about to get through the time. You are rather heavy to carry, Charley, and I am often obliged to rest. Sometimes we are sleepy and fall asleep together in a corner; sometimes we are a little frightened, but what is hardest upon us is the cold. You remember, Charley?'

'I remember,' said the boy, pressing her to him twice or thrice, 'that I snuggled under a little shawl, and it was warm there.'

'Sometimes it rains and we creep under a boat, or the like of that; sometimes it's dark and we get among the gas-lights, sitting watching the people as they go along the streets. At last up comes father and takes us home. And home seems such a shelter after out of doors. And father pulls my shoes off and dries my feet at the fire, and has me to sit by him while he smokes his pipe long after you are abed, and I notice that father's is a large hand, but never a heavy one when it touches me, and that father's is a rough voice, but never an angry one when it speaks to me. So I grow up, and little by little father trusts me, and makes me his companion, and, let him be put out as he may be, he never once strikes me.'

The listening boy gave a grunt here, as much as to say, 'But he strikes me, though!'

'Those are some of the pictures of what is past, Charley.'

'Cut away again,' said the boy, 'and give us a fortune-telling one—a future one.'

'Well, there am I, continuing with father and holding to father, because father loves me and I love father. I can't so much as read a book, because, if I had learned, father would have thought I was deserting him, and I should have lost the influence I want to have. I cannot stop some dreadful things I try to stop, but I go on in the hope and trust that the time will come. In the meanwhile, I know that I am in some things a stay to father, and that, if I was not faithful to him, he would, in revenge or in disappointment, or both; go wild and bad.'

'Give us a touch of fortune-telling pictures about me.'

'I was passing on to them, Charley,' said the girl. 'There are you, Charley, working your way, in secret from father, at the school; and you get prizes; and you get on better and better; and you come to be a "pupil teacher;" and you still go on better and better, and you rise to be a master full of learning and respect. But the secret has come to father's knowledge long before, and it has divided you from father and from me. You will make the most of your time, Charley, won't you?'

'Won't I? Come! I like that. Don't I?'

'Yes, Charley, yes. You work hard at your learning, I know. And I work a little, Charley, and plan and contrive a little (wake out of my sleep contriving sometimes), how to get together a shilling now, and a shilling then, that shall make father believe you are beginning to earn a stray living along shore.'

Poor Lizzie! She was too loyal to her father to credit the terrible suspicions that hovered around him. There were not wanting those who believed that he helped to their deaths those whom he 'found dead.' Her loving, watchful care for her young brother, and her desire that he should be cut away from her father's mode of life, and make a new and good beginning, prompted her to help him to the forbidden education which she felt would do so much for him.

It was late one night not long after this conversation, when 'Liz' bent over her brother's bunk, in the corner of the room in which he lay asleep, and kissed him softly.

The clock struck two, three, four, and the morning was well on between four and five, when Lizzie trimmed the fire sparingly, put water on to boil, and set the table for breakfast. Then she went up the ladder, lamp in hand, and came down again, and glided about, making a little bundle. Lastly, from her pocket, and from the chimney, and from an inverted basin on the highest shelf, she brought halfpence, fewer shillings, and noiselessly she counted them and set aside one little heap.

She was startled by 'Halloa!' from her brother.

'What are you up to, Liz?'

'Still telling your fortune, Charley.'

'It seems to me a precious small one if that's it,' said the boy. 'What are you putting that little pile of money by itself for?'

'For you, Charley.'

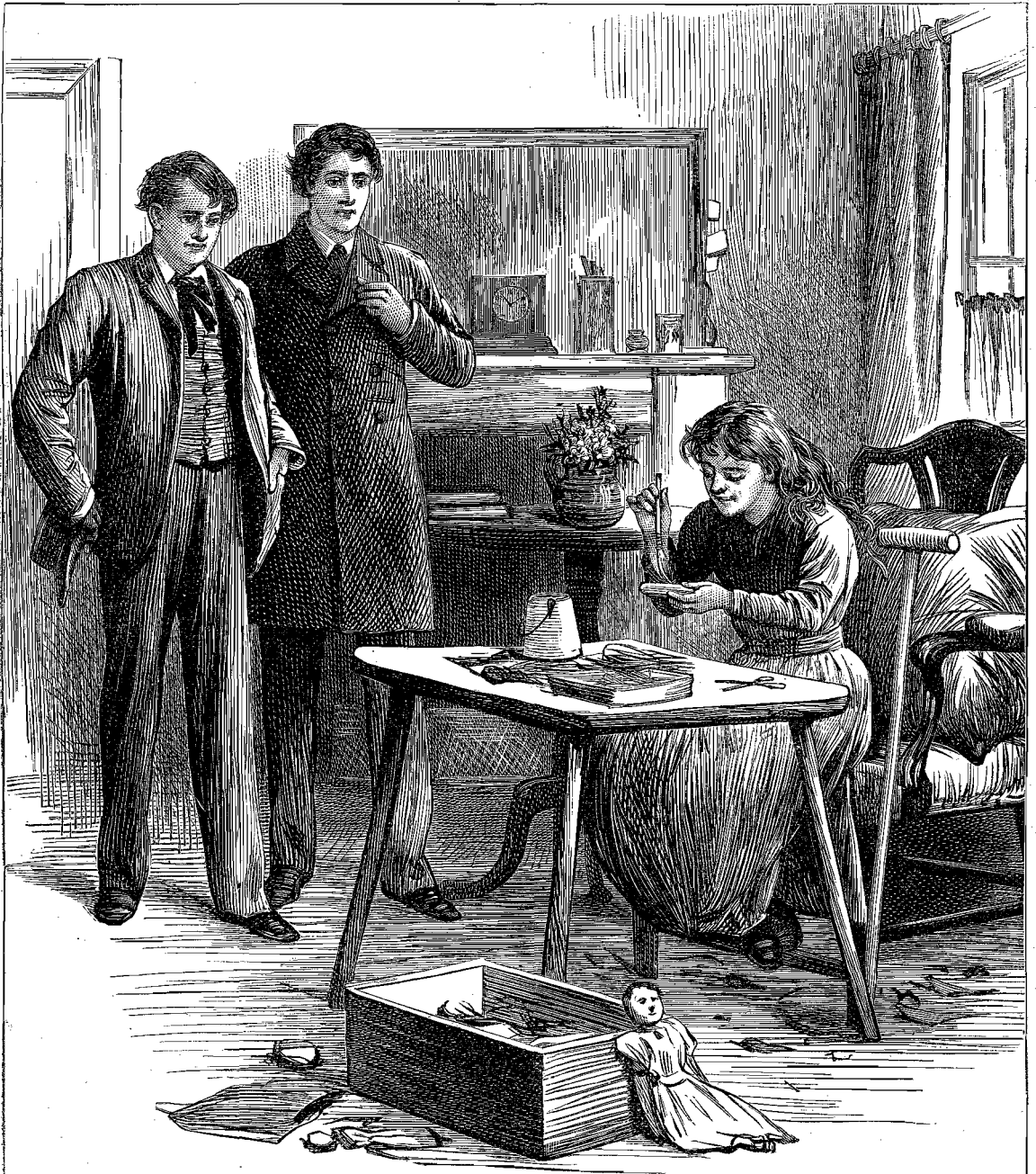
'What do you mean?'

'Get out of bed, Charley, and get washed and dressed, and then I'll tell you.' And she kept her word, and told bravely how she had decided that he should go away to the school where he was doing so well. 'You are a credit to the school, and you will be a greater credit to it yet, and they will help you to get a living. Show what clothes you have brought, and what money, and say that I will send some more money. And, above all things, mind this, Charley! Be sure you always speak well of father. Be sure you always give father his full due.' And with a tender 'good-bye, darling,' from 'Liz,' and a farewell hug from Charley, the brother and sister parted.

(Concluded at page 378.)



"Charley and Lizzie sat down by the dull red fire."



The Doll's Dressmaker.

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

CHARLEY HEXHAM AND
JENNY WREN.

(Concluded from page 375.)



TIME hurried along, taking with him Gaffer Hexham, who was found dead, entangled in his own boat-line, and when Charley is again brought to notice, he is accompanied by his schoolmaster, Bradley Headstone, and on his way to see his sister 'Liz.' She had removed since her father's death, and lived in one of a quiet little row of houses in Smith Square, Church Street, near Millbank. Bradley Headstone, the schoolmaster, had expressed his doubts whether it was well for Charley to go to see Liz often, or, indeed, to keep friendly with her at all, urging that, as he was sure to rise in the world, it might be best to drop old acquaintances. The boy had felt this to be unjust to his sister, and had invited Mr. Headstone to accompany him on a surprise visit to 'Liz,' and judge for himself of her worth.

Lizzie Hexham worked at her needle; she kept the stock-room of a seaman's outfitter, returning home after hours.

Charley knocked at a door, and the door promptly opened, with a spring and a click. A parlour door within a small entry stood open, and disclosed a child—a dwarf—a girl—a something—sitting on a little, low, old-fashioned armchair, which had a kind of little working bench before it.

'I can't get up,' said the child, 'because my back is bad and my legs are queer. But I am the person of the house.'

'Who else is at home?' asked Charley Hexham.

'Nobody's at home at present,' returned the child, with a glib assertion of her dignity, 'except the person of the house. What did you want, young man?'

Charley replied that he wanted to see his sister, and the queer little creature said, 'Your sister will be in in about a quarter of an hour. I am very fond of your sister. She is my particular friend.' And then, after requesting them to be seated, she went on with her work of gumming or glueing together with a camel's-hair brush certain pieces of cardboard and thin wood, previously cut into various shapes. The scissors and knives upon the bench showed that the child herself had cut them, and the bright scraps of velvet, and silk, and ribbon also strewn upon the bench showed that, when duly stuffed (and stuffing too was there) she was to cover them smartly.

'You can't tell me the name of my trade, I'll be bound,' she said, glancing sharply at her visitors. Several guesses followed, and at last the dwarf-child said, 'I'm a doll's dressmaker. . . . I had a doll married last week, and was obliged to work all night, and it's not good for me on account of my back being so bad and my legs so queer.'

They looked at the little creature with a wonder that did not diminish, and the schoolmaster said, 'I am sorry your fine ladies are so thoughtless.'

'It's the way with them,' said the person of the house, shrugging her shoulders. 'And they take no care of their clothes, and they never keep to the same fashions a month. I work for a doll with three daughters. Bless you, she's enough to ruin her husband. . . . I finished a large mourning order the other day. The doll I work for lost a canary bird.'

It was difficult to guess the age of this strange creature; twelve, or at the most thirteen, might be near the mark.

There was a soft knock at the door, and Lizzie Hexham, in a black dress, entered the room.

'Charley! You!' Taking him to her arms in the old way—of which he seemed a little ashamed—she saw no one else.

After a brief conversation the three went out, leaving the doll's dressmaker, Jenny Wren, softly singing to herself. Bradley Headstone walked on and left the brother and sister to talk together. Charley broke out in an ill-used tone, and asked 'Liz' how she came to get in such company as that little witch's. Patiently the gentle sister told him the girl's story: 'The child's father is employed by the house that employs me; he is a weak, wretched, trembling creature, falling to pieces, never sober. But a good workman, too, at the work he does. The mother is dead. This poor ailing little creature has come to be what she is, surrounded by drunken people from her cradle—if she ever had one, Charley.'

'I don't see what you have to do with her, for all that,' said the boy.

'Don't you, Charley?' and Lizzie Hexham replied by pointing to the sullen river, whispering, 'Any restitution, compensation: never mind the word, you know my meaning. Father's grave.'

To understand her allusion it is necessary to know that Jenny Wren, the doll's dressmaker, was the grandchild of a terribly drunken old man, the story of whose sad end was printed upon one of the bills that had hung upon the walls in Charley's old home.

'It will be a very hard thing, Liz, if, when I am trying my best to get up in the world, you pull me back.'

'I, Charley?'

'Yes, you, Liz. Why can't you let bygones be bygones? Why can't you let well alone? What we have got to do is to turn our faces full in our new direction and keep straight on.'

'And never look back? Not even to try to make some amends?'

'You are such a dreamer,' said the lad; 'it was all very well when we sat before the fire—when we looked into the hollow down by the flare—but we are looking into the real world now.'

'Ah, we were looking into the real world then, Charley!'

Charley replied, but his words were selfish, conceited, unbrotherly, and they wounded the gentle, self-denying girl who had toiled so lovingly and thought so incessantly for him; they were cruel words, harbingers of many more which in his blind conceit he was to use to her, his *sister-mother*, on his

road to fortune. He was, like many another brother, spoilt by prosperity. It is but few natures that can stand so strong a test. Charley's was not one of the few. But it is better to leave him here and pursue the fortunes of Jenny Wren.

'The person of the house' had, amongst other cares, a 'bad boy,' as she oddly called him. This 'bad boy' was her miserable, drunken father, whom Jenny Wren treated as though he were her prodigal son, and she the outraged parent. Night after night he would roll home, the picture of degradation, and the little doll's dressmaker would order him to his corner and talk to him in stern and decided tones, or use persuasive words to try and effect a change. But the change never came till death removed 'Mr. Dolls,' as he was sometimes nicknamed.

There were happy times in Jenny's life, too; and these were when she, sitting at work, 'smelt miles of flowers,' and 'heard the birds sing.' 'I dare say my birds sing better than other birds, and my flowers smell better than other flowers, for, when I was a little child, the children that I used to see early in the morning were very different from any others that I ever saw. They were not like me; they were not anxious, ragged, or beaten; they were never in pain. They were not like the children of the neighbours; they never made me tremble all over by setting up shrill noises, and they never mocked me. Such numbers of them, too. All in white dresses, and with something shining on the borders, and on their heads that I have never been able to imitate with my work, though I know it so well. They used to come down in long, bright, slanting rows, and say all together, "Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?" When I told them who it was, they answered, "Come and play with us!" When I said, "I never play! I can't play!" they swept about me, and took me up, and made me light. Then it was all delicious ease and rest till they laid me down, and said, all together, "Have patience, and we will come again." Whenever they came back I used to know that they were coming, before I saw the long bright rows, by hearing them ask, all together, a long way off, "Who is this in pain? Who is this in pain?" And I used to cry out, "Oh, my blessed children, it's poor me! Have pity on me! Take me up and make me light!"'

So would Jenny talk to Lizzie, and Lizzie would listen, and press her hand gently in sweet sympathy.

All that Jenny Wren endured, and the bright selfishness she displayed—so striking a contrast to Charley Hexham's self-love and conceit—are beautifully told by the great novelist in *Our Mutual Friend*.

JAMES CASSIDY.

A FORTUNATE YOUTH.

A PRETTY story is told of a German general, who was noted for his great kindness of heart.

He was strolling in one of the public gardens of Berlin, and met a young cadet who was walking along slowly, looking very distressed, and evidently searching for something on the ground.

'What are you looking for?' inquired the general, kindly.

'I've lost the locket off my watch-chain, sir,' an-

swered the lad, 'and I valued it greatly, for it contained some of my father's hair.'

'Never mind,' said the general; 'I will help you to find it;' and he began to hunt about for the lost treasure.

A few moments' diligent search, and the general caught sight of the missing locket and, picking it up, handed it to the boy, who was so delighted at recovering his prize that he could scarcely find words to express his thanks; but when the general asked him what time it was, he stammered, and had to admit that he did not possess a watch.

'Come along with me, then,' said the kind-hearted soldier, and straightway took the boy to one of the best watchmakers in Berlin, and, purchasing a watch, he presented it to the astonished cadet. 'Accept this,' he said, 'for he who honours his parents deserves to be encouraged.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

51.—GEOGRAPHICAL WORD PUZZLE.

THE scene of an important battle fought early in the present century. The victory, which was on the side of the English and their allies, put an end to a long and disastrous war and secured liberty to many European countries.

1. 3, 7, 8, 6. A useful implement.
2. 6, 2, 3, 4. Not early.
3. 4, 2, 5, 6. A person of rank.
4. 3, 4, 2, 5. An outward sign of sorrow.
5. 1, 7, 8, 6. A useful article of manufacture.
6. 5, 2, 3, 4. A tax.
7. 1, 2, 5. Hostility.
8. 1, 4, 2, 6. Welfare.
9. 6, 7, 8. A game at cards.
10. 5, 4, 2, 6. Not sham.
11. 6, 7, 5, 4. Learning.
12. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. A necessity of existence.

C. C.

52.—RIDDLE.

If a mother speaks often of her children, how can you be sure that she has more than six?

[Answers at page 395.]

ANSWERS.

- 48.—1. A 4s. 3d. B 4s. 9d. C 5s. 3d. D. 5s. 9d.
 2. Wages for the last month, 738l. 2s. 3d. Wages for the whole year, 1107l. 3s. 4d.
 3. 8 cubes.
 4. Greater number, 6; lesser number, 4.
 5. Age 42.
 6. 96 half-crowns.

49.—Heracleitus.

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. Rail. | 4. Sail. | 7. Star. |
| 2. Lute. | 5. Chair. | 8. Chest. |
| 3. Acute. | 6. Cruel. | 9. Stair. |

50.—Thebes.

- | | | |
|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. Best. | 3. Bee. | 5. These. |
| 2. Tees. | 4. Sheet. | 6. Hebe. |

THE COLONEL'S BOYS.

(Continued from page 374.)

HE suspense of Phil and Jack was soon at an end. One morning early—it was hardly light—the cabin boy was sent to rouse them out of their berths, and tell them that ‘Mr.’ Buxton—the leader of the crew in their murder of the captain and mate—wished to see them on deck.

They dressed hurriedly, and clambered up the companion steps, trembling with excitement and anxiety—for something told them that they were now to learn their fate. They walked aft to where the burly ruffian, his sleeves rolled up to the elbow and the shirt open low upon his hairy chest, stood at the wheel.

Pointing with one hand over the port bow, he exclaimed, ‘Look!’

The boys turned their eyes in the direction indicated, and saw, lying low in the water, about a mile away, a small green-looking island, with a few palm-trees growing close down by the water’s edge.

‘Well, you have got to get your duds together, quick as you can, for we’re going to set you both ashore there. It wouldn’t suit us to have you boys talking about what we have done with the cap’n and mate when we get into port. So shove along, my young jokers, do you hear?’

Phil and Jack cast a look at the little island, and then, without a word—for they knew remonstrance or argument would be worse than useless with these outlaws—they went below, and hastily got together what they thought would be most likely to be of service to them of their belongings, crammed them into one box, and then hastened on the deck again. They were now almost abreast of the island, and already the men were standing by to lower a boat.

‘Let go and run her down, my hearties!’ and, with a skirl of the ropes as they sped quickly through the block, the little boat was soon bobbing about on the water.

‘Heave them two bags of biscuit in, and that small cask of water,’ cried the boatswain. ‘Now in with this box, and look sharp back, Ben.’

The boys, in silence, climbed over the side and down the rope ladder into the boat below. Not a word passed between them and the men rowing on the short journey to the shore, but with their hearts full and their eyes strained to examine the island, they sped rapidly away from the ship.

Ten minutes of hard pulling, and the keel of the little boat ran out of the water on to the soft sand of the foreshore, and the bow man jumped out, and gave her a haul up.

‘Now jump out and look lively, young fellows. We don’t want to be here all night.’

Phil and Jack needed no second bidding. They knew that they would have to make the best of the trying situation in which they found themselves, and

delay would only irritate the crime-stained ruffians before them. The box and provisions were flung ashore; the bow man shoved off the boat, jumped in, and, in another minute, they had got her head round and were pulling once more for the brig.

Without waiting to watch for the last glimpse of the *Esmeralda*, as, having taken up her boat, she again made sail and stood off to the westward, the boys started to walk up the sand-hill in front of them, determined as far as possible to explore their new home, and especially to satisfy themselves whether that great essential of life, water, was to be found there.

Trudging up the steep shore, they presently came to some coarse, thinly growing grass, fringed on the land side by a small belt of palm-trees. The boys noted, with much satisfaction, that cocoa-nuts grew in abundance. The humming of innumerable insects mingled with the merry and ceaseless chirping of gaily plumaged birds, whilst the whole air was laden with the perfumes of the wild flowers which grew in rich clusters on almost every bush. Walking straight on, they soon reached what seemed to be the highest eminence on the little island. From here they could just make out a little gleam of white—the brig—already dwindling into the size of a toy in the distance.

‘We must gather some faggots and light a fire here, if we should be lucky enough to catch sight of a sail passing, and those on board would surely send a boat to see if any shipwrecked people were here, I should think,’ said Phil.

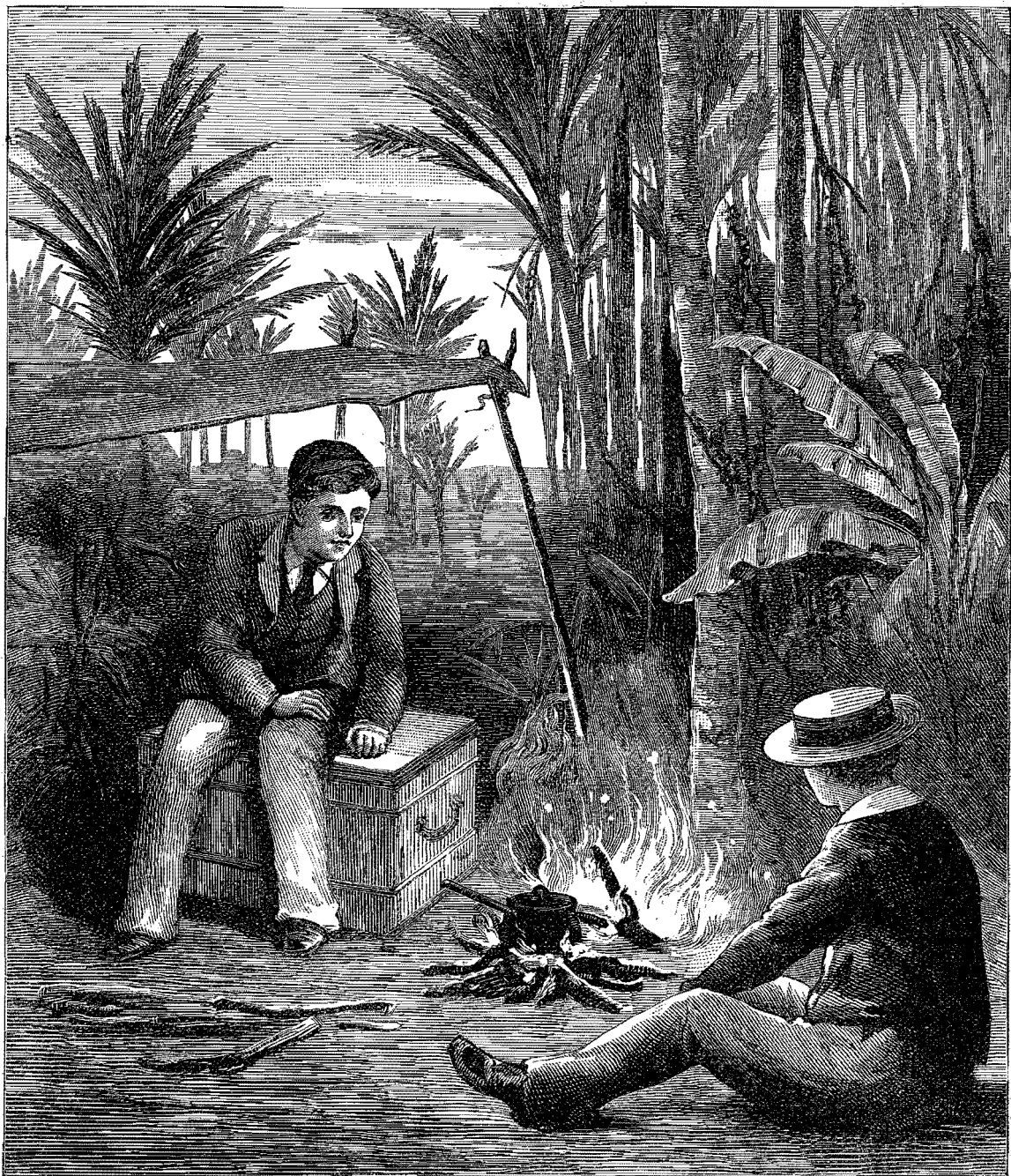
‘But where are we? What island can this be?’ returned his brother, rather dismally.

‘Well, from what I heard the boatswain saying yesterday, I should imagine we are not far from the Bahamas. However, whether that is so or not is not half so important as it is to find out whether there is water here. Without that, our chance of life is a poor one indeed.’

Without another word they pushed on over the far side of the hill. Already they could catch a glimpse, through a cluster of palms, of the sea on the other side of the island, and still no sign of water. The surf showed in thin lines of shimmering white upon the sand, while the merciless sun beat down upon them from heavens of brass. On they went, looking everywhere, and each moment more and more despairingly, for a sight of some spring which would serve to keep them alive when the keg of water was gone, while they had to wait, hoping for rescue, on the island.

At last, Jack’s eager, searching glances were rewarded. At the foot of a small hill grew some bushes greener-looking than the rest. The boys ran towards it. Merciful heavens, it was water! The little brook ran out from a small clump of trees, tumbling over a worn rock, and falling into a pool below. They flung themselves on their faces, and drank deeply of the delicious, cool fluid, thanking God in their hearts as they did so. It seemed like deliverance and life.

Here they determined to make their camp. They returned to the place where the boat had put them ashore, and dragged their box up the hill. There they rested a while, and then another short journey,



Phil and Jack on the Desert Island.

carrying their belongings between them, brought them to the side of the stream. They sat down and made a sparing meal of ship's biscuit, washed down with copious draughts of delicious cool water. They rose wonderfully refreshed, and at once set about preparing themselves for the coming night.

Phil scraped out a hollow place in the loose white sand, whilst Jack collected dead wood into a

heap for fuel. The cook of the *Esmeralda* had thrown an old saucepan to one of the men for the boys' use, out of a sort of good-natured pity, but what they were to do to obtain anything to put in it puzzled them. There were land-crabs crawling over the shore, and parrots flying around them, but neither looked at all inviting for culinary purposes. Perhaps they could fashion some lines out of

string and bits of wire, of which they had plenty, and catch some fish. They quickly put the thought into act. In half-an-hour's time two long lines, buoyed with pieces of wood, and baited with bits of a lizard which they caught, were ready for setting. Taking their clothes off, Phil and Jack, each with a line in his hand, waded into the clear blue water waist-deep—farther they dared not go, for fear of the sharks—and then, letting fall the weighted hooks of bent wire, so that they could nearly touch the bottom, they shoved the timber that buoyed them as far out as they could, and returned to the shore. Just as Jack was stepping on to dry land again, his foot was nipped by something that pinched like a vice. With a yell and a bound, he was high and dry in a moment, with a large sea-crab clinging fast to his toe.

He dashed the creature furiously against a rock, completely smashing its shell before it would loose its tenacious grip. Then Phil picked it up, saying, 'Well, anyhow, you've caught the first thing we can put into the pot.'

Whilst waiting for fish to get on to their hooks, they managed to rig up, on some tree-branches, a large rug to serve as a sort of awning and be a protection against the heavy night dews. This done, they started off to the little patch of trees again, and managed to get two or three good cocoa-nuts and some plantains. About sunset, they returned to their camp, lighted a fire, and put the crab on to boil. Then they went to haul up their lines.

On the first was a good-sized fish, somewhat resembling a mackerel, and weighing about two pounds; the second revealed a small flat-looking fish, but, clinging to it so tightly that they could hardly disengage its claws from the fish's tail, was a *craw-fish*.

'This is an important discovery for us,' said Phil; 'if *craw-fish* are about here, they alone would keep us in food for a long time. At all events, we don't seem likely to starve for a month or two; no thanks to the villains who put us ashore here, for I don't suppose they either knew or cared whether we lived or died. A bag of biscuit and a keg of water does not go very far with two hungry and healthy lads.'

They devoted all their energies to boiling, first, the large crab, and then, whilst he was cooling, the two-pound fish which they had caught. Not having the least idea of cooking, it will be readily understood that the one was 'done to death,' whilst the other was almost raw. Nevertheless, the boys enjoyed their meal, resolving, at the same time, to profit by their experience upon the next occasion. After they had discussed the cocoa-nuts and plantains by way of desert, they stretched themselves lazily on the sand, and gazed calmly out at the sea.

In these latitudes the twilight is but short, and soon after sunset the cry of the birds and hum of insect life sank into almost complete silence. Night settled down over sea and land, bringing with it a cool, refreshing breeze, but at the same time starting into life and activity myriads of chirping crickets and flying beetles, whose humming noise first disturbed and then lulled into restfulness all who heard it. Swarms of fire-flies flitted fitfully in and out

amongst the palm-trees, and the soft rippling of the wavelets on the sandy shore, as the white, full moon rose slowly over the ocean, all combined to make a scene of the greatest beauty, albeit one of terrible lonesomeness.

(Concluded at page 388.)

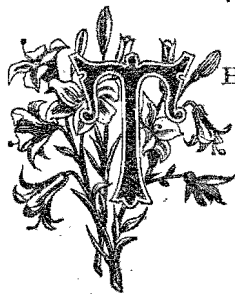
AN ANT STORY.

A PRETTY ant story comes from Chicago. A pastrycook in that city found his shop invaded by a colony of ants, who feasted nightly on the delicacies deposited on a certain shelf. After cudgelling his brains for some time in order to discover a plan for stopping the depredations of the active insects, he resolved to lay a streak of treacle around the tray containing the coveted food. In due time the ants came forth in their hundreds, and were led towards the feast by their chief. On reaching the line, scouts were then sent out to survey, and eventually the 'word of command' was passed around, and instantly the main body of the ants made for a part of the wall where the plaster had been broken by a nail. Here each snatched up a tiny piece of mortar and returned to the spot indicated, where their burdens were deposited upon the melasses. By this means, and after an infinite amount of labour, a bridge was formed, and the triumphant army marched forward to partake of the fruits of victory, the baker meanwhile standing by filled with wonder.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 371.)

CHAPTER XXIV.



HE had Peters had never said a truer word than when he told Fred Malcolm that the day following the successful whale-hunt would be a day of overwhelming toil for every one on board the *Diana*. As soon as daylight dawned, the ship became like a hive of busy bees, each man running about in discharge of his appointed duty: some attending to the furnaces, which already were sending up volumes of thick black smoke; others carrying to the caldrons huge pieces of blubber to be boiled down, or slabs of whale-skin to be used as fuel. It was this greasy fuel which caused the dense smoke and soot which hung over the ship like a cloud, the odour of which was so disgusting that many of the men became faint after a while, and had to knock off duty for half an hour or so, in order to recover themselves. Meanwhile grog was served out by Tom, cautiously indeed, but in greater

quantities than usual, partly to support the men's strength, and partly to promote cheerfulness among them, for the work was trying both to the temper and to the strength, and many a cuff was bestowed by the more surly fellows amongst them upon the boys, who could not follow their tasks without larking amongst themselves, after the manner of boys in general.

Fortunately for the whole crew, the weather was sunny and pleasant, the sea calm and tranquil, so that the ship required little attention, but lay gently rolling from side to side, while the laborious work of 'trying down' went on.

As the oil was pressed from each lump of blubber, the refuse was pitched overboard to be fought for by the attendant birds, or swallowed by some greedy shark, following in the ship's track.

Just when the work was at its height, a new excitement sprang up on deck, caused by the arrival of the second boat, the non-appearance of which the day before had caused much anxiety both to the skipper and the mate. As this boat drew closer to the *Diana*, it was observed that its crew had also captured a whale, though only a small one, so that the work was now double, while the newly arrived men were so exhausted with fatigue and hunger, that they were for many hours unable to help their mates.

But the men did not grumble. It was paying work; each barrel of oil was so much into each man's pocket, and the thought of this was cheering to men who had wives and little ones at home.

But the work was finished at last; then other two whales were caught, after which the *Diana* was turned homewards, both captain and crew feeling well pleased with the success of their efforts.

'We are to touch again at the Cape, Tom, I suppose?' asked Fred, whose thoughts were now all of England, and his friends there. 'Surely there will be a letter for me from my aunt; what do you think, Tom?'

'Most likely there will be,' said Tom; 'but, Fred, what do you think?—the *Diana* is not going straight home as yet. Captain Hart intends to put in at Sydney, to get new spars and sails, and, as we may be there for a week or so, you can go ashore if you like, and look up that man who was so kind to you and your poor brother Cecil. You would like to do that, would you not?'

'Oh, wouldn't I!' answered Fred, with an eager flush on his face. 'I should like it above everything! How surprised he will be to see me on board a whaler! but I dare say he will scarcely know me again, I am a head and a half taller than I was in those far-off days; and, Tom, I shall go to see my father's and my mother's graves. It seems strange to have nothing there belonging to me but graves!'

'Ay, Fred, no wonder that you feel like that,' said Tom; 'but your parents were good Christian folk, and you can think of them as being happy now with the Saviour. Is that not a cheering thought?'

'Yes, at least it should be,' said Fred, thoughtfully; 'but it is wonderful how soon I forget these things; but, Tom, I'll tell you who will be disappointed that we are not going straight to Cape Town, and that is Peters. I have found out that he wrote to his

mother when we touched at the Cape before, and he is hoping for an answer when we touch there again. I do hope he won't be disappointed. You see, Tom,' added the lad, 'I am very much interested about it, because it was I who begged him to write to his mother. At first he was angry with me for interfering, but afterwards, it seems, he took my advice, though he never told me till yesterday.'

'That lad has done a deal better this voyage than I expected,' replied Tom. 'I happened to know that he was very unruly at home, and he always speaks of his parents in such a hard-hearted kind of a way, that I used to think he would come to no good; however, as boys grow older, they often tame down a bit, so let us hope he means to turn over a new leaf.'

'Oh, I am sure he will,' cried Fred. 'Do you know I am getting to be real fond of him, he is so funny!'

'Ah, but take care, Fred,' said Tom, gravely; 'fun is all very well—don't think I am against boys having fun—but there is something wrong with the boy who goes on month after month neglecting a loving mother as he has done. Well, I don't mean to put you against Peters; only, Fred, be careful not to follow him in anything that is wrong. But now I must go; if the wind keeps as it is now, we shall make Sydney harbour in a week or so.'

But Sydney harbour was not reached in a week, as Tom Ryder had expected, for a violent storm broke over the *Diana* the very day after the conversation already recorded between Tom and Fred had taken place. Hitherto the wind had been favourable for reaching Sydney, but on the evening of that day it fell entirely, and the *Diana* lay becalmed in mid-ocean, a state of matters very unpleasant to the crew, who, now that their whaling exploits were over for the season, were all longing for home. But the dead calm did not last long; the wind sprang up the following night from the westward, and shortly afterwards shifted to the south, while a small, dark cloud on the horizon warned the practised eye of Captain Hart that a squall might presently be expected. Instantly, therefore, all hands were turned up, and every preparation made for the threatening danger, the clouds, meanwhile, increasing in size and density, while the breeze again died away, and an ominous calm reigned around. But this did not last long; the water, whose surface was one moment almost without a ripple, became in the next a sheet of seething foam. A rushing, roaring sound fell suddenly on the ear, and the hurricane was upon them in all its fury.

It was fortunate indeed for the *Diana* and her crew that Captain Hart was a cool and thoroughly experienced man, for the next two or three days tried them terribly. Hour after hour the wind seemed to increase in fury, while thunder, lightning, and torrents of hail were added to the tempest. But amid much discomfort and positive danger, the *Diana* held on her way, till at length the storm subsided, and once more the somewhat battered whale-ship was headed towards Sydney, and anchored at one of the many wharves around the magnificent expanse of land-locked water, which affords safe anchorage to vessels of the largest size.

(Continued at page 386.)



"A violent storm broke over the *Diana*."

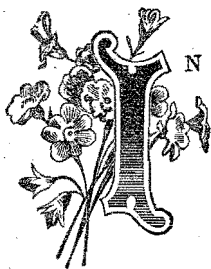


"Welcome, Cousin Fred! you don't know how happy I am to see you."

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Continued from page 383.)

CHAPTER XXV.



N a rather dingy lawyer's office in Welbeck Street, Sydney, two men sat conversing together one forenoon, one of whom we have already seen, while the other is yet a stranger to our readers. The elder man was about fifty years of age, of small stature, thin figure, and with hair

that was turning grey. His face was the colour of parchment, his eyes bright and quick, yet with a kindly expression, his every movement alert and active. His companion, a tall and good-looking youth of about twenty-three years of age, held a letter in his hand, the contents of which he had just read aloud to his friend, who had listened to it with the keenest possible attention.

'A very singular story altogether,' said the lawyer, whom our readers have perhaps already guessed to be Mr. Stace, 'that the boy should have disappeared, and left no trace behind him! What do you think about it yourself?'

'Oh, I have not a doubt that he was sent by my poor mother to the seaman who had at first brought him to my father's house,' replied the younger man, whom we must now introduce to our readers as Ernest Grindley, the eldest son of Murdoch Grindley, iron merchant of Birmingham. This youth had run away from home with his brother Walter, and after settling for a time at Kingston, Jamaica, he had gone to Sydney with a youth named Goldie, who had been his chosen friend in the fruit store at Kingston, where they had both been employed. 'My mother's sudden death, of course, has prevented our understanding the whole transaction, but I cannot doubt, Mr. Stace, that, if she had lived only a few days longer, all that seems mysterious to us would have been cleared up. My brother Charlie, you see, who wrote this letter, thinks as I do about this; but what he cannot understand, nor I either, is this—why the boy never wrote to my mother, after leaving our house! She loved him and was kind to him, as indeed she was to every one, yet months have passed away, and no letter from Fred has been received. What kind of boy was he, Mr. Stace?'

'As fine a little chap as ever I saw,' replied the lawyer, briskly; 'often, after I had shipped them off to England—him and his poor sickly brother, Cecil—my wife and I regretted that we did not keep Fred, and adopt him as our own; but we could not have kept both boys, and we could have hardly had the heart to separate the sick boy from his only companion and friend. Well, well, poor boys, theirs has been a strange story altogether! but Fred may turn up yet; the seaman who promised to keep an eye on them both was a worthy man, I do believe. If

Fred is really with him, he will be all right, and safe enough. Still, as you say, why has he never written?' And Mr. Stace fell into a thoughtful mood, as he went over in his mind all the particulars of the case.

But his meditation was cut short by the entry of an office boy with the announcement, 'A young man wishes to see you, sir.'

'What name?' asked Mr. Stace, at once rising to his feet.

'He gave no name, sir; he said that you would not know him.'

'Show him in, then,' was the reply; and, just as Ernest Grindley was preparing to take leave of the lawyer, Fred Malcolm entered the room, and the two cousins stood face to face, though, of course, both were quite ignorant of the relationship between them. But Fred was mistaken when he thought that Mr. Stace could not possibly recognise him, proudly conscious as he was of his increased stature and sun-browned face, for Mr. Stace, after one moment of bewildered uncertainty, had detected in the well-grown youth of fifteen the bright-faced little boy whom he had led by the hand three years before, and left on board the ill-fated *Beatrice*. But even Mr. Stace, ready of speech and understanding as he was, could not for a few moments find words in which to address him, so utterly was he astounded by Fred's sudden and unexplained appearance, just as Ernest Grindley and he had been lamenting the mystery of his fate.

At last he spoke. 'My dear boy,' he said, taking him by the hand, 'can it be possible, or am I dreaming? But no, it is no dream. Fred Malcolm, where have you been, and how did you happen to come here, at the very moment when your cousin and I were talking about you?'

'My cousin!' repeated Fred, as completely bewildered as was Ernest Grindley by these words; 'which cousin? I never saw this gentleman before.'

'No, you have never seen him before,' replied Mr. Stace, with an amused look, 'but still he is your cousin. Ernest, this is Fred Malcolm, the boy I sent off to England three years ago, the boy your mother befriended; but how he is here, and where he has come from, he must explain himself.'

But by this time Ernest was shaking Fred warmly by the hand. 'I could almost have found out for myself,' he said, 'that Fred was a relative of some sort, for he is as like my sister Hannah as if he were her twin brother! Welcome, Cousin Fred! you don't know how happy I am to see you. But now you must explain how all this comes about. Where have you been, and how are you here?'

Then Fred told his simple story. He told with much emotion about his aunt's kindness to him, and he touched as lightly as possible upon the very different conduct of Mr. Grindley. 'But,' he said, 'I can't understand, Cousin Ernest, how I find you here, for Aunt Edith told me that you were at Kingston, Jamaica!'

'So I was, Fred, you are quite right, but the next letter I wrote to my mother was to tell her my change of plans. Did you not hear that letter read?'

'No,' replied the boy, 'that letter could not have reached Birmingham till I had left it, by my aunt's

express wish. But tell me, Cousin Ernest, how is my aunt? I have so oftentimes wondered why she did not write to me as she had promised to do.

A few moments of silence followed this question, while a cloud seemed to gather over the face of Ernest Grindley, the silence being at length broken by Mr. Stace, who told the lad all that we already know—his aunt's sudden death, which had followed so soon after his departure from Birmingham, and the sad desolation of his three young cousins.

Fred was deeply touched by these tidings, and, turning to his cousin, he explained the reason why he had not written, namely, his aunt's wish that he should wait till he had received a letter from her. 'She must have had some good reason for laying this command on me,' he said, 'for Aunt Edith was kindness itself from the moment I entered the house.'

After a while the conversation took another turn, both Mr. Stace and Ernest inquiring into Fred's prospects for the future. 'Why, I have no particular prospects,' replied Fred; 'Tom has been so kind to me, that I feel as though I belong to him now. Still, I hate the idea of being a burden to him, or any one, now that I am nearly sixteen years of age.'

'And I hate the idea of my young cousin being brought up as a whaler's boy,' said Ernest, 'especially when I can point out something better for him to do. Fred, I may as well tell you that I expect soon to have a home of my own, as I am shortly to marry the sister of my friend Mr. Goldie. For my sake, I know that he will give you a place in his store. It is a book-store, Fred, and I think that you might be very happy there, and in the mean time till my wedding takes place—'

But here Mr. Stace broke in. 'In the mean time,' he said, 'Fred can come to me; right glad will my wife be to see him once more. What say you, Fred?'

And Fred, we may be sure, did not say 'No' to these kind proposals. He had long felt how lonely his life was. Tom had his own boys to provide for, and ought not to be burdened with another youth, who had now grown to an age to do something for himself.

Ernest therefore went back with his cousin to the ship, saw Tom Ryder, and obtained his cordial consent to the arrangement; and in a few days the *Diana* sailed away to Plymouth, leaving Fred behind.

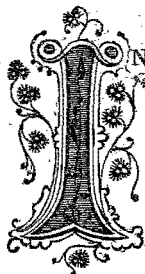
Then Ernest told his cousin more news about the family at Birmingham. 'My father has married again,' he said, 'and I am glad of it, for my sister's sake; she seems to be quite happy with her step-mother, who, indeed, is kind to them all, and helps to make their home-life cheerful. My poor father, I fear, has got into money troubles; at least, Charlie seems to think so from his letter to me. Charlie is a good lad, Fred!'

'Oh, indeed, he is!' cried Fred; 'I must write to the dear old fellow at once, and give him all my wonderful news.'

And the very next mail carried Fred's letter to Birmingham.

(Concluded at page 394.)

A PRAIRIE FIRE.



IN a neat frame dwelling-house in Arkansas, U.S., there lived, some years ago, a farmer from the old country, John Gray, with his wife and his pretty daughter, Clarice, whose marriage with Jim Elder, a friend residing about ten miles off, was expected to take place the day after our story begins. The weather was calm and sultry, and Clarice and her mother suffered a good deal from the heat, as they baked pies, made custards, and other dainties which were intended for the wedding supper.

Every now and then Clarice went to the door, partly to cool herself, and partly to look out for Jim, as he had promised to make his appearance along with two of his friends the day before the wedding. But no Jim appeared, although she saw her father with rather an anxious face coming in from the field.

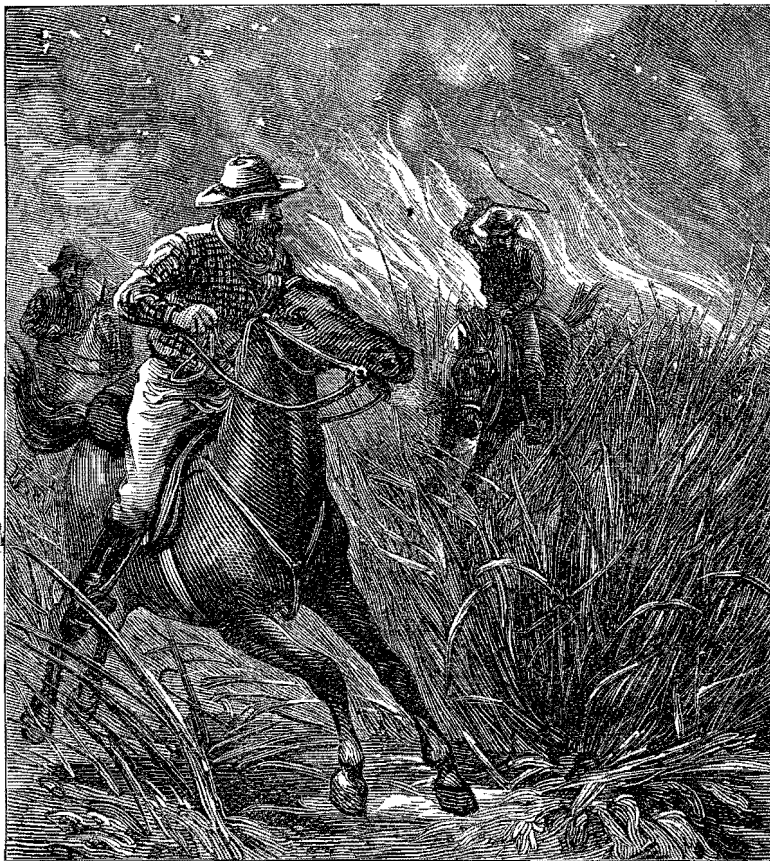
'My dear,' he said, turning round and pointing to the west, 'do you see that lurid glare in the sky? I very much fear that the prairie is on fire over in that direction. But don't be frightened, dear, it is miles away from us, and, unless the wind shifts, it won't come our way; but our neighbours may not be so fortunate.'

'And, oh, father!' cried the girl, 'poor Jim and his friends! they may be in the midst of it even now!' and the distracted girl ran in to tell her mother the terrible news.

But a shout from her father called her out again. 'Here they are, Clary! here they are! their horses blown and panting. Mercy preserve us! I fear they have a terrible story to tell.'

And so it proved. It seems that the three men had left home before the appearance of the heavens had been so unusual as to call for notice, but as they rode on they saw the same lurid look which had struck Mr. Gray in his homestead. The men were experienced enough to know what this meant. They spurred on their horses to their utmost speed, while, at the same time, they could mark a long, low belt of vivid light extending along the horizon, and rapidly increasing in extent and brightness. It was indeed a terrible sight! Here and there sharp tongues of flame were shooting upwards, while half an hour had scarcely passed before they heard a dull roar, almost like the moaning of the sea. After this weird sound reached their ears, the three men, hardy and brave as they were, felt that it was now a struggle between life and death. They exchanged glances, but could scarcely speak for the dryness of their throats. On, on they went, the snorting horses evidently being as well aware of the danger as their masters; on, on, over the billowy waves of long grass, which was so dry that it crackled beneath them, and would be quick fuel for the advancing fire.

Presently great volumes of black smoke rolled upwards, myriads of sparks flew over their heads, and the men gave themselves up for lost. They reined



A Prairie Fire.

up, and looked at each other with despair in their faces.

'My poor dear Clary! and to-morrow was to have been our wedding-day!' was all that poor Jim could mutter to himself; while his companions, though silent, had, doubtless, their own agonised thoughts of home and friends never to be seen again. But suddenly they felt that a breeze was springing up from another direction; the flames, which had seemed to be stretching out long arms towards them, now rolled away to the right hand, the atmosphere became clearer, the suffocating heat abated, the danger had passed. Again, and with renewed hope, they rode on their way, till in the dim distance they could see John Gray's homestead. 'God be thanked for all His mercies!' was the first thought of each heart, as they pressed on to meet their friends.

But what of those unhappy ones whose homes lay in the immediate track of those devouring flames? How woeful for them with scarcely any warning, to see the flames encircle their dwellings, to see wife and little ones shrivel away to dust in the midst of an avalanche of fire! How often has such a fate befallen the residents on the American prairie or the settlers in the Australian bush—a visitation of God which man is powerless to prevent or to resist.

K.

THE COLONEL'S BOYS.

(Concluded from page 332.)

IN spite of their strange bed upon the yielding sand, Phil and Jack slept well, the only really disturbing influence being the tormenting of the mosquitoes.

When they awoke at first streak of light next morning, their first act was to divest themselves of their clothing and rush into the surf for a refreshing bath, taking every precaution, however, to avoid the unwelcome attentions of the big crabs; then they ran about on the sand to dry themselves, dressed, and at once begun to prepare breakfast. The fishing lines which had been set overnight had been drifted ashore by the set of the tide, so their hopes of a morning meal from this quarter were dashed to the ground. They therefore ate what remained of their previous day's dinner, added to a hard biscuit and some fruit. Then they set out to further explore their island home.

The first place which they visited was the little hill-top, in order to take a survey of the surrounding ocean. Not a glint of a sail was anywhere to be seen, and, sighing for the disappointment, though hardly expecting any other result of their observations,



"The vessel fired a gun as a signal that she had seen them."

the lads made their way onwards to a clump of thick bushes, with here and there small trees rising in their midst. Here Phil was delighted to come across some citrons, several of which he gathered, together with some more plantains and coconuts. Having got enough of these for their immediate requirements, they next turned their attention to collecting and dragging up to the top of

what they called their signal-station—the small hill before alluded to—a plentiful supply of faggots, which they could light up on the first appearance of any sail which might chance to pass within range of human vision.

That afternoon, as they sat on the shore watching the ripples, Phil suddenly grasped his brother's arm and exclaimed, 'What's that?'

Jack strained his eyes seawards. There, floating on the surface of the gently heaving waves, he saw what appeared to be a box or submerged hamper steadily drifting its way towards the shore. As they watched, wondering what the strange thing could be, it touched a spit of sand which ran out into the sea, but instead of resting thereon, as it must have done had it been inanimate, it began to make faster progress in a kind of waddling gait up the fore-shore.

'A turtle!' exclaimed Jack, 'come ashore to lay its eggs, I expect. Let us follow it, and between us we might turn it over and kill it. Turtle soup and turtle steaks would be a splendid change in food for us;' and with these words the boys rose silently, and stealthily followed the clumsy creature until it was well away from the water's edge; then they made a sudden rush at it together and overturned it. It was only a small one, and, without giving themselves time to turn faint-hearted over the deed, a pocket knife in the creature's throat quickly put an end to it.

'Bah,' shuddered Phil, as he wiped the blade and then closed it, 'I couldn't stand doing much of that sort of cold-blooded work. I think, in future, we must try to get their eggs to eat instead of themselves. I was evidently never made for a butcher.'

However repugnant the work of butchery was, that of cooking and eating was pleasant enough. Turtle steaks are terribly tasteless, it is true; but, then, these lads were not in a position to be dainty, and the soup, even boiled according to their rough notions of cookery, made ample amends for any shortcomings in the more solid article.

They caught plenty of crawfish, and found them extremely good eating.

After a week's sojourn on the island their supply of ship's biscuit gave out, and this was a source of serious trouble to them. However, there was no help for it, and they had to make shift to do without these products of civilisation.

So, bathing (close in shore, and well out of the way of the long, black dorsal fins they could see every now and then), fruit-gathering, fishing, and hunting for turtle's eggs, they passed rather over a fortnight. We may be sure they did not neglect their look-out station, but several times in each day one or other of them repaired to the summit of the hill, and took an anxious glance at the horizon all round. Up to the fifteenth day, however, their vigilance had not been rewarded. On that morning Phil had plodded up the sandy steep, and no sooner had he reached the top than his quick eye discerned something unusual in the offing. He called to his brother to join him, and the pair of them stood some minutes gazing in silence upon the first glimpse of a sail which they had had ever since their arrival on the island. Then Phil exclaimed: 'How stupid we are, Jack, gazing like a pair of gulls at the sail, and forgetting to light our beacon all this time. We may already have lost our chance of escape by our own stupidity,' and, rushing off down the hill to their little camp, he quickly returned with a box of matches in his hand. In less than two minutes their pile had caught, and as soon as it was in a blaze the boys cut green branches from the trees and threw them on, so as to increase the dense volume of smoke. Then they sat down, and

watched eagerly for any sign of an alteration in the ship's course.

The breeze was a very light one, and the smoke from their fire rose straight and high in the air. Surely those on board could not fail to see it. And yet the precious minutes went slowly by, and the two boys could not see any sign that the men on board the ship had seen their signal. What an awful time of suspense it was to them! Escape on the one hand, solitude and isolation from all mankind on the other.

Beneath the sheen of the sun, in which the line of horizon itself seemed to merge, the little white sail appeared a trifle more distinct. Half an hour passed, and then the watchers on the island became certain in their own minds that the vessel had tacked, but whether from the exigencies of the wind, or because those sailing her had seen the signal fire, and were bearing up for it, they had, of course, no means of knowing. Another wearisome period of painful anxiety, and then, to their unspeakable relief, the vessel fired a gun as a signal that she had seen them. How they shouted and hoorayed, and finally dropped on their knees and thanked God for their deliverance, hardly requires telling. In a short space of time the ship had approached so closely that they could see that she was a small brigantine, probably a trader between the islands. Then she hove to and lowered a boat. Phil and Jack thought they had never heard sweeter music than the rhythm of the oars, working in the rowlocks, and they watched the dip of each blade as it disappeared into the blue water and rose again, dripping with liquid diamonds, in a sort of ecstasy of joy and thankfulness.

Two Cuban blacks manned the oars, whilst a white man, with a round, jolly face, sat in the stern sheets. He sprang out as the boat ran her keel into the white sand, exclaiming: 'Hollo, my lads, how come you here on this deserted place? Are there any more of you, or only you two?'

The story was quickly told to the wondering listener. Then he turned to the Cubans and said: 'Jump ashore, Jake and Isaac, you. I'll come too, and we'll soon get your traps along into the boat. My little craft here is the *St. Lucia* and we are bound to Porto Rico, this journey. But, after discharging cargo there, we shall be along to the south'ard of St. Domingo, and then on to Port Royal, in Jamaica. So the best thing you can do is to make up your minds to come along with me the whole trip, and then you will be landed at your father's door, so to speak, which is much better than for a couple of young lads, 'specially without any money to speak of, to be put ashore at any part of St. Domingo, and then left to find a vessel which would take you on to Jamaica.'

Phil and Jack would have agreed to circumnavigate the globe so that they reached their father at last in safety, and escaped the horrible fate of being left on the little island. They closed heartily with the skipper's offer, and, having got their box into the boat, they were soon rowed out, and safely reached the deck of the brigantine.

Within a month from the time when Colonel Thompson finally gave up all hope of ever seeing his boys again alive — the report being that the

Esmeralda, brig, had foundered, with every soul on board—they were locked in his arms, and the jolly-faced skipper was well rewarded for his kindness and care of them. Of the ill-fated *Esmeralda* they never heard another word, except that one of her boats was found floating keel upwards, about twenty miles off Tortuga Island. What became of her mutinous, murderous crew is a secret which will never be known until the sea gives up her dead.

UMBRELLAS.

ONE day, Daniel More went to pay his rent to Colonel McPherson, at Blairgowrie House. When he was about to return there came on a pelting shower, and the Colonel politely offered Daniel an umbrella, which was as politely accepted, and Daniel, with his head two or three inches higher than usual, marched off. Not long after he had left, the Colonel was surprised to see Daniel once more posting back to the house in all haste, still overtopped by his cotton canopy. This he held out, saying, 'I say, Colonel, this will never do! There's not a door in my house that will take it in!' G. S. O.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE.

THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.



HIS creature is chiefly remarkable for the way in which it constructs and furnishes its dwelling. First of all it digs a hole in the ground, two or three inches deep, perfectly round, and large enough to enable it to pass in or out easily; the whole of the interior is then lined with silk; this consists of a double layer. The first

layer, rather thick and coarse in texture, is fixed upon the earthen wall of its cavern. The next, which is placed over this, is beautifully woven, soft, and of the finest silk, and is arranged with the greatest care. The entrance to this tiny dwelling is fitted with a little door or lid, the under side of which is slightly convex, and padded with silk. The upper side is made to resemble the ground so artfully, that when the door is closed, no trace can be discovered of its existence. This little door in its construction exhibits a skill, a patience, and finish, which is truly remarkable. The little elastic hinge to this door is made of layers of silk, and is attached to the top of the cell. When the spider wishes to come out into the open air, it pushes up the lid; and on returning, it pulls down the trap-door behind it, and sleeps in safety. Should it be disturbed by any noise, any attempt to penetrate its secret dwelling-place, the spider is at once aroused; it rushes to the entrance, seizes hold of the under side of the door with its

front claws, and pulls with all its might; the hind claws are hooked to the lining of its den, and serve to strengthen its resistance. This courageous little fellow will struggle to the last pinch in defence of its hearth and home.

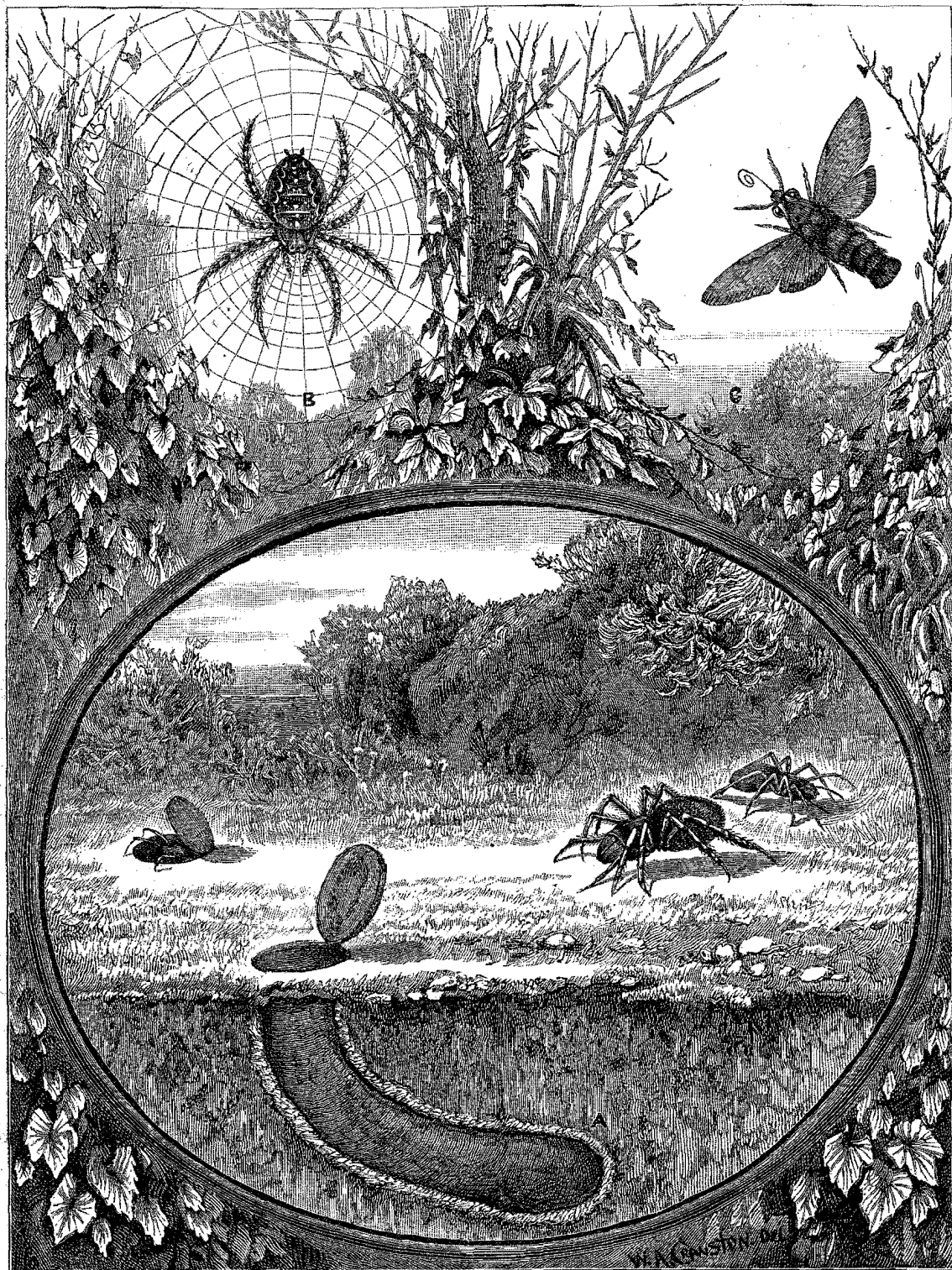
THE 'HAWK MOTH.'

THE 'Hawk Moth' has got its name because of its rapid and vigorous flight, and a strong resemblance to the hawk in its mode of progression through the air. It is a native of South America. Some of these moths are very large, exceeding in size many of the humming-birds. A curious and amusing sight may be seen sometimes. Should a hawk moth be so imprudent, or ignorant of the presence of these beautiful little humming-birds as to venture near the place where they are busy among the flowers, then woe betide him. In an instant they are after him; they dart round him in a most furious manner, pierce him on all sides, pluck and tear at him; and should the poor victim escape with life itself, he will indeed be fortunate.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

THE common garden spider, which we all know by sight, and are in the habit of regarding as a kind of nuisance, is, nevertheless, well worth the trouble of a little attention. In the first place, it possesses industry, patience, and perseverance in a high degree, and if foiled in its purpose, or interrupted in its labours, it makes fresh attempts till victory is secured. This spider, too, is as noticeable for the beautiful markings of its body, as it is for the lightness and elastic delicacy of the web which it constructs. When seen in a good light, by the aid of a magnifying glass, its beauty is then fully seen—but it is the beauty of a tiger, a beast of prey.

The way in which its web is constructed is very interesting. It begins by making the outline, passing from one leaf or twig to another, fixing the thread as it proceeds until the first circle is completed. The next step is to fill the circle up by lines radiating from the centre. To do this the spider fixes its thread to some convenient part of the circular outline; it then passes carefully along the circular line, keeping the thread it is now spinning free with its hind feet until it reaches the spot opposite to that where it began, and fixes it there, so that the area is now crossed by a thread. The spider then begins at the middle of this thread, fastens another, carrying it to the outer circle and fixing it, and so on until the circle is filled up with the radii. Having tested its strength, it now begins at the centre with the circular lines; the first rings are pretty close together, but are gradually widened as they recede from the centre, and are securely fixed to the radii; when finished it proceeds to the centre, bites off the points of the lines which meet there—by this mode the net is made more elastic; it then takes up a position in the centre, and watches for its prey. Some of these spiders lurk under a leaf, or in a corner, and have lines of communication with the net, which serve to inform them when their prey is entangled. Then the spider is quickly on the spot, and the poor victim is secured. W. A. C.



A — Trap-door Spider.

B — The Garden Spider.

C — The Hawk Moth.

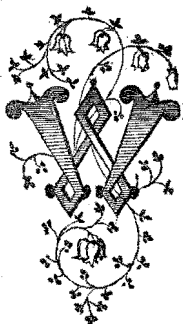


Arrival in Sydney of Charley and Hannah.

FRED MALCOLM AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Concluded from page 387.)

CHAPTER XXVI.



E must now suppose that five years have passed away since the events narrated in our last chapter, and all that remains to do before we bring our story to a close is to look in, first at the home in Birmingham, and then at the home in Sydney.

In Mr. Grindley's house we see much that is sad and cheerless, and yet much which ought to make the heart of any one rejoice who loved the young people there; for how pleasant it is to see young folk acting dutifully and bravely even in circumstances which are trying, as was the case with them.

Mr. Grindley is a widower for the second time, his wife's death having taken place immediately after a commercial crisis, which had robbed him of nearly all his dearly loved money, and left him in a great degree dependent upon his son Charlie, even for the necessary means to maintain the household. But yet another calamity had overtaken the unhappy man—severe illness had followed upon his terrible business anxieties, and he was now confined to his bed, quite helpless in body and greatly enfeebled in mind, peevish and irritable, despondent and gloomy. 'Oh, how sad, both for himself and his family,' our readers will say, and no one can doubt that it must have been so; yet what an opportunity for Charlie and Hannah to show of what stuff they were made! and how well they are conducting themselves in the sad and darkened condition of their home!

Charlie, now twenty-one years of age, is busy all day at the warehouse in Hartle Street, steadily at work, through summer heat and winter's snow, scarcely ever thinking of a holiday, happy if only he can balance the household expenditure, month by month, and see Hannah's pretty young face look bright and happy, even though her household purse may be running low! It is well for these two young people that they love one another so much, for every household matter has to be arranged between them, their poor father being too feeble in mind to be consulted on any matter whatever. And is Hannah pining and sad in her new and trying position? She might perhaps be if it were not for this, that every minute of her time is filled up with the duties which fall to the female members of the household. Sometimes she does feel weary and almost cast down in the evening after a more than usually trying day—when her poor father has been suffering from increased pain and restlessness, or when there has been any household difficulty with the servants, or otherwise. Ah, but when Charlie comes home, as weary as she is, and often a great deal more so, how Hannah's face brightens up! how carefully she arranges the tea-table for her beloved brother, the only one left to her now, for Willie has followed the

bad example of his elder brothers, and has left home, without consulting any one or saying where he was going. 'Oh, if he would only write!' the poor girl says to herself often and often; 'if he would only write, and let us know where he is;' but Willie never writes. And thus the days pass rapidly away, with the young brother and sister—days in which duty is always placed first and recreation afterwards—days in which the unhappy father is always tenderly cared for, and in which love for each other sweetens every trial they are called on to bear, till, at last, the end came, and poor unhappy Mr. Grindley lay still and calm in death, the tears of his dutiful children falling on his cold, unconscious face, as they say one to the other, 'Would that we had been able to do more for his comfort during his last days!'

But let us now turn to a pretty cottage home in the outskirts of Sydney, where we find Ernest Grindley, his young wife, and Fred Malcolm, living in the enjoyment of all the happiness that good health, comfortable circumstances, and family affection may be expected to bring. At the moment we look in upon them Mrs. Grindley is just expecting her husband home after the labours of the day; she therefore puts on a shady hat, and, carrying her baby boy in her arms, she goes leisurely down to the garden gate, there to await his arrival. He is not long of making his appearance, but his wife is at once aware of the fact that her husband's face is graver and more thoughtful than it generally is, and no wonder, for Ernest carries in his hand the black-bordered letter sent by Charlie which tells him of his father's death in far-off Birmingham.

Young Mrs. Grindley, of course, sympathises with her husband's sadness on this occasion, though she can scarcely understand it. 'Why,' said she to herself, 'Ernest's father has been so long laid aside, feeble in mind as well as in body, that one would almost feel that death, in such a case, is a relief and not an event to be deplored.' Ah, but Mrs. Grindley could not see into her husband's heart, she could not know how conscience had suddenly awakened within him, and was clamouring to be heard, reminding him how rude and ungrateful he had been as a boy, how he had run away from home, and persuaded Walter to do so too, how they had not even said farewell to the dear patient mother who loved them so; and now they were all gone, father, mother, and Walter, and why was he left? Oh, surely that he might learn how sad it is to act in such a manner, that our hearts are filled with bitter memories when we think upon the past! How much better Charlie had behaved than he had done, and dear little Hannah too had comforted and cared for her father to the very last! But Ernest resolved in his heart that Charlie and Hannah should now be the object of his peculiar care, he would invite them out to Sydney. A steady young fellow, such as Charlie was, would readily obtain employment, and, as for his dear young sister, she would be very welcome to a home in his house.

And so it was arranged, and we can easily imagine how glad Charlie and Hannah were to leave Birmingham, where, if they had known some happiness, they had also experienced many sorrows. When the young brother and sister arrived in Sydney, and saw

the group of loved relatives awaiting them, they felt for the moment almost bewildered. Ernest, of course, had grown entirely beyond their recognition, his wife was a complete stranger, and even Fred they scarcely knew, till he came laughingly up to them both and claimed them as his cousins! But we must not dwell on this pleasant scene, for a letter from Tom to Fred Malcolm still waits to find a place in our narrative. It arrived ten months after Fred had left the whaling ship *Diana*, so, properly speaking, it should have been given to our readers long ere this. It ran as follows:—

‘DEAR MASTER FRED,

‘Having duly arrived at home once more, where I found my wife and boys well and hearty, thank God for it, I am writing as I promised, to tell you about young Peters. The poor lad was uncommon anxious, to be sure, about the letter he expected to find awaiting him at Cape Town, but when he got it—well, I never did see a youngster so cut up before! “It serves me right,” he said, and then he disappeared for a while till he recovered himself. The letter was from his sister, and was written in all kindness, but it gave him heavy tidings. It told how that his mother had been fading away for months, but that she had lived long enough to receive his letter and to hear it read. She had then thanked God who had put it into the heart of her dear boy to write, and to say that he was penitent. “Write to him, and give him his dying mother’s blessing,” she then added, “and lay his dear letter in the coffin beside me.” This was done, for, when she was robed for the grave, the letter was folded within the thin white hands. Oh, Master Fred, you would have been sorry for the poor lad when he read all this! But he went home and saw all his people, and was reconciled to his father. Still, he is to stick to the whaling trade; it seems to suit him better than anything else, and his father gave a willing consent. And now, Master Fred, you have not forgotten Jack, I am sure—poor old Jack as shared our sufferings at sea when your little brother died. Well, I fell in with him the other day, looking well and hearty. He has left a seafaring life, is married, and has got a berth as coastguardsman, somewhere in the Isle of Wight. He sent his duty to you. And now I must end my letter, hoping that you may have a happy life in Sydney with your cousin, which you are sure to have if you patiently strive, every day, to do your duty to God and to man. I remain, with much friendship,

‘Your old mate,
‘TOM RYDER.’

THE END.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS.

51.—*Waterloo.*

- | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|------------|
| 1. Tool. | 4. Tear. | 7. War. | 10. Real. |
| 2. Late. | 5. Wool. | 8. Weal. | 11. Lore. |
| 3. Earl. | 6. Rate. | 9. Loo. | 12. Water. |

52.—Because she speaks of ten of them.

THE TITMOUSE.

A Fable.

A TITMOUSE once gave out that it intended setting the sea on fire. Everybody was astonished at the news. On the day appointed, great numbers of animals and even men flocked from far and near to see the performance of such a grand feat. Some people even went so far as to bring spoons with them, for they said there would certainly be a vast amount of most excellent fish soup.

At last, when all was ready, the titmouse flew towards the sea-shore and exclaimed to his mate, ‘What a grand sight this is, to see nearly the whole of the creation assembled here on our account! We will just take one more survey all round, and then fly as quickly as we can back to our nest.’

Well, what happened next? Why, the spectators became tired of waiting, and a rumour soon was spread among them to the effect that they had been made fools of. So they hunted everywhere to see if they could heap vengeance on the head of the wicked titmouse, but they could not find him anywhere.

‘It was lucky we came home when we did,’ said the titmouse to his wife that evening, ‘or we should not be living now.’

MORAL: Some people are so fond of being the public talk that they will even do some foolish thing to become notorious.

Adapted from Ivan Kriloff’s Russian Fables.

THE HOMESTEAD.

THE snow lies thickly on the silent fields,
The trees all leafless stand,
Frozen the stream, for winter’s grasp so cold
Lies heavy on the land.

How many poor there are, who know not where
To find a bit of bread;
Or, when the shades of darkest night close round,
Know where to lay their head!

But I!—how different is my lot to theirs.
I have my happy home,
Where baby waits to get his good-night kiss,
And laughs to see me come.

And his dear mother—well, I know she waits
With her own kindly smile,
Her table spread with simple homely fare
To welcome me the while.

Oh, happy home! how grateful should I feel
To God, who giveth me
So much of earthly joy; and, oh, how kind
To others should I be,

To all the weary-hearted ones who beg
From cottage and from hall.
And may I ne’er forget that God in Heaven
Would have us love them all!

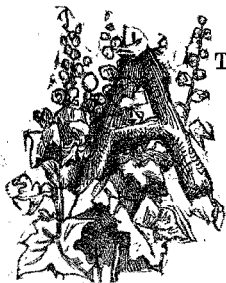
B.



"The snow lies thickly on the silent fields,
The trees all leafless stand."

SETH BALDUR'S YARN.

No. XI.



THE last came the night before we were to break up camp. I think we were all sorry for it. When we thought of the loss of forest and mountain, river and prairie, and that we were not likely to see old Seth again, we felt as though we were losing old friends.

We sat silently smoking for some time. After a while Pete addressed the old trapper, who lay, half dozing, in a comfortable corner, thus:—

'Rouse up, Seth; we are all going separate ways to-morrow, and maybe we shall never meet again. Let us have a last yarn to-night.'

Seth rubs his eyes with the back of his knuckles, and prepares to comply.

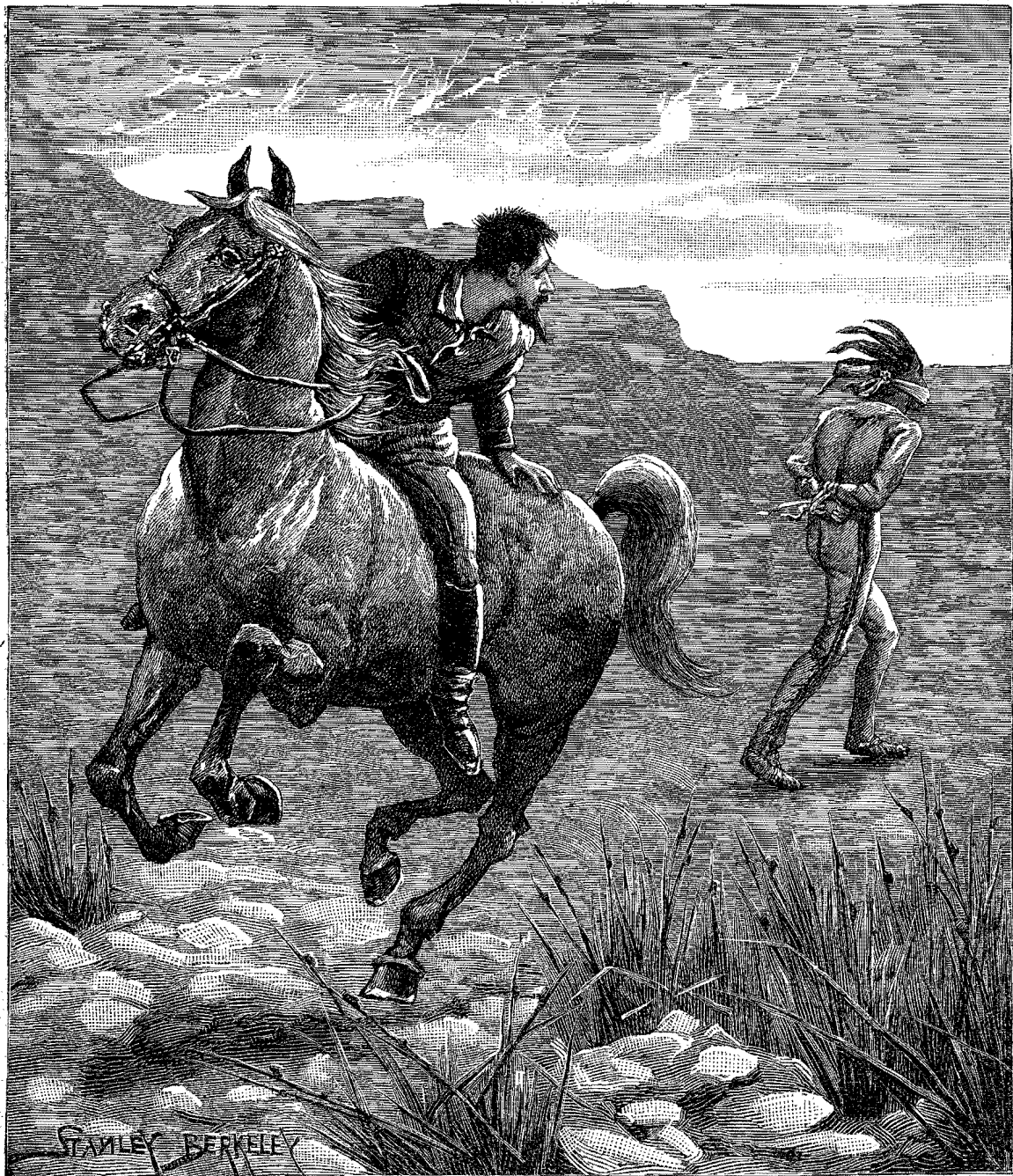
'Did I tell you about the time I had with the Pawnees, when—no, I remember now, I haven't told you that?'

'It was while I was living with my squaw's tribe. We had been having a lot of trouble with the Pawnees—the worst horse-thieves in the world, barring

the Apaches. They had raided our tepées while we were away on a hunting expedition, and another time they sneaked up to our camp and stampeded all the horses, and drove them off. They were a nasty, mean, thieving lot, who could do us a lot of harm that way, but they knew better than to attack us openly. Things got so bad at last that my squaw's eldest brother, Big Bear, asked me to go to them. Their camp was about fifty miles from us. Taking presents for their chief, and palavering around as though we wanted to be friendly, but with the real object of spying about to see for certain if it was their lot that had got our horses. Big Bear was very just in his general ways, and straight—for an Indian, and he wanted to be sure before he attacked them. Well, I agreed, and loaded up a pack-horse, which I led, got on to my own, and started off.

'When I rode into the Pawnees' camp I didn't take any notice of the common braves, but I went straight on to the lodge of the Chief, which was bigger and better-looking than the rest. The chief—his name was Spotted Elk—stood leaning on his rifle at the tepée door to receive me, and not looking best pleased either.

'We sat down there and smoked for some time in perfect silence. Evidently he wanted me to begin the palavering. I soon started in, and said my tribe and his had not been as brothers these many moons, and that this was wrong, and not as it ought to be. That



"Luckily for me his hands were still tied."

our lot had never interfered with him, and that we were willing to bury the hatchet; and that, in token of our friendly feelings, I had brought some gifts for them, half of my pack for their tribe, and half for another lot of them about twenty miles farther on.

'Spotted Elk did not move a muscle of his face, and I think he was anxious to hear if I would mention the stolen horses. His eyes twinkled when I spoke

of the presents, but he didn't seem so pleased-at the idea of only half of them being for him.

'Presently he sent one of his squaws out to fetch in my pack-saddle. It was put beside me, but I didn't open it. I said I was tired and would sleep now, and give him a show of the presents next day. I could see that he didn't like this, but it would not have been dignified if he had said so, so he sent one

of his braves to show me to a tepée not far from his own, and very kindly offered to take charge of the pack for me. On my part, I thanked him for the offer, but said that if it was all the same to him, I would attend to that job myself. Arrived at the lodge, I made a pillow of my pack-saddle for safety's sake, and soon coiled up and went to sleep.

'At the first streak of dawn I took leave to crawl round the place where some of the horses were grazing. The very first one I noticed was Big Bear's favourite mustang! That was enough for me, and back I went to the tepée.

'I took a few of the presents, Brummagem-made knives, tobacco, and other things, and gave them to the chief. Then I said that I must be going on to the next tribe.

'That didn't seem to suit him at all. He made up all sorts of excuses to keep me there, and at last he got so angry that I judged it would be better for me to give in for the time. The chief promised me that I should be allowed to start early next morning.

'All that day I couldn't help noticing that a big savage kept me well in view, and at night he rolled himself in his blankets and laid down to sleep right across the door of my lodge. I didn't feel quite sure that I should get away as soon as Spotted Elk had promised.

'Next day it was the same game over again. Excuses, and so on; I really must not leave my Red brothers so soon, and all that. I hinted that, if these objections were withdrawn, another present or two might find its way to the chief's lodge.

'No good; he meant having the lot, and didn't mean to give me a chance to slip him either, for the big Indian was at my heels all day long again, same as before. At night he again laid down right across my doorway.

'I reckoned that I had got into a tight place. They meant to have all my pack-load, and then probably to split my skull and take my horses. I thought that, if it was any ways possible, I would like to leave.

'I waited till I guessed from the sounds outside that the big man was asleep, and then I softly lifted the buffalo robe hanging at the lodge doorway, and stepped silently over him.

'Well, it's my opinion them chaps can hear the grass grow. He was up on his feet in a moment.

"Where does my brother go at this hour of the night?" he said—perfectly civil and polite though.

'I said that I wished to take a walk by the light of the moon.

'He said that *he* would do the same.

'If looks could have knocked that red-skinned gentleman into the State of Missouri, I guess he would have been there in a flash.

'In silence we set out together. We never exchanged a word for about five or six minutes, and then, as we had nearly arrived at a bluff where some horses were grazing—the spot I had been shaping for all the time—my friend pulled up short and said:—

"My pale-face brother is going far from the lodges of his friends. He must return."

'For a minute I didn't know what to do. He was

fingerin' a long glittering knife, and looked ugly, though his speech was so polite; but I had succeeded in getting a long way from their camp, and I wasn't at all inclined to give up that advantage and return to these cut-throats. I took a think, and then, just as he was going to speak again, I stooped, pretending to pick something up off the ground, and the next moment I butted my head violently into his stomach, and rolled him over. In an instant I had my hands at his throat, and half choked him. A single yell would have brought the whole pack about my ears. Luckily for me, the suddenness of the attack stopped the yell. He was pretty helpless from loss of wind, and I tied him with part of the bridle I had brought concealed about me in case I should have the good luck to get away from camp, and could catch a horse. To escape on foot was quite impossible with fifty miles of prairie between me and my tribe. After I had gagged him with my old fur cap and a strip of raw hide, I ran to the bluff where the horses were tethered by a picket-rope. Then I picked out the likeliest-looking one I could see, put the bridle on him—I didn't wait to see about a saddle, I can tell you!—I jumped on his back, and—the horse was dead lame!

'I slipped off his bridle quick as I could, and put it on to another. Just as I scrambled on to his back I caught sight of my prisoner rising from the ground where I had left him, and starting off at a shamle—but a middling fast shamle it was—for camp. Luckily for me, his arms were still tied, so he couldn't free his mouth from the gag, but he had kicked his legs loose, and was off. If he had been able to yell, my chance wouldn't have been quite so rosy, you know.

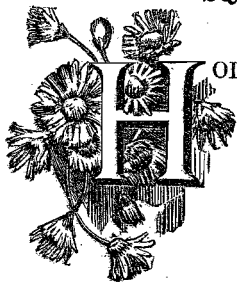
'I was a thankful man, I can tell you, when I found this second horse was sound and a good mover. The idea flashed across me when I found the first one was lame that perhaps this lot were all in hospital, so to speak, and that I shouldn't be able to find a sound one amongst them! A man mounted on a cripple would have stood a poor chance of saving his scalp against a horde of Redskins all riding sound horses.

'I had not got off many hundred yards when I heard the first outburst of furious yelling, and knew that the camp was up. They don't waste much time in saddling up and coming after you when they are roused, and I sat down on my horse and rode him through that night for all he was worth. He was a good bit of stuff, and a rare stayer, luckily for me, but for two days after I got him into our camp he hardly once got up on to his feet, poor chap!

'A few days after that we struck our tepées, and, in full war-paint, attacked the Pawnees at a time they weren't expecting us. We got most of our own stolen horses back again, though not all, and then we reckoned that we would borrow some of theirs to make it up. I guessed I could allow myself an extra one or two for the risk my top-knot had run when I was staying, much against my will, in their camp. And now, as we have got to part to-morrow at dawn, what I say is, One more pipe and then turn in.'

FOX RUSSELL.

SQUIRE PEMBERY'S POACHER.



OLLYOAK CASTLE is a beautiful old pile, ivy-covered, with square towers and battlements, a drawbridge and portcullis, the whole enclosed within a deep moat. In the days when it was built, and when defence and defiance were the common words in our ancestors' mouths, it must have been an awkward place to attack. Prudence would have suggested starving out its garrison rather than delivering a cross-bow and arrow assault; but now that the roar of artillery is heard in the land, we might fairly paraphrase the line, and say that 'stone walls do not a fortress make,' for such an edifice as the old castle would soon be blown into atoms by one of Armstrong's guns.

Sir Marmaduke Pembery, ninth baronet, better known as Squire Pembery, lived in the castle, with his two daughters and three big sons. Father and sons were all alike devoted to sport, kind-hearted and charitable to their neighbours, and beloved by all who knew them. Money they had in plenty, and, what was better still, the best of health. But one thing had of late been vexing the Squire. Surrounded by faithful servants, he still felt there was a 'traitor in the camp;' for not only his pheasants, his partridges and hares, but now even his deer, were being killed in mysterious fashion in his park and woods.

'Boys,' said the Squire one night to his three sons, 'we must find this poaching chap, whoever it is, or I shall go mad. Although I don't believe any one in the village would do me such an ill turn as to take my game, still there it is! The game goes. The keepers are about tired out, night after night, watching. Old William heard a gun last night, and ran as fast as he could to the spot, but nothing was to be seen; then, you remember the night before—or was it the night before that?—a gun was heard; Harry hurried there, and all he found was the body of a young deer that this vagabond, whoever he is, must have just shot, and had to leave when he heard the keeper coming. Nobody seems to have caught sight of him—even Robin suggested foxes; but as foxes neither kill deer, nor, to the best of my knowledge, fire off guns, I don't think much of that idea. I myself have watched four nights, but each of those times we never even heard a shot. It is a puzzle to me, and I feel at my wits' end what to make of it.'

The 'boys' expressed their sympathy, and then they adjourned to the drawing-room. They were all sorry for their father's annoyance at the doings of the poacher, but could see no practical way of helping him.

A little after midnight, Arthur, the eldest son, woke up; a most unusual circumstance, for he was a good sleeper. Under ordinary conditions the young fellow retired to bed at half-past nine every night of his life, and slept soundly till six or seven next morning. Therefore it was that he thought he must

have been awakened by some noise in the house, though he was unable to say what it was. Whilst thus lying sleepless and tossing about on his couch, he distinctly heard the sound of a gun-shot, and at no great distance from the house.

'The governor's poacher, I'll be bound!' he exclaimed, leaping out of bed. 'I'll just try my luck in seeing if I can't find him,' and, suiting the action by the word, he hurriedly dressed, and ran lightly down the staircase and through a side-door which was never kept locked.

Once into the park, the young man carefully got into the shadow of the great oak-trees, for there was a strong moon shining, and he did not wish to be seen if he could help it. He stole down the great avenue, whose trees cast weird shadows across his path, and he soon emerged into the open park beyond.

Just as he did so, in the moonlight and about two hundred yards ahead of him, he caught a fleeting glimpse of a man's form.

Arthur saw in a moment that his wisest plan was to 'stalk' him. If the man were indeed poaching, he would be keeping a bright look-out for pursuers, and would probably escape unless he was surprised at short range.

Steadily, then, and with the greatest caution to prevent treading on dried sticks or other things which might disclose his whereabouts, Arthur Pembery crept along in the shadow towards the mysterious visitant. Before he had got ten yards on his journey the gun was again discharged, this time at a sleeping roe deer, with fatal effect.

Almost at the same moment a hand was laid roughly on the young man's arm. He gave a start of surprise, but the moon coming out again, he saw that the hand belonged to his father's head game-keeper, old William Ranforth.

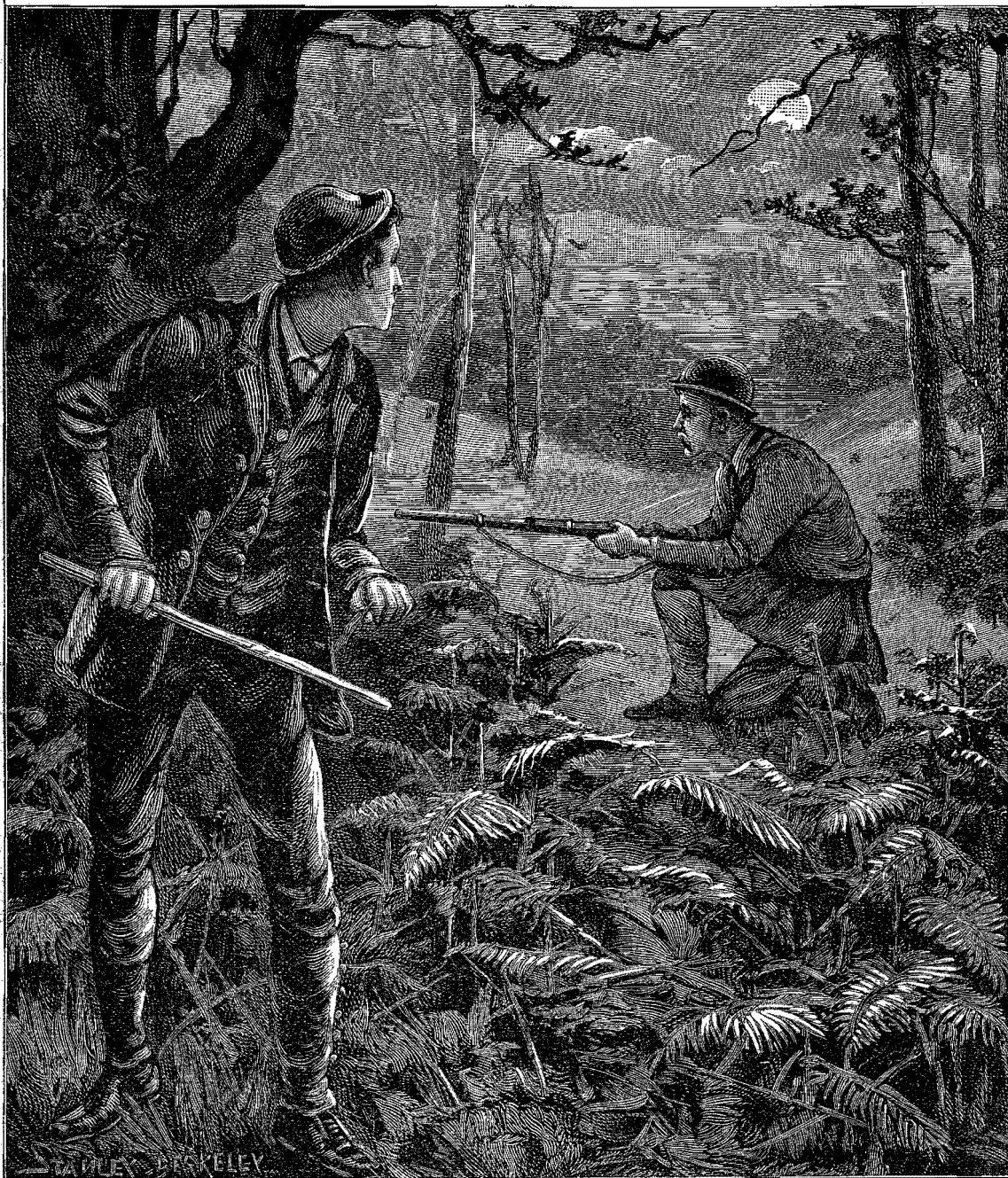
'Oh, beg pardon, Master Arthur! I thought I had got the chap we wanted at last. But they're about here to-night; that last gun was fired quite close—why, there he is!' and, without another word, off he set towards the man who had shot the deer.

Arthur, seeing that further caution would be unavailing now that the keeper had shown himself, followed him. As the pair of them drew nearer, Arthur was astonished to observe that the poacher made no attempt at escape. On the contrary, he was coolly re-loading his gun.

This was too much for old William's outraged feelings; his precious pheasants shot, and even the ornamental deer in the park slaughtered before his eyes, and the rascal did not even pay him the compliment of running away! Here he was, impudent enough to stand still, and calmly reloading his gun as if the whole place belonged to him!

William caught the fellow by the shoulder and spun him round, so that the moon shone full upon his face. Then he fell back as though he had seen a ghost—it was the Squire himself!

Squire Pembery received such a shock from the sudden awakening, that he never walked in his sleep again. To this day the baronet is now and then bantered upon the subject of Squire Pembery's Poacher.



Squire Pembery's Poacher.



"The small servant stood humbly in the presence of Miss Sally."

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

THE MARCHIONESS.*



HAT was Dick's name for her, although any one more unlike a marchioness in appearance it would indeed have been hard to find. Dick's first acquaintance with her was when she tapped timidly at his office door, and asked him to come and speak to a gentleman who had called about the 'lodgings,' as both her master and mistress were out. A fine couple they were, too, Mr. Brass and his sister Sally—Dick, the clerk, had already nick-named Miss Sally the 'Dragon,' and the term seemed fitting enough.

As Dick Swiveller looked at the 'Marchioness' in the doorway, he saw her to be a small, slipshod girl, in a dirty coarse apron and bib, which left nothing of her to be seen but her face and feet. There never was such an old-fashioned child in her looks and manners. 'She must have been at work from her cradle,' thought Dick, as he looked at her. 'What do you mean to say you are?' he asked—the cook?

'Yes, I do plain cooking,' replied the child. 'I'm housemaid too; I do all the work of the house.'

'I would give something, if I had it,' thought the clerk, 'to know how they—Brass and his sister—use that child, and where they keep her. I don't believe that small servant ever has anything to eat.'

It was dinner-time one day when inquisitive Dick followed the 'Dragon,' unnoticed of course by her, down some dark stairs, arriving at last at the door of a back kitchen. It was a very dark, miserable place, very low and very damp; the walls disfigured by many rents and blotches. The water was trickling out of a leaky butt, and a most wretched cat was lapping up the drops with the sickly eagerness of starvation. The grate, which was a wide one, was screwed up tight, so that it held no more than a thin sandwich of fire. Everything was locked up; the coal-cellar, the candle-box, the salt-box, the meat-safe, were all padlocked. There was nothing that a beetle could have lunched upon. The pinched and meagre aspect of the place would have killed a chameleon; he would have known at the first mouthful that the air was not eatable, and must have given up the ghost in despair.

The small servant stood humbly in the presence of Miss Sally, and hung her head.

'Are you there?' said Miss Sally.

'Yes, ma'am,' was the answer, in a weak voice.

'Go further away from the leg of mutton'—she had brought it downstairs with her—'or you will be picking it, I know,' said Miss Sally.

The girl withdrew into a corner, while the 'Dragon' took a key from her pocket, and opening the safe, brought from it a plate of cold potatoes, which looked as eatable as Stonehenge. This plate she placed before the small servant, ordering her to sit down before it, and then taking up a carving-knife, she made a mighty show of sharpening it upon a carving-fork.

'Do you see this?' said Miss Brass, slicing off about two square inches of cold mutton after all this preparation, and holding it out on the point of a fork.

The small servant looked hard enough at it with her hungry eyes to see every shred of it, small as it was, and answered, 'Yes.'

'Then don't you ever go and say,' continued Miss Sally, 'that you hadn't meat here. There, eat it up.'

This was soon done. 'Now, do you want any more?' said Miss Sally.

The hungry creature answered with a faint 'No.' They were evidently going through a regular form.

'You've been helped once to meat,' said Miss Brass, summing up the facts; 'you have had as much as you can eat, you're asked if you want any more, and you answer, "No!" Then don't you ever go and say you were allowanced—mind that!'

With these words, Miss Sally put the meat away and locked the safe, and then drawing near to the small servant, she overlooked her while she finished the potatoes.

It was plain that some extraordinary grudge was working in Miss Brass's gentle breast, and that it was this which impelled her, without the smallest present cause, to rap the child with the blade of the knife, now on her hand, now on her head, and now on her back, as if she found it quite impossible to stand so close to her without administering a few slight knocks. But Mr. Swiveller was not a little surprised to see Miss Sally, after walking slowly backwards towards the door, as if she were trying to withdraw herself from the room but could not do it, dart suddenly forward, and, falling on the small servant, give her some hard blows with her clenched hand. The victim cried, but in a subdued manner, as if she feared to raise her voice, and Miss Sally, comforting herself with a pinch of snuff, ascended the stairs just as Richard had safely reached the office.

(Concluded at page 410.)

MORE PRACTICAL THAN PATRIOTIC.

A CLERGYMAN was descanting to the boys in a day school on the necessity of growing up good and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks by appealing to their patriotic feelings, he pointed to a large flag hung up on the wall, and exclaimed, 'Boys, what is that for?'

A little urchin who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, shouted out, 'To hide the dirt, sir!'

* The story of the 'Marchioness' is to be found in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, the same book which has in it the beautiful narrative of 'Little Nell.'

THE IRON DUKE AT HOME.

THE London house where the Duke of Wellington used to reside is near Hyde Park. It is said to have been planned by the Duke himself, who, if he had not been a famous soldier, might have been a great architect. Apsley House, as it is called, is separated from the busy street of Piccadilly by bronze gates, supported by five stone pillars, a plain iron railing runs at the back, and beyond that is the Park. The porter in the Iron Duke's time was an old soldier, who admitted the visitor into a comfortable-looking square hall, which had a carpet spread over its marble floor. The chief rooms on the ground floor were three; one occupied by the Duke's secretary, another being the Duke's own private room, and the third, a state dining-room, where eighty people could dine with comfort. This room appears in the famous picture of the Waterloo banquet, which used, in former days, to be held on the anniversary of the glorious victory. The Duke's sitting-room was as plain as could be. At one end was a bookcase, and all around were boxes, each of which contained a collection of letters received, and copies of answers returned, during a year's space. A few chairs and sofas were placed about the room. Over the chimney-piece was a likeness of Napoleon. The windows looked out on the lawn behind the mansion. In the secretary's room were the beautiful china vases, presented by the grateful King of Prussia to the heroic Wellington.

The great dining-room was laid out far more for comfort than for show. Yet there was much to look at, and admire, in the great mahogany cases, with glass fronts, which lined the walls. A collection of most costly gifts, from royal and other personages, were here to be viewed.

Going up a spiral staircase you reach the upper rooms, passing Canova's noble statue of Napoleon at the foot. This is one of the finest works of art that is to be seen in the wide world. When you are landed above you enter four beautiful rooms, one after another. The Duke did not give Waterloo banquets every day, so he did not often use his grand dining-room downstairs. One of the upstairs rooms is a smaller dining-room, another is a ballroom. Then there is a drawing-room and picture gallery. Some splendid pictures are in these rooms, done by the brushes of Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and English artists. No fewer than six portraits of the Emperor Napoleon are to be seen in Apsley House.

The bedroom of the great soldier was the plainest of all. The bed was the one he used to rest in on the eve of battle. It had no curtains, and was hardly wide enough for a sleeper to turn himself in. The Duke used to say, 'When a man begins to turn in bed, it is time to turn out.'

Some iron blinds were put up by the Duke when the people were offended at his conduct and broke his windows. 'Let them stay,' he once said, 'I don't blame the men who broke my windows. They only did what they were told to do by others who ought to have known better. If any leading man grows giddy with popularity I think that a glance at my iron shutters will sober him.'

The Duke's country home was at Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire and Berkshire. It is a rather barren

district, where are many miles of waste land, with heather and firs dotted about.

The house of the great captain stands in a moderately sized Park. It is built in a low situation near a river, over which you pass in reaching it. It is a house of the Queen Anne style, long and low and white, with tall chimneys, and grey slate roof. The entrance porch is in the middle, and two rows of windows, at equal distances apart, stretch along the front. Opposite the entrance, and separated by a road, are numerous buildings—almost a little town in themselves—where the horses, grooms, and other persons employed, have their abode.

The front door opened into a rather low-roofed hall. The drawing and dining-rooms, the Duke's own room, and the library, were on the ground floor. They were somewhat narrow and long. The furniture was all as plain as possible. Everything was good, useful, and comfortable, but there was no splendour, as in other ducal houses. The bedrooms were of the same kind as the downstairs rooms, that is, convenient and plain, and solidly furnished, but nothing more. Neither were the grounds about Strathfieldsaye very showy; but they were kept as trim and neat as money and labour could keep them.

The gardens were very productive. The little church hard by was repaired and fitted up by the Duke with simple good taste. He also rebuilt the parsonage, and paid the clergyman an ample stipend out of his own purse.


Here he was visited by several of our sovereigns, and by many lesser guests. When at home, and keeping house for his visitors, his day was spent with military regularity; several hours being devoted to reading his letters, and replying to them.

Strathfieldsaye was bought by a sum of money voted to the Duke in the Waterloo year. We are told that he never spent on himself, or saved, any of the rental. It all went toward improving the estate. He used to say, 'The next Duke shall receive this place, as far as I can manage it, in the best order possible: and if he cannot keep it so, it won't be my fault.'

As long as he could hunt, the Duke used to be a resolute follower of the hounds; and even when he was sixty he could ride twenty-five miles to cover, hunt all day, ride home, and travel to London the same night. Such was the vigour and activity, in his old age, of him who will be for ever remembered as 'the great Duke.'

G. S. O.

ASLEEP!

 SLEEP at last, my darling,
My bonnie little one,
These laughing eyes I'll see no more
Till rising of the sun.

How soundly does he rest!
He knows nor grief nor woe;
He fell asleep in mother's arms,
That's all he cared to know.



"He fell asleep in mother's arms,
That's all he cared to know."

All night in deep repose
The little one will lie,
Till, when a rosy flush appears
Along the eastern sky,

He'll sit up in his bed,
And in a voice so clear

He's sure to call out words like those,
'Where are you, mummie, dear?'

My darling little one,
My treasure and my joy,
Oh, may our Father up in Heaven
Protect and bless my boy!

M.



An Intelligent Monkey.

A MONKEY WITH SOME SENSE.

THE following anecdote proves clearly that animals do reason. A friend of the writer owns a monkey, which answers to the name of Jocko. The children of the house and Jocko are boon companions, and of a summer afternoon often enjoy a frolic together upon the lawn.

One day some one threw a match down, and the grass caught fire, making a little blaze. Jocko saw it, stopped and looked, then glanced round, and, seeing a piece of plank not far off, he ran for it, crept cautiously to the fire, all the time holding the plank as a shield between himself and the flame, then he threw the plank on the fire and pressed it down and put it out. What child could have reasoned better or done more?

PEEPS INTO BUSY PLACES.



WOOL-GATHERING.

HERE is a great deal of 'wool-gathering' from off the world's sheep, and a very large part of what is 'gathered' is sent into Yorkshire. A peep into three large mills situated close by the river Calder, in the old town of Dewsbury, affords us many interesting glimpses of wool in its various stages.

The first thing that arrests our attention is the fleece. From Scotland, Australia, and the Cape, these fleeces are brought, stripped off the skins. They are packed in bales, and when they come from abroad they are packed closely, so that they may occupy as small a space as possible on board ship. Some wools arrive unwashed, and others partly washed. The natural grease from the sheep's back clings to the wool, and makes a special treatment, known as 'scouring,' necessary. The wool is sorted into qualities—for all parts of a fleece have not the same value, and some portions are not usable—and it is run into long tanks of suds. In each tank is a series of brass and copper rake-heads; these pull it through the suds on to a squeezing roller, and it is then passed on by the rollers to a second tank, and goes through the same operation, which is repeated in a third machine.

Each tank has a perforated copper bottom, through which the sand and soil from the dirty wool falls, being afterwards blown away by a 'fan.'

The next process, after scouring, is the drying. The washed wool is placed in a machine through which a draught of hot air is blown, and the wool, after being carried round and round over a series of hot pipes, is cast out by rakes, quite dry, and thrown into a huge bag suspended from rafters by ropes at the four corners.

When the bag is nearly full, a man gets in and treads it down. A curious and pretty picture is made by the white wool as it is tossed into the suspended sack and pressed down by a jumping man.

Some wool requires *carbonising*, to cleanse it from vegetable matter—this is done by means of an acid solution; it is, after being steeped, dried and beaten out.

While the wool is on the sheep, all sorts of seeds, straw, and other things from field and hedge-row, get entangled in the fleece, which even scouring does not remove. To clear it, the wool is fed into a five-rollered machine, and blown out at the other end by a fan. This process almost frees it from burrs and bits.

'Shoddy' is made from old rags. Both English and Continental rags are used. These arrive in sacks, and the first thing that the women and girls have to do is to sort out every little piece in which any relic of a seam appears, and then, with a pair of sharp scissors, to cut out that portion where the

cotton, from seaming, shows. It might at first be thought that a few stitches of cotton could hardly matter; but when it is remembered how large a quantity of rags is used during a year—over a thousand tons in a single mill—the matter will not appear quite so small.

Each kind of rag is thrown into a separate basket. Most of the pieces are quite small—mere snippings left over from ladies' dresses, and by tailors after making men's suits. An immense number of socks from the Continent may be seen here. It is quite surprising, too, how much the socks are mended. We noted very many in which no part of the original sock, so far as the foot went, could be seen, the new foot being formed entirely of darns. As wool socks are frequently mended with cotton, all darns have to be cut out. Before this is done, however, the socks and stockings require shaking, to free them from dirt and dust; for they are often very dirty and unpleasant when brought over here. To effect this, they are thrown into a machine known as a 'shaker,' and it soon becomes evident how badly they require to be so treated.

After undergoing the operations of sorting, seaming, and shaking, they, with other woollen rags, are torn to shreds by a 'devil,' a machine fitted with rollers and sharp teeth. To make the work easier, the rags are saturated with oil, thrown on by a spray. The old rags may now be considered as 'shoddy.'

Carried into another department, the shoddy is willeyed, or mixed with wool: first a layer of white wool, then of coloured shoddy, and so on. These are passed through a machine, and produce quite a pretty effect. In the case of pure, white wool, an artificial snow-storm results, as the fan blows the wool forward in a thick shower, the sharp teeth of the willeying machine imparting a fluffiness to the material.

Willeying is succeeded by 'scribbling.' The wool is fed into hoppers, weighed automatically, patted down, and passed through a series of teathed rollers, one pulling it off another, until it is delivered at the end in a film, which a comb with fine teeth, running crosswise over the roller, combs off; the movement of the machine imparts a round twist, and coils up the wool. It is again scribbled, and afterwards carded. The carding tears it up in an opposite direction, and it comes off on grooved rollers, and is rubbed between large sheets of leather, known as condensers.

These leather sheets have an opposite motion; that is to say, one sheet moves to the right, the other to the left, and by this action upon the wool, it becomes a thread.

The thread is wound on to great bobbins, and these are placed in a spinning-frame, and the thread is drawn off the condenser bobbins on to smaller bobbins, or on to spindles.

There is a wheel on to which the thread is wound, known as a 'cheese.' So many cheeses make a warp. As the thread is wound off the bobbins on to the 'cheese,' it is run through a preparation of size to stiffen it.

The next step is from the cheeses to a giant bobbin, termed a weaver's beam, which no doubt

some of you will remember is mentioned in the Scriptures. Once on the beam the thread is ready for the loom, where it is worked out in beautiful designs and patterns. Most boys and girls have at some time or other witnessed the operation of weaving, so that we shall not attempt to describe it here.

On the way to the Scouring Mills we stop to peep in at the Filter Beds, where dirty water from the river is made clean and fit to use again.

Some idea of a filter bed may be gained if we imagine a perforated sheet of iron, and upon this an arrangement of stones, one layer succeeding another, and each layer finer than the last. The stones act as a sieve and filter the water.

But to return to the cloth. Arrived at the Scouring Mills, it is scoured and washed to get out any remaining grease, and so it is made ready for the dye-vats. These vats are large tanks three parts filled with boiling dye. Indigo dye is the most troublesome colour to prepare, requiring quite a different process from other dyes, as fermentation of the liquid must take place, and some two days must pass before it is ready to receive the cloth.

A great deal of care is required in preparing pieces of material for 'shade'—i.e., getting them ready for light tints or fancy shades—and we watched some as they were plunged into cold water and left there for about three-quarters of an hour, then into hot water, and afterwards cooled again, and finally passed into the dye-vat, the dye being 'just so we can hide our hand in to begin with, then on to the boil,' as a workman explained. The odours from the dyes are anything but *sweet* odours.

When thoroughly dried, the cloth is passed through a cutting or cropping machine, which acts very much as a lawn-mower, and possesses a set of knives constructed upon the same principle. All the long loose hairs are sheared off, and the 'waste' is used for making felt hats; at one time flock-papers were manufactured from this fluff. From the cropping machines to the huge hydraulic presses—i.e., presses worked by water-power—is the next move. A weight equal to 280 tons takes out all creases. The cloth is brushed by teazles. Many of the readers of *Chatterbox* will have seen these growing in the south of England and elsewhere. They are not unlike hairy fir-cones, and, running crosswise over the cloth by means of grooved rollers, in which they are set, tease it, or brush it up.

But we must write no more concerning the operations that convert wool into cloth, or the lads and lasses who read will complain that their *wits* are *wool-gathering*.

JAMES CASSIDY.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

No. 16.—THE ELEPHANT AT EXETER CHANGE.

MR. CROSS, who was the proprietor of the menagerie at Exeter Change, tells the story of 'Chunie' in the *Everyday Book Stories*. It appears that the animal was first owned by a Mr. Harris, the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre. He purchased it

in 1810 for nine hundred guineas, on its arrival in England aboard the ship *Astel*, Captain Hay. The elephant came out as a public performer in the same year in the procession of a grand pantomime, called *Harlequin Padmonaba*. In 1814 Mr. Cross purchased it, and with him it remained up to the time of its untimely death in 1826.

On the elephant's first arrival from India he had two keepers. These accompanied him to Exeter Change, and to their control he was most submissive until the death of one of them, within the first year after Mr. Cross's proprietorship. Then the animal's increasing bulk and strength rendered it necessary to enlarge his den, or rather to construct a new one, of which we give a portion in our drawing. He was, like all Indian elephants, most docile. He made friends with the carpenter who had the construction of his new den. He frolicked with him, and interfered with the man's work, so that he had to be kept quiet by an occasional biscuit, and, if that failed, a prick from the gimlet would settle him for a time.

But as is usual with elephants, there comes a time when they get dangerous. At the period now spoken of he became unusually excited. He refused obedience to his keeper, and when he was struck with a cane he laid the keeper flat on his back. Fortunately the keeper was saved by Mr. Cross. It is customary in India to let the elephants loose into the forests when these fits come on, and when they are over the animals return to their wonted subjection. Mr. Cross resorted to pharmacy, and succeeded in deceiving his patient into taking twenty-four pounds of salt, ditto of treacle, six ounces of calomel, an ounce and a half of tartar emetic, and six drachms of powder of gamboge, and to this he added a bottle of croton oil, but to no effect. In after-years during these periods of excitement the paroxysms increased in duration, till at last the animal had to be destroyed, as represented by our illustration. He was shot after much difficulty, and nearly crushed the whole of the front of his cage out; but he sank at last, after about one hundred and twenty shots had been put into him.

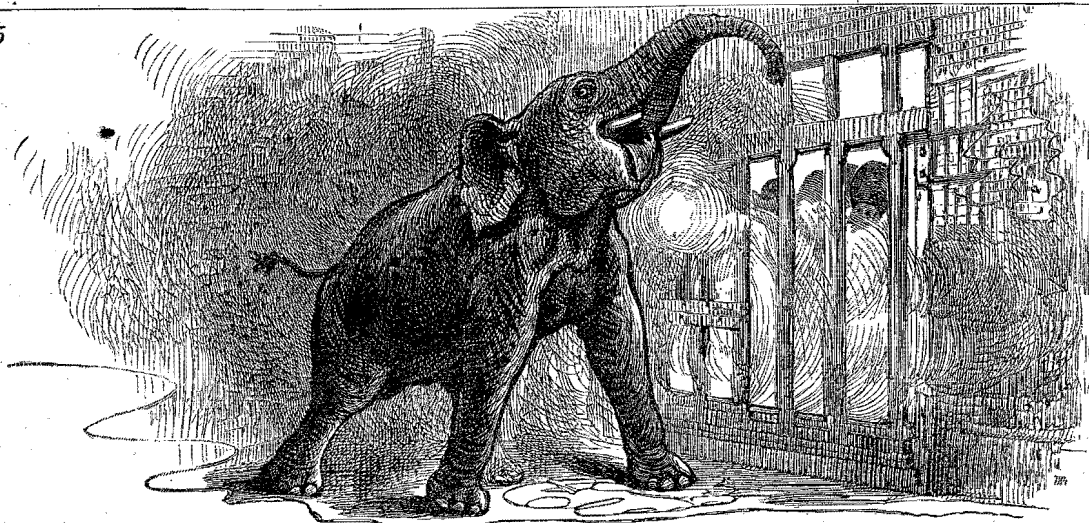
No. 17.—THE MADMAN'S DOG.

THIS is a scene in Spain. A Spanish maniac was confined in a room on the ground floor. His only friend, his dog, was taken away from him, but managed to get loose and find his way to his master, where he was allowed to remain until his master died, some months after his confinement; his dog, it is said, soon died too. This story was given me by an English resident in Spain.

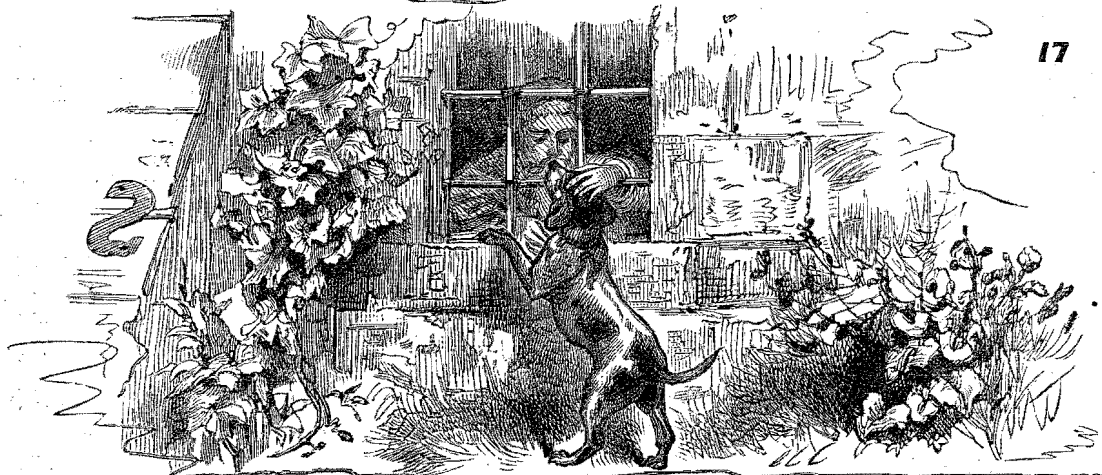
No. 18.—THE MONKEY-HOUSE AT THE ZOO.

THIS is an every-day occurrence. Never a day passes but some pretty bonnet is spoiled, or glasses are twitched off some one's nose. The little rascals come upon you so unawares. While you are playing with those below, those from above creep down and do the mischief before you are in the least prepared. But you are always cautioned by the announcement above your head, 'Don't get too near the cages.'

16



17



18

16.—Chunie shot at Exeter Change. 17.—The Madman's Dog. 18.—The Monkeys at the Zoo.



"I shall call you the Marchioness, do you hear?"

CHILDREN IN DICKENS' NOVELS.

THE MARCHIONESS.

(Concluded from page 402.)



HERE were long hours in that office when little business fell to Dick's share; hours when he was left entirely alone, and often found time hang heavily on his hands. In order to beguile it he provided himself with a cribbage-board and a pack of cards, and played many games silently. It was upon one of these occasions that he heard a kind of snorting or hard-breathing sound outside the door. It occurred to him, after some reflection, that this noise must come from the small servant, who always had a cold from damp living. Looking intently at the door, he saw an eye gleaming at the key-hole; and having now no doubt that his suspicions were correct, he stole softly to the door, and pounced upon her before she was aware of his approach.

'Oh! I didn't mean any harm, indeed; upon my word I didn't,' cried the small servant, struggling like a much larger one. 'It is so dull downstairs. Please don't you tell upon me—please don't.'

'Tell upon you!' said Dick. 'Do you mean to say you were looking through the keyhole for company?'

'Yes, upon my word I was,' replied the small servant.

'How long have you been cooling your eye there?' said Dick.

'Oh, ever since you first began to play them cards, and long before.'

'Well—come in,' he said, after a little thought. 'Here—sit down and I'll teach you how to play.'

'Oh! I durstn't do it,' rejoined the girl; 'Miss Sally would kill me if she knew I had come up here.'

'Have you got a fire downstairs?' said Dick.

'A very little one,' she replied.

'Miss Sally couldn't kill me if she knowed I went down there, so I'll come,' said Richard, putting the cards into his pocket.

'Why, how thin you are! What do you mean by it?'

'It's not my fault.'

'Could you eat any bread and meat?' said Dick, taking down his hat.

'Yes!'

'Ah! I thought so'—and bidding the poor child mind the door until he came back, the kind-hearted clerk vanished quickly, and soon returned, followed by a boy who bore a plate of bread and beef, and a great pot filled with some fragrant compound.

With astonishing rapidity the good meal was finished, and Mr. Swiveller set himself to teaching his companion the game of cribbage, which she soon learnt tolerably well.

Trimming the wretched candle and cutting and dealing the cards, Dick said, 'To make it seem more real and pleasant I shall call you the Marchioness—do you hear?'

A nod was his answer.

'Then, Marchioness,' said Mr. Swiveller, 'fire away!'

The next time we are introduced to the Marchioness, she is playing cribbage by herself, but not in the wretched cellar in Sally Brass's home, for the poor, ill-treated maiden has 'run away.' Now, it is very doubtful whether she would have done so spirited a deed on her own account, but, listening one day through the office keyhole, she heard a stranger talking, a woman, telling Mr. and Miss Brass how very ill her lodger, their late clerk, Dick Swiveller, was; she heard the cold reply, 'It's no business of mine,' to the woman's question, 'Won't nobody come and take care of him?' And then the little Marchioness made up her mind, and that night she let herself out from her kitchen prison and 'ran away' to nurse Dick, telling the woman of the house where he lodged that he was her brother and so gaining admission.

For three long, slow weeks, the brave and grateful little creature never left him; through a raving fever she carefully tended her only friend, pawning his clothes to obtain for him the necessary means of subsistence, and contenting herself with such snatches of sleep as she could get in one of the chairs in his poorly furnished room.

When the patient regained his consciousness he found his attentive little nurse sitting near him and playing cribbage quite silently. It was some time before he could properly understand it all, and at first he was more than half inclined to consider it a dream; but the Marchioness, delighted that the fever had left him, made everything as clear as daylight to him, and Dick then found that it was his turn to be grateful.

From that time the fortunes of the Marchioness may be said to have turned, together with that of Dick, whose maiden aunt died, and left him an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds.

One of the first good things he did upon rising from his sick-bed was to put his nurse to school, after supplying her with clothes. When six years had told their tale and wrought a wonderful change in the half-starved, uneducated lassie, he married her, and the story goes that they were a very happy couple.

Mr. Brass and his sister Sally became wretched outcasts, crawling out from dark courts and corners, under cover of the night, to search for scraps of cast-away food, and there were not wanting those who said that their fate was only just.

JAMES CASSIDY.

'HAND TO TAKE.'

YOU'RE rich, and yet you are not proud;
You are not selfish, hard, or vain;
You look upon the common crowd
With sympathy and not disdain.
You'd travel far to share your gold
With humble sorrow unconsold;
You'd raise the orphan from the dust,
And help the sad and widow'd mother;
Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
I love you as a brother!

You're poor, and yet you do not scorn
 Or hate the wealthy for their wealth;
 You toil, contented, night and morn,
 And prize the gifts of strength and health:
 You'd share your little with a friend,
 And what you cannot give, you lend;
 You take humanity on trust,
 And see some merit in another;
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
 I love you as a brother!

And what care I how rich you be?
 I love you, if your thoughts are pure;
 What signifies your poverty,
 If you can struggle and endure?
 'Tis not the birds that make the Spring—
 'Tis not the crown that makes the king—
 If you are wise, and good, and just,
 You're riches better than all other!
 Give me your hand—you shall—you must—
 I love you as a brother!

C. MACKAY.

GAMES AND SPORTS OF OLD LONDON.

SOME WATER GAMES.



HOW interesting it would have been if English people had been able to take photographs 500 or 1000 years ago! Of course, all the needful articles were in the world, just as they are now, but nobody had found out this wonderful way of letting Nature paint pictures which are far better than any we can make by brush or pencil. How much we should like to have some views of London, and the places about London, in the olden time, when along the north side of it, as an author tells us who lived during the reign of Stephen, there were 'corn-fields, pastures, and delightful meadows, intermixed with pleasant streams, on which stood many a mill, whose clack is so grateful to the ear.' Most of these streams have vanished, yet still old Father Thames rolls his broad waters past the big city, as he did while there was only a village of huts. Gone, too, are marshes near London, of which we are reminded by the names of Fenchurch Street, Moorfields, and Finsbury, or *Fensbury*, which at all times of the year seem to have attracted crowds of young Londoners, for whether the ground was dry or under water there was plenty of fun to be had in different games.

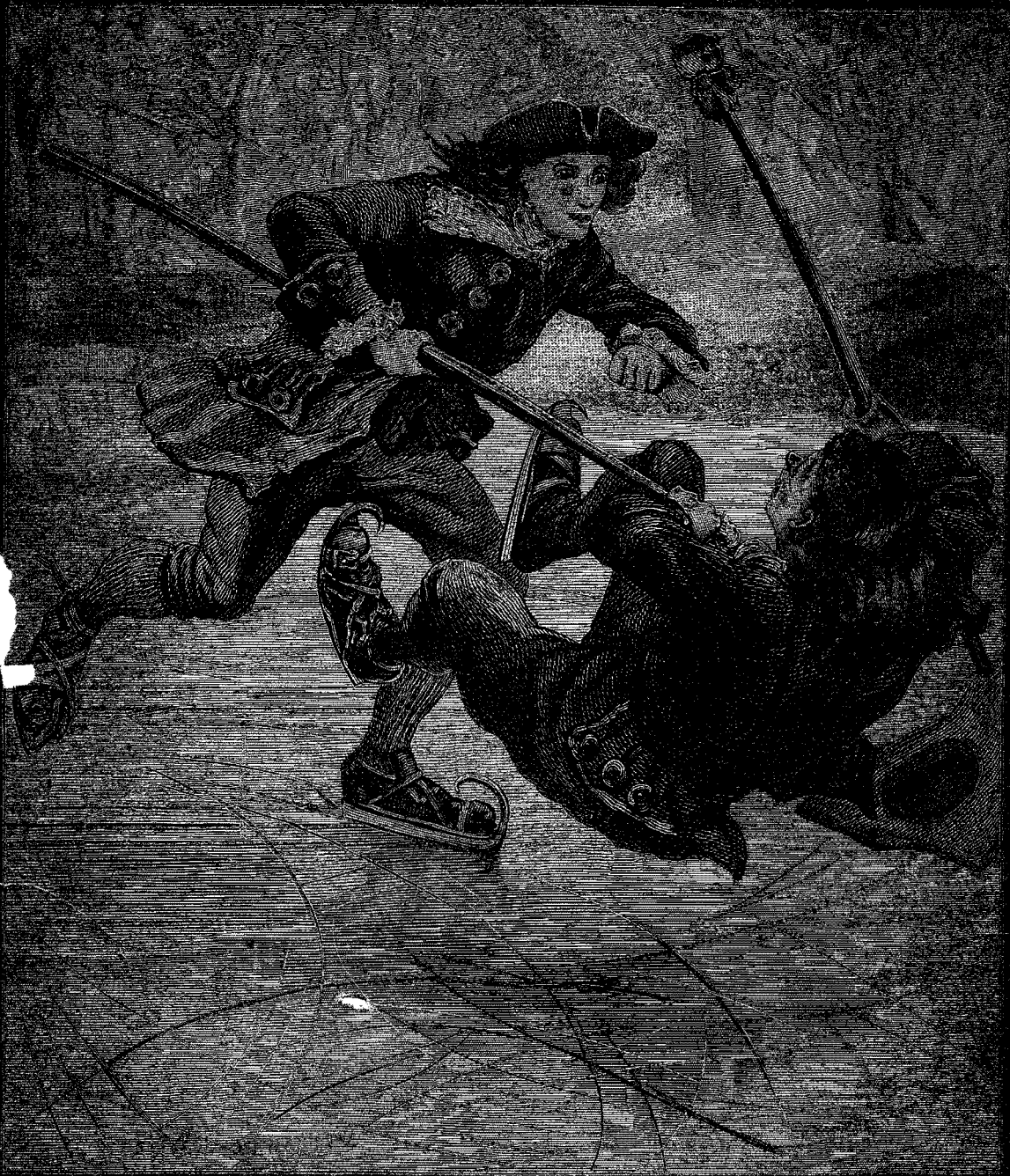
We do not wonder that the boys of Old London were fond of water games, as they had fine places for these on the River Thames, on smaller rivers or brooks, also on the marshes I have named, with others east and west. Then it is quite certain that hundreds of years ago there were colder winters and much longer frosts than we usually have now, so that sliding, skating, and games upon the ice lasted a good while

in many winters. Boys of those bygone days could not have the capital skates that are worn by the boys of our time, because they were not invented, and I am rather doubtful whether the girls used to skate at all. 'How did they manage to skate?' you may ask. Well, they chose two bones of some animal—bones which were flat and smooth; these were put under the soles of the shoe or boot, and fastened on by strings tied to the ankles. Each skater had generally a stick or pole, with an iron point, to push himself along, and, we are told, that some of them seemed to go as swiftly as an arrow shot from a crossbow. Now and then, a couple of these skaters would make an attack on each other, meeting after they had run some distance, and striking with the poles, as the knights did with their lances in the tournaments, when it often happened that one or both came down very violently on the ice. Sometimes boys skated in wooden shoes, having iron studs underneath; such were much used by the Hollanders, for skating upon the fens. A favourite game during a frost was to get a good-sized block of ice, and this was placed on the frozen surface, a boy mounted upon the top of it, and several more joined their efforts to push it along rapidly. Very often, in doing this, three or four would roll down together upon the ice. Then they had another game with a sledge, which was fastened by a long rope to a pole; some sat in the sledge, and some boys ran it round and round in a circle about the centre. People, we read, had many of these sledges on the Thames in the hard frost of 1716.

An old poet of the Middle Ages wrote some funny lines, in which he said that everybody—knights, squires, pages, and shopmen—ought to learn how to swim, and it seems likely that a great many boys of the olden time did learn that art in London. There were plenty of places where it was quite safe to try—little ponds and shallow brooks, in which they could not be easily drowned, unless they were careless. Beginners used to tie bundles of rushes or reeds about them, so that they might float till they could keep themselves up. One of the things which the London boys tried to do was diving after fish, and in some of the streams fish were very plentiful; but it was difficult to catch them in this way. Boating was a favourite amusement. Some of the boats were small, holding only a single person, and the oars were often broad—we might call them paddles. Some of the boats were very light, being made of wicker-work, covered with leather.

The game of Water Quintain was much liked by young Londoners, and frequently played in the Easter holidays. A pole or mast was put up in the Thames, somewhere near the middle of the stream, and on this was placed a shield. Towards this pole a boat was rowed by several boys or young men, and at the hind end of it stood one with a lance. His object was to strike the shield near the centre, and break the lance against it. If he did not manage this, and either missed the shield or did not break the lance, he was likely to lose his footing and fall overboard. Sometimes the jerk would overset the boat and throw out all who were on board; but there always were other boats close by, to save any who were in danger of being drowned.

J. R. S. CLIFFORD.



Tilting on the Ice.

SUPERIOR NUTRITION
THE LIFE

ORIGINAL UNRIVALLED
WORLD-RENOWNED

IMPERIAL GRANUM

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

SAFE
NOURISHING
DELICIOUS
PURE
FOOD

THE
GREAT
MEDICINAL
FOOD



THIS World-Renowned Dietetic Preparation is a solid extract derived from most superior growths of wheat—nothing more.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Combines the GREATEST QUANTITY OF NOURISHMENT with the LEAST AMOUNT OF LABOR NECESSARY FOR ITS DIGESTION and stands to-day Unrivalled in the room of the Sick or Convalescent.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is Pure, Soothing and Strengthening, its value in fevers, in indigestion, and in all gastric and enteric diseases—especially in *Cholera Infantum*, *Cholera Morbus*, *Diarrhoea*, and *Dysentery* has been *uncontestedly proven*—often being the **ONLY FOOD** the stomach will tolerate when life seems depending on its retention.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is Always Uniform and Reliable, and it is the **safest FOOD** for NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS and CHILDREN, an incomparable aliment for *dyspeptics*, *invalids*, *infants* and *aged persons*; a most delicious and wholesome article of diet for the strong as well as the weak.

IMPERIAL GRANUM


Is Universally Recommended by Physicians, Pharmacists, the public and the press; its *sales* and *popularity* are constantly increasing, and

It will have Satisfactory Results in Nutrition far into the Future
Because it is based on MERIT and PROVEN SUCCESS in the past.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, Shipping Depot JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK



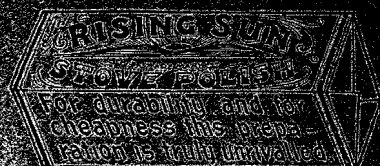
A Roll of Braid



is a little thing, but there is a place in the world where they make a good many million rolls every year. It is a small place, its biggest boast being two capitals, and the greatest braid factory on the earth. In fact, to say Rhode Island is to think Goff's Braid. No matter what part of the land you visit, there you find Goff's Dress Braids. Take your dress skirts with Goff's Braid, which is the best made. Sample roll, any size, for four 2-cent stamps.

D. GOFF & SONS, Pawtucket, R. I.

The RISING SUN STOVE POLISH



For general blacking is unequalled. Applied and polished with a brush. Has an Annual Sale of 8,000 tons.

We also manufacture the

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH



For an After-Dinner Shine, or to touch up spots. Applied and polished with a cloth. Makes no dust. In brand 10 cents tin boxed. The only Perfect Paste.

MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

STICKNEY & POOR'S

PURE

Mustards, Spices, Extracts,

CREAM TARTAR, &C.

Highest Award

GOLD MEDAL



FOR PURITY AND QUALITY.

Gold Medals Awarded 1890-1892.

The Largest Grinders of Pure Spices in the World.

Founded 1845.



FOR THE HAIR.

CURES DANDRUFF, SOOTHES ALL IRRITATION OF THE SCALP, MAKES THE HAIR GROW AND GIVES A BEAUTIFUL LUSTRE.

PRICE, 50c. AND \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS FOR OUR CATALOGUE ON THE HAIR.

ITS CARE AND MANAGEMENT.

Joseph Burnett Co., Boston.



*The
Children Rejoice*

And ——— Why?

Papa's Collars fit so well that he
Isn't ever cross when he tries to
Put one on.

Doesn't scold us Children now
That Makes Mamma Pleasant.

The Children are Right.
The *Linene* Reversible Collars
and Cuffs are the Best ever
made.

Manufactured in all fashionable styles and for sale at
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods Stores everywhere.
If you find one when asked for send **SIX CENTS**
in postage stamps for a Collar and Cuff of the same size.
The Catalogue sent with them will give full information.

THE REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1780

Dorchester, Mass.



THE
LARGEST MANUFACTURERS
OF
PURE HIGH GRADE
COCOAS
(AND)
CHOCOLATES
ON THIS
Continent.

HAVE RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
FROM THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL AND FOOD EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.
THEIR DELICIOUS BREAKFAST COCOA COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.